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A PARAPHRASE UPON THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

By Sam. Woodford.

LONDON,

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TO THE

Right Reverend Father in God,

GEORGE

Lord Bishop of

WINTON.

My Lord,

THE favourable ſentence *your Lordſhip* paſt on the following Paraphraſe, when it firſt appeared before you as its *judge*, has encouraged me to make choice

of you alone for its *Patron*: and I heartily wiſh it were as fit an object of your *Protection* now, as it was then of your *Clemency*. There is nothing, I confeſs, worthy its Commendation to ſo *Great a Name*, but the Argument on which it is employ'd; and having deſign'd it to the *Service of the Altar*, I was convinc't there was no hand more proper than *your Lordſhips* to offer it up there. For beſide the perfect underſtanding, which *your Lordſhip* has of affairs of this nature (being able not only moſt juſtly to decree according to the old, but to give new, and more ſubſtantial Laws to all kinds of Poeſy) the moſt conſiderable part of the enſuing Work was done under *your Lordſhips* juriſdiction, in a place where I had

had the happineſs to enjoy all the contents of a private Retirement, and amongſt the reſt, that *ſeceſſum ſcribentis, & otia*, which the great Maſter of Verſe knew abſolutely neceſſary to ſuch an undertaking. So that by the ſevereſt form of Dedication, *your Lordſhip* has an undeniable right to this, and it would be a piece of great injuſtice, to make a *Preſent* of that to another, which to your ſelf only is a true and warrantable *debt*. For ſuch indeed it is, as reſpecting *your Lordſhips Title*, who, over and above all other qualifications, are the moſt obliging *Promoter* of theſe ſtudies; and on my part ſo eaſie to ſatisfie, that it amounts to little more than a bare acknowledgement, like the preſenting a *Roſe* once a year, and doing *Fealty*

for ſome great Tenure; the ſmalleſt Chief-rent that can be paid by any Tenant, eſpecially him, who has an ambition to hold of none, rather than *your Lordſhip*, all thoſe *Demeſnes* of Chriſtian Poeſy, if he may ſo call them, of which, under you alone, he deſires to be look't upon as the *Unworthy Improver*, and to profeſs himſelf with all manner of Devotion,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt faithful

and obedient Servant,

Benſted Haunts,
1667.

SAM. WOODFORD.

The Preface.

IT is not my intention to ſpend time in tranſcribing thoſe ſeveral Elogies, which Holy men in their writings have given the Book of Pſalmes; For to do that here, were but to make a tedious repetition of the ſame thing, and uſurping anothers Province, but meanly to purſue that, which is no leſs powerfully, than frequently inculcated by the Divine Oratory of the Church. I think there is none but will acknowledge that it is a part of Scripture, which is, and ſhall for ever be eſteemed worthy the care, and ſtudy both of the greateſt Scholars, and ſublimeſt Wits of all ages; and where, as the weakeſt underſtandings may finde enough for their ſatisfaction, the ſevereſt and moſt curious Criticks, may have ſcope and opportunity to exerciſe, and improve their richeſt Talent. For what can be more pleaſant than to inquire, who were the Compoſers, to explain the many obſcure Titles, and frequent alluſions to ſeveral cuſtoms by us utterly unknown, and to let the World underſtand, what it is yet ignorant of, wherein conſiſted the true nature of the Hebrew Poeſy? But theſe, as above my Capacity, I ſhall purpoſely omit,

and make it my busines only to give some little account of the design, and conduct of the following Work.

But before I can proceed to that, I must here, by way of Apology for my undertaking it, freely confess that such an argument as this, would have appear'd much better in the hands of one, who had made Divinity his chiefest study: and can only say for my self, that as I did it to please some particular friends, and for my own diversion (next to that great design of the glory of God, and service of his Church:) so having now at length finisht it, and by them, and several others urg'd to make it more publick, I thought my self bound, by some such Preface as this, to provide for this issue of my brain, with the same diligence and care that other Parents are wont for their legitimate Children. Not that I have so good an Opinion of these labours, as fondly to believe they deserve it, but because their natural deformities require the greater Portion to put them off. For I am too conscious of their many defects, and my own inabilities for so great an affaire, as in good earnest to attempt their defence: or, if I would have no way left to make it, but that, which to all ingenuous spirits is very disagreeable, by throwing the blame on others better able, and who have had, it may be, much fairer opportunities than my self of performing so worthy an enterprise. Had any such excellent person so employ'd his vacant hours, it might have prevented the publishing these rude Essays of mine; whereas now all that I can expect from them is, that after a severe censure, they may happily be so fortunate, as to give occasion to anothers better thoughts: And I heartily

heartily wiſh ſome One of Our many Reverend, and Learned Divines, who have a true underſtanding and guſt for Poeſy, would hereby be provok't to undertake ſo noble a ſubject. For as there is not any condition of men ſo fitted for the ſublime notions of Poeſy as they; there is no ſtudy whatſoever, which either is ſo truly worthy of, or comes neerer their Profeſſion. Theology and Poeſy have in all ages of the World gone hand in hand, nor is there really ſuch a diſparity between their Natures, as is generally, though without any reaſon, imagined. For if one has been lookt on as containing the Will and Pleaſure, the other no leſs has been reckoned the Stile, and Language of Heaven. Muſick and Numbers, the chiefeſt of the Liberal Arts, ſerve but as Hand-maids to this Great and All-commanding Miſtriſs. 'Tis I know not what kind of Divine Science, purely ſingular, and only like it ſelf, which even in the Opinion of all, has more of Divinity in it than words can expreſs, and therefore was continually allowed a Stall in the Temple, and received into the Devotions of the moſt Religious, and Civilized, as well as Barbarous Nations. If we look into the Jewiſh Adminiſtration, we ſhall finde that the People of Iſrael *were no ſooner delivered from the* Ægyptian *chains, and that the ſame Sea, which parted it ſelf to make them way, returned upon their Enemies, but immediately* Moſes, *their great Law-giver, continues the remembrance both of the Miracle, and their deliverance in a moſt excellent and Poetical ſong: which I verily believe is not only the moſt antient piece of Poetry now extant, but written as ſoon, if not before any other part of the Pentateuch. Nay God him-*

ſelf, we afterwards finde, gave him particular charge, and inſpiration, a little before his death, to compoſe another Hymn, with ſtrict command to teach it the People who thereby having it continually in their mouths, (ſuch he knew was the charm of verſe,) might both be encouraged in their duty, and become witneſſes againſt themſelves, when at any time they turned to Idolatry. If the Book of Job *ſhall be eſteemed by any of an ancienter date (which I ſhould very hardly be perſuaded to aſſent to, as imagined to be done, though by the ſame hand, yet during his retirement with his Father-in-law, before he was ſent on his great Embaſſy to* Pharao) *from the beginning of the third chapter, to the middle of the laſt, it is one continued Poem: in which there are ſuch lofty and exalted Metaphors, lively Similitudes, pompous Deſcriptions, ſtrength of Elocution, and prodigious flights of Wit and Fancy, that you cannot meet any thing to compare with it in the choiceſt collections of all the Old Poets. You there may ſee Divinity flouriſhing upon a root of Poeſy; and that again loaded with the generous productions of Divinity: both ſo inſeparably united each to other, that like ſtock and cyon they make but one plant, and leave it hard to be judged whether the Author were the greater Divine, or Poet. The Latines very properly comprehended both theſe ſublime Functions under the ſingle Title of their* Vates, *accounting it no leſs unfit than unreaſonable, that two offices ſo ſtraitly united of thoſe of the Prieſt and Poet ſhould be known by diſtinct, and different Names. I ſhall not here inquire into the Reaſons they had for ſo doing, only this I am aſſured, how many and ſtrong ſo ever they were, they cannot compare*

compare with Ours of the true Religion. The inſpirations of both proceed from the ſame Father of Spirits, and are Celeſtial flames, that darted from above, are never well but when they are thither riſing up again: Only Poeſy like that Sacred fire, which God ſent down of Old to conſume the Sacrifices, returns with a little more ſmoke. They both came down from Heaven, and thither are alwaies taking their flight; but Divinity never ſeems to make ſuch haſt, as on the wings of good Poeſy. I muſt confeſs at this day, but by what ill Fate I know not, they are looked upon without the leaſt relation to each other, and grown themſelves ſo much ſtrangers, that like ſiſter-ſtreams once parted from the Spring, they run different courſes, and are ſo far from meeting again, that they very ſeldom come in ſight of each other. For though the Precepts of the School ſerve excellently, if rightly applyed, to adorn and enrich his Fancy, who hath a natural Genius to Poeſy, yet we dayly ſee them ineffectual to create it. And he who findes not in himſelf thoſe hidden Mines of Invention, and moſt happy and unaffected Facility, which only make the Poet, ſhould never be perſuaded by me to attempt the raviſhing her by force, whom by fair means he cannot allure to be his Miſtriſs. For to what but this may we attribute thoſe many lame, and imperfect draughts of Poems, both Originals, and Tranſlations, which are to be ſeen in almoſt every language? where, if they have been the Authors own, they are his bare thoughts and lifeleſs Proſe (for I ſpeak now eſpecially of Modern Poeſy) made worſe by the uneaſy ſhackles of confining Metre: and if verſions ſo exactly laboured ad verbum, *that what by*

the unlucky tranſpoſing of words, what by leaving out ſome little particles, wherein the grace of the ſentence did conſiſt, they loſe all their former beauty, and from excellent Proſe, though the language continue the ſame, degenerate into very indifferent, and untuneable Rhyme. This has been a failing ſo general, that I need not ſeek far to illuſtrate it by examples. But none in my opinion have been ſo guilty of it, as thoſe, who have had for their argument ſome excellent piece of Scripture, or pious matter, which with the embelliſhments of Art, and the true Poets eaſineſs, and invention would, upon the moſt durable foundations, have made the faireſt ſuperſtructures in the World. But how miſerably have the greateſt part been overſeen, whilſt all their pains have been beſtow'd to compoſe a few ill-contriv'd Cadences, putting themſelves to an unimaginable torture to make thoſe conceptions intolerable by the ſtraitneſs of verſe, which elſe might have done well enough in looſer Proſe. Theſe are the men to whom we are in a great meaſure beholden for the low eſteem Poeſy now has amongſt us, though at the ſame time they have not only rendred that ridiculous, but humbled Divinity, which ſupplyes the Poet with his nobleſt, and moſt lofty ſubjects. And I am very apt to believe, that a man of an Harmonious ſoul (ſuch as all true Poets are) though he be but indifferently ſkil'd in the controverſies of the School-men, and the nicer points of Divinity, (by which poſſibly the Peace of the Church has been more diſturbed, than ever it was advantag'd) ſhall make much better work in his way of

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an Argument taken from the Holy-Bible, than the ſublimeſt and moſt Scholaſtical Wit, who is unacquainted with the laws of Poeſy. But how few are there of theſe ſevere Scholars, and only learned men (as they would be thought) in an age, who have any reliſh, or the leaſt eſteem for Poeſy, but rather judging it by the abuſe, look on it as a fruitleſs, and moſt unprofitable ſtudy, unworthy the thoughts of ſuch as are advanc't in years; and the greateſt incentive to looſneſs, and debauchery in youth? Others there are of a quite different humor, who though poſſibly they may have for it the higheſt, and moſt reverend eſteem, yet think Holy-Writ is barren of all good ſubjects, and the only thing that is incapable of its gay and ſplendid embroyderies. I ſhall make it my buſineſs therefore, in ſhaping an anſwer to both theſe, at once to defend Poeſy in the general from thoſe calumnies, which are no leſs maliciouſly, than falſly charged upon it, and then give a ſhort eſſay to the reſtoring Divine Poeſy to its ancient dignity and luſtre.

If therefore we conſider Poeſy in her firſt inſtitution, e're ſhe became a common Proſtitute to luſt, flattery, ignorance, and ambition, we ſhall find her alone acknowledged as the Soveraign Princeſs of the civiliz'd World, and behold her from her Throne giving Laws, not only to their Religion and Policy, but alſo to their manners. Her Court was eſteemed the proper, and only ſchool of Virtue, to which the greateſt Princes form'd theirs, and under her cuſtody alone was kept ſeal'd that Fountain, whence all the

the profitable inſtructions of life were to be drawn. Phyloſophy it ſelf was a thing of no uſe, and deſtitute of arms, till ſhe ſupply'd them, nor durſt it appear in the World without the eaſy chain of Verſe, in token of ſubmiſſion to her, for its paſs-port. And when afterward the Porch and Academy by main force brake it off, the ſtricteſt Precepts of the moſt rigid Sect, as to the regulating of Manners, came infinitely ſhort of thoſe examples, which ſhe exhibited on her Theaters. The ſame may be ſaid of almoſt all other Arts, that from her they receiv'd their birth and vigor. Neither was this Divine Miſtriſs leſs courteouſly receiv'd into the Camp, where her ſoft Numbers were with pleaſure heard amids the confuſed noiſe of Arms. Hence mighty Generals had the beſt Inſtruction both for their Conduct, and Valour, and were encouraged by the Records of Antiquity, which ſome Poet had faithfully preſerv'd, to do themſelves famous Acts, worthy the like praiſe of Poſterity. This was that, which in all their Victories they eſpecially ſought, and in perpetual acknowledgement, that they thence receiv'd their greateſt honour, in their moſt ſolemn Triumphs, when Crowns of Gold were only in ſtate carried before them, they choſe themſelves to wear the Poets Meede, Laurel, Chaplets.

Such was Poeſy of old, with a command as abſolute, and unconfin'd as her Dominions, and alwayes found either ſerving at the Altars, or of Counſel Royal to the greateſt Princes. But it was not long that ſhe continu'd in this great dignity and repute; For in puniſhment for her early defection from the ſervice

ſervice of the True God, where ſhe firſt attended, to that of Devils, of a Princeſs ſhe became a ſlave, and ſenſibly, though by degrees loſt all her Title to Soveraignty, and abſolute juriſdiction, for in the Temples of the Heathen Deities, though by a kind of Spiritual Authority, ſhe kept in awe whole Nations, which from her mouth receiv'd all their Oracles, yet even there, by her own Prieſts was ſhe her ſelf abus'd, and knew no Inſpirations, but what either they did invent, or were ſuggeſted to her by the great Deceiver. Here it was, that by frequent uſe, ſhe learnt all manner of Prophaneſs, and by often aſcribing that to falſe gods, which was the alone glory of the True, from low, and mean thoughts of him, ſhe brake forth into open rebellion, purſuing Heaven with her blaſphemies, and ſending all her impieties up thither, whence at firſt ſhe obtained all her Power; like a River, whoſe paſſage is obſtructed, that runs back upon its own ſpring, carrying mud and ſlime along with it, and overflows, and defiles thoſe Altars, which in its clear and un-interrupted courſe before it did but waſh. Having thus humbled her, it was ſome ages e're the grand Tyrant offered her any other violence, and even fearleſs of a revolt, permitted her the free uſe of that command ſhe had gain'd o're the minds of men, and ſtill continue to be, according to her own nature, the Patroneſs of all true and Heroical virtue. But in proceſs of time from his and the Prieſts, ſhe was made the peoples Idol, and no longer remaining ſo much as a ſuppos'd Virgin, became perfectly obſequious to the wills and humors of ſuch as had the confidence to debauch her (though a perpetual curſe

of Poverty constantly followed the committers of ſo great a Rape) to pleaſe them ſhe began to affect new, and immodeſt dreſſes, which to all the world elſe rendred her ſtill more deform'd, and in a while guilty of all that obſcenity, which ſhe had before condemned upon the ſtage.

And in this ſtate of ſlavery is ſhe look't on by the moſt part of men, who only judging of her by the preſent, and what hurt ſhe may do, by what ſhe has already done (like Artillery by ſurpriſe come into the Enemies hand) forget how ſerviceable ſhe has notwithſtanding formerly been to the civiliz'd, and may yet be to the Chriſtian World. Inſtead of cenſuring and condemning her, it were good I think, to take her by force, and reſtore her to the Church of God, where ſhe has been too long a ſtranger. Poems of Morality, which have been of late no leſs auſpiciouſly, than worthily begun (ſuch Epick, and Lyrick Poems I chiefly mean, though the Drammatick alſo may be of excellent uſe, ſo it be kept within its due bounds, as with all the liberty of Invention, riches of Fancy and the true Poets Art, have been contriv'd to expreſs the real Portraict of Virtue in all its various appearances, and to deſcribe Vice in its lively, though otherwayes moſt hateful colours, theſe I ſay) make the firſt ſtep to her converſion: and it may in my poor opinion be promoted amongſt us, by tranſlating anew the beſt of the ancient and ſome few modern Poets, who have made it their buſineſs to cloath excellent Morality, and various learning in a chaſt ſtile, and by gracefully rendring them in our own language: ſo that the ſenſe may neither ſeem tortur'd, and put on the rack by too ſtrait a verſion,

verſion, nor be out of knowledge in one too looſe and flowing. But this great task can never be perfected, ſince we are to expect no new Revelations, till Poeſy comes again to be ſettled upon her firſt great Baſis, The Divine inſpiration, reveal'd in the holy Scriptures.

And this brings my diſcourſe to them, who confidently, though without any reaſon, aſſert that the ſacred Word has not ſubjects agreeable enough for this kind of writing. But becauſe Mr. Cowley *in that part of his Preface before his Poems, which concerns his incomparable* Davideci *has taken the pains fully to remove that ill report, which was brought on this happy Land, if I may ſo call it, either ignorantly or maliciouſly, I ſhall give my ſelf the leſs trouble, and refer my Reader to the place it ſelf, where he may have all that ſatisfaction that either Reaſon or Religion can expect. Nor can thoſe authorities he brings be excepted againſt, ſeeing he hath ſo ſtrongly confirmed them by the Poem it ſelf, where though the Argument be wholy Divine, there is to be found, as much as could be expected for the firſt ſitting, what ever is requiſite to make an Heroick Poem beautiful: ſound judgement, happy invention, graceful diſpoſition, unaffected facility, ſtrict obſervance of decencies, and all ſet off with that majeſty and ſweetneſs of verſe, that it is to be lamented he had not an opportunity before his death, to finiſh it according to his own Model, and the proviſion he had laid up to that purpoſe. And truly all his Divine Poems, have I know not what greatneſs of ſpirit, which you ſhall ſeldom meet with elſewhere, and in which generally*

he has as much out-done himſelf, as in the reſt equal'd the moſt happy of our modern Poets. So that if Religious, and Pious compoſitions, as has been often obſerved, pleaſe not, the fault can be no longer unjuſtly thrown upon the Materials, but muſt return upon the Compoſers want of skill to manage them to the beſt advantage. The Holy Bible doubtleſs is an excellent Soil, and of ſuch kindly nature, that if it were cultivated either as it ought, or only as the barren ſand of Antiquity, and all the tedious fables of the Heathenish ſuperſtition too often have been, it would produce the greateſt, and moſt rich increaſe. For beſides, that like them it has never yet been throughly broken up, the moſt unfruitful part of it, at leaſt that which may ſeem ſo, abounds with inexhauſtible Mines, which would plentifully reward any that ſhould labour in them. And it were beſide unreaſonable to think that Paleſtine *alone, which was ſo fruitful of all things elſe, ſhould be barren only of Laurels.*

To blame our language is a fondneſs every whit as extravagant, eſpecially conſidering the great ſupply, which hath been of late years, and is daily brought to it by unexpected diſcoveries of Nature, and improvement of the Arts, which do not only furniſh the Poet with incredible variety of new and unuſual conceits to exerciſe his Fancy, but with an immenſe company of words alſo to enrich his expreſſion But to ſuch Objectors I ſhall only ſay, that if the Engliſh Dialect, not only as it is ſpoken at this day, but as it was in uſe the laſt age, were ſeriouſly and impartially examined, it will appear not only as copious and

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ſignificant for Proſe, but as comprehenſive of the ſublimeſt notions of Verſe as any modern Language in Europe, *and to equal, if not in ſome qualities exceed, thoſe of old* Rome *and* Athens. *But for Numbers it is ſo naturally ſuited that excepting the Rhyme, which in ſo great a choice of words as we have is very eaſie to be found, even in ordinary ſpeaking, or writing, they can hardly and not without ſome pain (if it were curiouſly inquired into) be avoided. But my zeal for Poeſy has carried me, I am afraid, too far, and made me almoſt forget what I promiſed in the beginning, to give a ſhort account of the following work.*

It is now therefore ſome years ſince I had my firſt and great deſire to turn the Book of Pſalms into Engliſh verſe, and in order thereto did, very little different from what at preſent it is, the CIV. Pſalm. *But I know not how, on a ſuddain, all my heat was laid, and the greatneſs of the labour, together with my own inſufficiency, deterr'd me at that time from proceeding any further. Hereupon for about three years the deſign ſlept with me, till reading over with a little more than ordinary intention the* CXIV. Pſalm *of Mr.* Cowleys, *I was again warm'd, and in imitation of him I was reſolved once more to try how well or ill I could write after ſo excellent a Copy. Not becauſe I was by that time grown more confident of my ſtrength (which I muſt confeſs I found all along very unequal to ſo weighty an affair) but becauſe I hoped thereby to encreaſe it, and fix my mind otherwiſe fleeting and uncertain upon ſomething that might*

be of advantage, if not to the Publick, yet at leaſt to my Freinds, and my own private Meditations. Conſidering alſo the infinite variety with which this part of Holy Scripture was repleniſh't, I judged the tediouſneſs of the paſſage would thence, and by the many reſting places I ſhould meet with by the way, be very much abated. And that my Fancy might be as little confin'd as my time, I ever us'd to take that Pſalm to paraphraſe, which beſt ſuited with my preſent temper, and ſo letting out the chain a little longer, and never trying how far it reach't, I ſcarce remembred that I was bound. And this is ſome reaſon, though not the whole, of that different manner, which is to be ſeen in my Verſion. For even the Pſalms themſelves are not all of a kind, that being no more neceſſary than that all precious ſtones ſhould be Rubies, *or* Diamonds. *If you look in one place you ſhall ſee ſome, taking riſe from their loſty ſubjects, ſore above the clouds, like Birds of Paradiſe, as it were, all wing, and as if deſign'd for nothing lower than the Heavens: If in another, ſome of an humbler ſort, in their ſtrains lowly, and trailing on the ground, ſo far from attempting ſuch a bold flight, that they dare hardly look ſo high: ſome are all gaudy, and embroydred, others again in a ſad, and mournful dreſs, according as the condition of the Church or Author was at the time they were compoſed. This ſo great difference therefore being in the Original, no wonder if it yet appear more plainly in my rude and imperfect Copy. Beſides I have been forc'd to make uſe, though as*

ſparingly

ſparingly as I could, of ſeveral terms, and manners of ſpeaking not to be found in our late exact Writers, nor ſo well fitted for the numeroſity of verſe as might be wiſht, which yet by reaſon of our Tranſlation of the Holy Bible, and by frequent uſe ſeem not altogether ſo rough as elſe they would: rather chuſing to confine my ſelf to expreſſions and phraſes generally known, and allowed of in the Church, than appear guilty of any innovation. This may particularly be obſerv'd in the CXIX. Pſalm, *where I have kept exactly (as they fell in our Text without ſynonimous names) the Words, Statutes, Wayes, Teſtaments, Precepts,* &c. *Nor was it more eaſe to my ſelf, than I hope it will be a pleaſure to ſome few, who prefer ſuch a tranſlation before any other, where is taken a greater liberty. But I muſt confeſs ingenuouſly, I did it meerly to ſave the labour of a larger Paraphraſe, which in a Pſalm of that length, and plainneſs, would have been both tedious, and unneceſſary. In other places I have done what lay in my power to make the Pſalmiſts ſpeak as intelligible and proper Engliſh as I could (though I have not altogether neglected it even in that) not introducing any obſolete, or fantaſtical words, or omitting thoſe little particles of ſpeech, the grace of any language, which make Poeſy of all other kinds of writing the moſt diſtaſtful, and obſcure. And indeed the manner of ſpeaking amongſt the Jews, by reaſon of their inſenſible connections, and frequent change and ſhifting of perſons, diſcernable enough by our own verſions, is ſo difficult and harſh to our ears, even in the proſe, that it very*

ill

ll needs the ſtraitneſs of Numbers to make it more dark, and untuneable. To avoid this fault poſſibly I have been more prolix than I ought, though I cannot but ſay I was forewarned of it by a very judicious friend Mr. Thomas Sprat. *Yet if it be an error I have choſen rather to offend with* Sieur Godeau, *a forreigner, in the fulneſs of my Paraphraſe, than with any of our own Countrymen in too ſtrait a confinement. The only Perſon who ſeems to have kept a mean between theſe two extreams, is* G. Buchanan, *by that bare name better known, than all my art is able to expreſs him. It would be too long to reckon up the many worthy men in this nation, (without mentioning King* James *of bleſſed memory, who amids the great affairs of his Crown thought it not unbecoming his Royal cares to divert himſelf with theſe Meditations of the princely Prophet and Poet) who have within this laſt age beſtow'd their labours on this Book, among whom the moſt known are the Right Reverend* Biſhop of Chicheſter, *now living, and Mr.* George Sandys. *There is alſo in private hands a Manuſcript of ſomewhat an ancienter date, which for the Perſons ſake, though out of its due time and place I ſhall joyn with them, and that is of the truly Honorable and Learned Gentleman Sir* Philip Sidney. *It was a long time, from my firſt hearing of it e're I could get a ſight of the Papers, neither ſhould I at laſt have obtained the favour, had I not us'd the mediation (amongſt ſeveral others, to whom I am obliged,) of one to whom all good Learning of what kind ſoever it be, muſt remain perpetually indebted; and in this*

this all will agree with me when they know I mean the Learned Dr. John Wilkins *Dean of Rippon. This Paraphraſe as I remember Dr.* Donne *calls by the name of Sir* Philips *and the Counteſs of* Pembroks *tranſlation, and not without good reaſon, as far as I could judge by that curſory view I had of it, during the ſhort time it remained in my hands; There appearing that difference as I conceived in the compoſition, which is wont to be in the aires of Brother, and Siſter, not ſo unlike, as to have no reſemblance, nor yet ſo perfectly reſembling, as to have nothing but the ſex to diſtinguiſh them. I mention not here a thouſand others who have done excellently particular Pſalms, as my Lord* Bacon, *Sir* Hen. Wotton, *Biſhop* Hall, *Mr.* Herbert, &c. *and inſtead of many more, that abſolutely compleat Gentlewoman, whoſe leave I very hardly obtained to honour this volume of mine with two or three verſions, long ſince done by her, the truly vertuous Mrs.* Mary Beale, *amongſt whoſe leaſt accompliſhments it is, that ſhe has made* Painting *and* Poeſy *which in the Fancies of others had only before a kind of likeneſs, in her own to be really the ſame. The Reader I hope will pardon this publick acknowledgement which I make to ſo deſerving a perſon, when I ſhall tell him that while as a Friend and one of the Family, I had the convenience of a private and moſt delightful retirement in the company of her worthy Husband and her ſelf I both began and perfected this Paraphraſe.*

But without all theſe in naming the two firſt above, (*the* Biſhop of Chicheſter *and Mr.* Sandys) *I have ſaid enough to call my ſelf into queſtion for daring to offer any thing at this part of Scripture, after them.*

I must therefore clear my self, and here do it, of all ambition to vie with, or envy to detract from the true value of their labours, which must be judged meriting all Praise: and I am sure neither of these can be longer objected against me, than till any one shall be pleased to take the pains to compare all three together, and then it will immediately appear, how great the difference is between us, both as to the stile, manner of composition and disposing of the Numbers. The Bishops is close, exactly answering the Text, and for that kind of measure, which himself has truly observ'd to be the least graceful of any, very smooth, and roundly expressed; though that Essay of his on the CXXX. Psalm *in Heroick verse, paraphrased for an Anthem, make it to be wish't, he had us'd a like freedom in the rest. Mr.* Sandys *on the other side, though he has confin'd himself to almost as near a rendring of the words, has us'd greater variety of measures, and such as have by experience been found to be very agreeable to Musick the life and spirit of Poesy. In mine will yet appear a greater liberty, both as to the expression and the different sort of stanzas which I have us'd; but with what success I must refer to my Reader, of whose favour I shall have greater need to excuse my faults, than justice, and severity to examine them. I know all that has ever yet been assay'd may be infinitely outdone, and I should be so far from grieving at it, though now a little concern'd, that I heartily wish this way of mine may give the first occasion to some excellent Person to undertake another version, and publish the Book of Psalms with greater beauties than ever it has appeared in, since it left* Jerusalem. *In the mean time*

I could

I could be content, I must confess, that this tryal of mine might be kindly received, that so I might thereby be encouraged to prosecute another design (in this way) which at present lies before me, The History of the first great week of the World, wherein new discoveries of that, and nature, make the subject more large and comprehensive for verse than ever it has been; and in the performance of which I promise my self great assistance, by the unwearied and most successful labours of The Royal Society; *which seems to be rais'd in this last age, not only for the improvement of Natural Philosophy in the general, but amids the invention of new, for the restauration of decay'd Arts, and amongst them all of none more than this of serious, profitable, and sober Poesy.*

As for the manner, which I have endeavoured to observe, it has been to give, as near as I could, the true sense and meaning of the Psalm, and in as easy and obvious terms as was possible, suiting them to the Capacity of the meanest: which I found my self the better able to do, by having the difficulties resolv'd to my hands, by the labours of that truly Pious, and Learned Divine Dr. Hen. Hammond *(though I made use also as occasion required of other Commentators.) If I have in any place not perfectly agreed with him, as in several left them, since it is not in matters of Faith, I beg that the same liberty may be given to me, which is indulg'd to all who write this way. I have bound my self all along to observe one certain measure in a Psalm, and after I had fixt the first stanza, made the rest like it, endeavouring so to dispose my Numbers, that neither the length of the staff*

ſhould cauſe a too cloſe and often repetition of the ſame Rhyme, nor the ſhortneſs of the meaſure confine the Fancy and hinder the freedom of expreſſion: generally cloſing it with a verſe of more than ordinary length, as being not only moſt proper for that place, as a band to the ſtaff, and ſenſe; but more tuneable, and graceful. For this reaſon alſo have I taken notice of the Verſus intercalares, *as I may call them, where they fell and made no ſcruple, on occaſion given in the text, though it may be the words were not the very ſame, to make them more evident in my Verſion. For the Hiſtorical Pſalms I choſe the Heroick (or five foot couplets) as moſt ſuitable, uſing it very ſparingly elſewhere. The* XVIII. L. LXVIII. *and* CIV. *I have done after Mr.* Cowleys *Pindarick way, endeavouring by the kind of verſe, which is various and uncertain, to imitate the many and ſuddain changes, which are in thoſe Pſalms. The* XXI. *and* LXXII. *I have with very little ſtraining of the Text brought down to our times, and without offence to any, I hope, in the firſt parallel'd his* Majeſties *ſufferings with thoſe of* David; *in the other the Happineſs and Glory of his Kingdom with that of* Solomon, *heartily wiſhing that the ſincerity of my Prayers may make amends for the defects of my Numbers.*

To my dear Friend Mr. Samuel Woodford, *upon his Paraphraſe of the Pſalms.*

I.

HAppy the firſt, and harmleſs dayes!
When the young World, like Children bred at home
Though froward ſtill and troubleſome,
Was by its careful Parent taught the ways
Of eaſy Duty, and of natural Praiſe.
When every cheap Delight, and every pleaſant Art,
And all that Wit and Fancy could impart,
Like the firſt Iſſues of each vital thing,
Of all the ſtock the Pledge and King
Which the glad Owners either did redeem or bring,
Were freely given up and Conſecrate,
The great Creator's Praiſe to Celebrate.
When the chaſt Numbers of the Pipe, and Voice,
And all the Inſtruments that Art could ſhow,
The very Muſick of the Feet, and Body too,
And whatſoever could delight
And feaſt the various Appetite,
Were us'd as well to Worſhip as Rejoyce.
And every Mask, and ev'ry Ball,
And ev'ry ſolemn Feſtival,

The publick Triumphs, and the Holy days,
The very Paſtimes, and the Plays
Were legal Rites of Honour and of Praiſe.
Of ev'ry clean and ſpotleſs Beaſt
The moſt delicious and the beſt,
That Nature for man's uſe, or Pleaſure did afford
Was at God's board;
One part was Sacrifice, and all the reſt a Feaſt.

II.

So uncorrupted then, ſo chaſte and White
Were all the Daughters of Delight;
But none of all the Family
So innocent, and ſo divinely bright
As the fair Virgin *Poeſy*,
The earlieſt, and the ſtricteſt Votary;
Dwelt at the firſt in holy ground,
In ſacred Groves, and Temples only could be found;
Still at the Altar did appear,
Brought her Firſt-fruits, and Perfumes there;
Of all Gods Prieſts (and without blame
Her Office will allow the Name,
Though ſcarce her Sex) 'twas ſhe alone
That offered up to God Devotion;
Did the pure Incenſe of the Fathers praiſe,
And holy Vows, to Heaven raiſe;
And like a faithful Veſtal kept the Fire,
That did nor Day, nor Night expire.
Whoever a true Worſhipper would be
Was taught his Duty firſt by Poeſy,
Of *Hemar*, and of *Aſaph* learnt the wayes
Of Penitence, and Praiſe,
By which Gods anger to appeaſe, and Glory raiſe.

III. This

III.

This was her firſt Choice, and Deſire,
In Gods Houſe to retire,
In which ſhe took her Vow, and ſolemnly Profeſt,
(And happy had ſhe been and bleſt,
If ſhe had kept the reſt
As well as the leaſt needful of the Three
Unhappy Poverty)
But in the compaſs of this Privacy,
She was not alwaies at her Beads, and Book,
But did her bended Thoughts with various Arts releaſe;
Whether in Shepheards Guiſe with Reed, and Hook,
The Nuptial Song ſhe do's expreſs
Of mighty *Solomon*, and by his ſide
The comely black *Egyptian* Bride,
A wondrous Song, but ſaid to be
Not for their ſakes alone, but holy Myſterie.
Or elſe with bold, and skilfull hand
Works the known Story of the promis'd Land,
How God the People went before,
And brought them from th' *Egyptian* ſhore,
By the two Brothers brought them thence,
That is, by Power, and by Eloquence,
Two things which ſeldom fail
Over the mightieſt Adverſary to prevail,
Or when ſhe pleaſes Nature draws and Wars
Pens the Heroick Acts of famous Conquerers,
And Sayings of Philoſophers;
Rich are the Works of *Nuns*, but none ſo rich as Hers.

So grave and hopeful was her youth,
So dear a Friend ſhe was to Piety and Truth,
That God himſelf, who did beſtow
Number, and Meaſure to each Thing,
And in whole Nature living Poetry did ſhow,
Of Her took care, from whom ſhe firſt did ſpring;
And for her Guardians did aſſign,
The mighty Men of Valour and Renown,
Whom he had truſted firſt with Conqueſt, and a Crown,
Or did in peaceful Arts, and Wiſedom ſhine,
All full of Vertue, and of Power divine,
He would not ſuch a ripe, and vertuous Wit
(As *Jacob* would not *Benjamin*) commit
To any hand that was unfit,
Only to *Judah* did the Truſt aſcribe,
Judah the Royal, and the Valiant *Tribe*.
To you (ſaies God) whom by my ſpirit I raiſe
To fight my Battailes, and my Works to praiſe,
Wonders to perform, and ſee,
And publiſh Laws, and Myſterie,
And find out Nature, and Philoſophy,
Princes, and Prophets, and the Sons of War,
To you this Charge I give, and to your Care
Commit this bright, and beauteous Heire;
Bright and beauteous is ſhe now,
And by your Guidance may improve,
If the vain ſhow,
And Breeding of her Sex you not allow,
And keep her but from idleneſs, and wanton Love.

V.

So wiſe a Care, one would have thought,
Might ſerve however to prevent the worſt,
In one ſo well inclin'd at firſt,
Though by the powerfull'ſt Charms, and Courtſhip ſought.
But, Oh, the treacherous Arts of Wit!
(Arts which upon the Sex too often gain)
To which even Poeſy herſelf do's ſtill ſubmit,
And bear the pleaſant Tyrannies of it,
Although ſometimes in bitter language She complaine,
Wit was her Friend, and her Companion ſtill,
Did chalenge, and imploy her skill,
But was ſo wanton, and ſo wild,
With every painted Thing, and every Shew beguil'd,
Did ſuch pleaſant Sports deviſe,
And ſuch fantaſtick Reſveries,
Bewitch't th' unwary Lovers Eyes.
Out of her Cell the Votareſs then would go,
And looſly wandred into every Show;
Would needs herſelf reſign
Unto the Female Government of Nine,
And the mad Inſpirations of the God of Wines,
To whoſe wild Revels She was born,
And did his Triumphs, and his Groves adorn;
Did nor the Stage, nor the Piazza ſcorn;
But, like a wandring River, flow,
That viſits every Land, and every City views,
But with the Travel do's th' impurer grow,
And the bright *Nymph* ſtill more abuſe;
She did no filthy Luſt refuſe,
Nor whatſoe're could come
Or from th' Exceſs of *Greece*, or Wantoneſs of *Rome*.

VI.

But all along the time of this Apoſtacy,
Some mighty Men aroſe,
Whom God in mercy choſe,
These wandring Follies to oppoſe,
And to redeem her Fame, and native Liberty;
That fertil Land of all the reſt
With Pleaſure, and with Poets bleſt,
Where Wit, and Nature ſtill are freſh, and green,
And *Tiber's* golden ſtreams are ſeen,
Has to the world in every Age ſet forth
Some Phœnix of immortal worth,
Whoſe Monuments of noble Verſe
Poſterity ſhall ſtill diſperſe,
Which the bold Fame of wanton Wit aſſwage
And expiate the Follies of the looſer Stage.
Nor is the *Brittiſh* glory leſs,
The *Brittiſh* Poets with a ripe ſucceſs
The weighteſt Arguments expreſs,
Like a deep Chryſtal ſtream,
Spread a pure ſpirit through the manly Theam.
One of each Sex this fruitful Age has ſhown,
(And fruitful had ſhe been, if none
But that immortal Paire were known;)
Though ſhe has many more to boaſt,
Cowley, and bright *Orinda* do adorn it moſt.

VII.

Cowley, and bright *Orinda* ſhall for ever live;
And you (my Friend) who with them ſtrive
Of beſt and greateſt Things to write
And the rich Monuments of Eaſtern wit revive,
Wit, that does, like the Sun, there firſt in ſight,
Serve the Worlds profit and delight,
And, like the Sun too, with the World ſhall laſt;
Your Memory ſhall with theirs be plac't;
Their's, who in heav'nly verſe
Do their own praiſe in Gods rehearſe.
The ſacred Harp, which lay unſtrung,
Broken, and out of tune as much
As when upon the Willows once it hung,
No *Engliſh* hand could hit the graceful Touch,
Cowley took up, and with an artful ſtroke
One Leſſon playd; One Leſſon did provoke
Your tuneful Soul, which could no longer ſtay
Till it found out this only skilful way;
At length the skilful way you found,
With a true Eare judg'd the melodious ſound,
And with a nimble hand run deſcant on the Hebrew ground.

Jam. Gardiner.

To the Author, on his excellent Verſion of the Pſalms.

A Pindariqu' Ode.

1.

SEE (Worthy Friend) what I would do,
(Whom neither Muſe, nor Art inſpire,
That have no friend in all the ſacred Quire)
To ſhew my kindneſs for your Book, and you,
Forc't to diſparage what I would admire!
Bold man, that dares attempt Pindariqu' *now,*
Since the great Pindar's *greateſt ſon*
From the ungrateful Age is gon;
Cowley *ha's bid th'ungrateful Age Adieu!*
Apollo's rare Columbus *He*
Found out new worlds of Poetrie;
He like an Eagle tower'd aloft
To ſeize his noble prey;
Yet as a Dove's, his ſoul was ſoft,
Quiet as night, but bright as day.
To Heaven in fiery Chariot He
Aſcended by Seraphick Poeſie,
But which of us poor Mortals ſince can find,
Any inſpiring Mantle that he left behind.

2.

His pow'rful numbers might ha'done you right;
He could ha'spar'd you immortality;
Under that Chieftains banners you might fight,
Assur'd of Laurels, and of Victory.
Over devouring time, & sword, and fire,
And Jove's *important ire.*
My humble verse would better sing
David *the shepheard, than the King:*
And yet methinks 'tis stately to be one,
(Tho' of the meaner sort)
Of them that may approach a Prince's Throne,
If 'twere but to be seen at Court.
*Such (*Sir,*) is my ambition for a name,*
Which I shall rather take of You, than give;
For in Your Book I cannot miss of fame,
But by contact shall live.
Thus on your Chariot's wheel shall I
Ride safe, and look as big as Æsop's *Flie,*
*Who from th'*Olympian *race new come,*
And now triumphantly got home,
To his neighbours of the Swarm thus proudly said,
" Don't you remember what a Dust I made?

3.

Where e're the Son of Jesse's *Harp shall sound,*
Or Israels *sweetest songs be sung*
(Like Sampson's *Lion sweet and strong)*
You and your happy Muse shall be renown'd;
To whose kind hand the Son of Jesse *owes*
His last deliverance from all his foes;
Blood thirsty Saul *(less barbarous than they)*
His person only sought to kill,
These did his deathless Poems slay
And sought immortal blood to spill,

To

To ſing whoſe Songs in Babylon *would be*
A new Captivitie.
Depoſed by theſe Rebels, You alone
Reſtore the glorious David *to his Throne.*
Long in diſguiſe the Royal Prophet lay
Long from his own thoughts baniſhed:
Ne're ſince his death till this illuſtrious day
Was Scepter in his hand, or Crown ſet on his head.
He ſeem'd as if at Gath *he ſtill had been,*
As once before proud Achiſh *he appear'd,*
His face beſmear'd,
And ſpittle on his beard,
A laughing ſtock to the inſulting Philiſtin,
Dreſt in their Rimes he lookt as he were Mad,
In Tiſſue You, and Tyrian *Purple have him clad.*

Thomas Flatman
M. A.

To the Reader.

Notwithſtanding the great care and diligence that has been all along uſed, many faults by reaſon of the Authors abſence the whole time, have eſcaped the Preſs, ſome whereof diſturb the ſenſe very much, many the verſe; The reader therefore is deſired with his pen to ſupply the place of the Corrector, and to take the pains to mend the groſſeſt, noted in the following liſt, by which he will not only do the Author juſtice, but himſelf, if he means to peruſe the book, a Courteſie.

Errata.

PAge 6. read *exaudivit* p. 7. verſe 6. r. hundred *folds*, p. 19. l. 2. r. *The* juſt, p. 25. l. 12. r. their *own* darts, p. 27. l. 6. r. *move* the rocks, p. 29. l. 3. r. *fills*, p. 32. l. 5. r. *where* he his, p. 38. l. 2. r. has *bowd*, p. 44. l. 15. r. And *break*, p. 49. l. 2. r. *May* Jacobs, p. 52. l. 14. r. *Thy wrath ſhall make their darkneſs bright*, p. 60. l. 6. r. The *hands* which p. 64. l. 2. r. only *knew'ſt*, p. 71. l. 23. r. *Syrion*, p. 77. l. 15. r. A *Fear* I'm to, p. 82. l. 21. r. *Gods*, who, p. 85. l. 12. r. than *Peaces*, p. 123. l. 25. r. and *burns* the, p. 155 l. 5. r.

There till theſe ſtormes are paſt ly hid
under their ſhaddow ly, elſe on them fly away.

p. 166. l. 21. r.

Twas once ſpoke, and th' Almighty words
I twice did hear ———

p. 175. l. 21. r.

The wind which rais'd, *Thy Name away ſhould bear*, p. 178. l. 9. r. *He* Kings and, p. 179. l. 22. r. which bear *Him* guides, p. 181. l. 7. r. *How* God, p. 183. l. 2. r. *along* the, p. 196. l. 15. r. The vallys *and* the, p. 203. l. 5. r. ſecure *they live*, l. 25. r. what *it* meant, p. 209. l. 17. r. e're this, p. 211. l. 8. r. Hills of *Prey*, p. 213. l. 4. r. I felt *if He*, p. 222. l. 10. r. and *waſht* its ſtones, p. 228. l. 15. r. I *had* led, l. 20. r. Have *ſtrewd* freſh, p. 232. l. 8. r. Monuments *of graſs*, l. 26. r. *Fill* every Face, p. 245. l. 3. r. *Though* Death, p. 246. l. 9 r. *uphold* thy Throne, p. 249. l. 12. r. *the* blow, p. 278, l. 7. r. *may* back, l. 24. r. *ſhalt* raiſe it, p. 279. l. 2. r. *theirs* my, l. 3. dele *ſhall*, p. 283. l. 16. r. of his *care*, p. 293. l. 17. r. who moſt *ſhall*, p. 300 l 24. r. For *as* the, p. 310 l. 10. r. From *whence*, p. 311. l, 16. r. And *though*, l. 22. r. Or teach *Him*, p. 320. l. 15. r. *A* Citty, l. 26. r. *their* noyſe, p. 321. l. 15. r. gates of *Braſs*, p. 331. l. 4. r. till He *gets* the, p 335. l. 14. r. where, *as* it *ſtands*, p. 348. l. 25. r. *didſt* obtain, p. 356. l. 18. r. *Before* Kings, *and not take, but turn on them the ſhame*, p 397. l. 24. r.

But to thy *Temple* be reſtor'd again.

p. 427. l. 14. r. *Fruitful* ſeaſons, l. 26. r. as poor *a thing* is Man.

THE FIRST BOOK OF PSALMS.

The First Psalm.

Beatus Vir qui non abiit, &c.

I.

THrice happy man, who in the beaten wayes
Of Careleſs ſinners, never blindly ſtrayes
In their aſſemblies, nor maintains their part,
Their ſcoffs, or their debates will hear,
But leaves the place as well as Chair,
And keeps his ears as guiltleſs as his heart!

II.

Who in th'Almighties Law his age do's ſpend,
Grows old in that which will his age commend;
By day he reads it, meditates at night,
Makes it his Guide, makes it his Stay,
His greateſt buſineſs night and day;
But leſs his buſineſs makes it, than delight!

III.

He ſhall be like a Tree by th' Waters ſide,
Whoſe root receives the Tribute of the tyde;
The tender plant do's into vigor grow,
Is alwayes green, has alwayes fruit,
Extends into the ſtreams its root,
And ſpreads in top, as that do's ſpread below.

IV.

So ſhall the Righteous flouriſh, and that hand,
Which planted him at firſt, ſhall make him ſtand;
No ſtorm or drought againſt him ſhall prevail,
But bending to the ſtreams his root,
He ſhall be green, he ſhall have fruit,
Which till they ceaſe to flow, ſhall never fail.

V.

But the unjuſt by every billow toſt,
Shall in the ſtorms himſelf has raiſ'd, be loſt:
Shall be like Chaffe, with which the Wind do's play,
That now flies here, and now falls there,
Now on the ground, now in the air,
Till that which raiſ'd it, blow it clean away.

VI.

And when th'Eternal Judge to th' Bar ſhall bring
Each ſecret thought, and every hidden thing,
The difference then much greater ſhall appear:
For when the Juſt to glory go,
The Wicked ſhall begin their woe,
More unlike in another World than here.

Pſalm II.

Quare fremuerunt gentes.

I.

WHat makes this ſtir? Why do the People rage?
And all their little Kings engage?
Their ancient ſtrifes they mind no more,
Forget they once were Enemies,
And though they ne're agreed before,
Now all conſpire againſt their God to riſe.

II.

Their God's become their Common Enemy,
And his Anoynted they defy:
"Off with his yoak, let's break His bands,
"Away with all his Chains, they ſay,
"Our necks we know, let's try our hands,
"If they can rule, as well as thoſe obey!

III.

But He, who reigns above, ſees all their pride,
And do's their boaſts and threats deride;
If they go on, He'll to them ſpeak,
And if God ſpeaks, ſure man ſhall hear,
For when His voyce do's Cedars break,
Proud Libanus, which bears them, quakes for fear.

IV.

Yet let them riſe, and do their worſt, my Throne
Stands fixt, as th'Hill 'tis ſet upon:
(Sion which cannot be remov'd;)
And that no further doubt may be
Whether God has my choice approv'd
I'll ſhew His Seal, and publiſh His Decree.

V.

" Thou art my Son; This day I Thee begot;
(He ſpoke the Word, who changes not.)
" Ask of me, and the World is Thyne;
" The utmoſt skirts of all the Earth,
" Nations unknown, beyond the Line,
" Whoſe Countreys yet have neither Name, nor Birth.

VI.

" Thou ſhalt their Soveraign be, and to Thee all,
" Who will not ſtoop ſhall lower fall.
" Their potſheards ſhall Thy Scepter feel;
" For ſince its rule they'l have no more,
" From gold it ſhall be turn'd to ſteel,
" And make them duſt, who were but earth before.

VII.

Be wiſe, O Kings, and you, who others give
Their Laws, hear Mine, that you may Live!
Great as you are, look not too high,
For one above you ſtills your noiſe;
Yet ſince your Office calls you nigh,
Serve Him with trembling, and with fear rejoice!

VIII.

Leaſt He be angry kiſs the Eternal Son!
Happy are they, who thus have done!
And there have plac'd their Chief deſire!
Unto your ſelves, and Him return;
For if His anger once take fire,
Thoſe Flames which ſhould but only warm, will burn!

Pſalm III.

Domine quid multiplicati, &c.

I.

LOrd, how are they increaſt who trouble me?
How many, Lord, againſt me riſe,
For Thy ſake are my Enemies,
Yet would perſwade me I am ſo to Thee?
"God has no help for him, they ſay;
As if they knew Thy Will, or Power;
But when thou Plagues on them doſt ſhower,
O're me Thou ſhalt Thy Love diſplay,
And raiſe my head, when theirs Thou in the duſt ſhalt lay.

A Pſalm of David *when he fled from* Abſalom *his Son.*

II.

To God Almighty, my defence, I cry'd,
Who heard me from His Holy Hill,
With praiſe my heart, and mouth did fill,
And me from trouble in His hand did hide:
I layd me down, and roſe again,
Nothing ſhall make me now afraid,
Though thouſand Enemies me invade;
For God, who did their rage reſtrain,
Whilſt I ſecurely ſlept, awake will me ſuſtain.

III.

Ariſe, my God; ſee where my God do's riſe;
And how His foes before Him fall;
Already He has ſmote them all,
Already has ſtruck out their teeth, and eyes!
Thus by unknown, and ſecret wayes,
The Lord do's help, and ſave His own;
Salvation comes from Him alone,
Who thus delights His Name to raiſe:
O, ſince He ſends the help, let Him have all the Praiſe!

Pſalm IV.

Cum invocarem exaudavit, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

THou, who haſt heard me heretofore,
And help beyond my Prayers didſt ſend;
Gav'ſt me my Right, and do'ſt that Right defend,
Thy wonted aides I now implore;
To my ſad miſeries incline Thine ear,
And them, my God, and with them Thine own Mercies hear!

II.

Fond Men! how long will you, in vain,
God, and my Glory thus deſpiſe?
Him you reject, when againſt me you riſe,
For I, but as His Vice-Roy, reign.
By Him I rule, and He, you ought to know,
Firſt judg'd me fit to be your King, then made me ſo.

III.

To Him I call, He hears my Cry,
If you are wiſe, in time forbear!
Be ſtill, leaſt He your murmurings alſo hear,
For though you ſee not, He ſtands by:
Behold His Face, but if that Sun's too bright,
Conſult your own black thoughts, and treaſons, when 'tis night!

IV.

Your feign'd ſubmiſſion, and falſe Vows,
How baſely with your God you deal,
When under them you falſer hearts conceal,
He who's their Judge, and ſearcher knows:
A pure heart, and clean hand's the Sacrifice,
Which carry their acceptance with them, as they riſe.

V.

V.

Wealth, ſince it is ſo hard to get,
Muſt be the chiefeſt Good, moſt ſay;
And call them wiſe, who thither find the way,
Though ſtrayd from Thee in ſeeking it;
From Thee my Portion, Lord, who canſt beſtow
More with one look, than all their pains can find below.

VI.

Let them to hundred fields increaſe,
And their redoubled wiſhes have,
Till they no longer know what more to crave,
Harveſts of Plenty, years of Peace;
Their fields with fruit, with oyl their faces ſhine,
Their jollity's but madneſs, if compar'd with mine.

VII.

Olive and Vine Thou art to mee,
Thoſe bleſſings, and a thouſand more,
Which thou haſt layd up in thy boundleſs ſtore,
Unknown to all, who know not Thee;
Therefore in peace ſecure I'll ſleep, Thy Grace,
Which gives me reſt, will alſo guard my Reſting place.

Pſalm V.

Verba mea auribus percipe, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

LOrd to my earneſt Prayers incline Thyne ear,
And thoſe deſires, which Thou firſt gav'ſt me, hear!
Attend, my King, my God, unto my cry,
For to Thy Name alone I fly!
If thou art longer ſilent, what that meant
I'll ask no more, but ſtill will pray,
And haſten with my calls the day,
And ſilence then ſhall witneſs Thy aſſent.

II.

To Heaven I'll look, and pray with confidence,
For I am ſure of help, and pitty thence;
I know Thou canſt not wickedneſs indure,
Nor ſhall the wicked be ſecure,
Hated by Thee, as Thee he ne're did mind;
His own day dazles his weak ſight,
And how then can he bear Thy light?
If his own dazles, Thyne will ſtrike him blind.

III.

Thou ſhalt deſtroy him, and his lying tongue
Shall to himſelf alone do all the wrong;
That blood of other men, which he has ſhed,
Shall juſtly fall on his own head.
Whilſt to Thy Temple I will come with praiſe,
And make Thy love the ſubject bee,
Whence I'll take wing to mount to Thee,
And in my flight tow'rds Heav'n, Thy glory raiſe.

IV.

O, bring me thither, and make ſtrait my way,
And let me ſee the ſnares my Enemies lay!

Be Thou my guide; that I the path may know,
And lead me, where I ought to go!
I dare not truſt them though they ſeem to bleſs,
For even their flatteries poyſon have;
Their tongue is death, their throat the grave,
Wicked their hands, their heart is wickedneſs.

V.

Deſtroy them, Lord, but not by Thy right hand,
That ſignal juſtice from their own command!
By their own ſecret counſels let them fall,
And ſend thoſe plagues, for which they call!
In their tranſgreſſions let them be o'rethrown,
Burſt with that pride, with which they ſweld,
For againſt Thee they have rebell'd,
And let the Curſe they ſuffer be their own!

VI.

But let all thoſe, who truſt in Thee, rejoyce,
And where their hearts are, lift on high their voice!
Let them be fearleſs who adore Thy Name,
Preſerv'd by their own heavenly flame!
For Thou all times the Righteous wilt defend,
Thy mighty Power ſhall be his ſhield,
Never o'recome, he ne're ſhall yield,
But certain Conqueſt ſhall his arms attend!

Pſalm VI.

Domine, ne in furore tuo, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

3. Penitential Pſalm.

I.

LOrd, in Thy wrath rebuke me not,
Nor in thy fury chaſten me!
For ſuch weak things that furnace is too hot,
And by my clay no more endur'd can be,
Than my injuſtice, and repeated wrongs by Thee.

II.

Uphold me, Lord, for I am weak,
Whil'ſt Thou Thy hand doſt on me lay;
My bones are ſhaken, and my heart will break;
Heal me with Speed, and take Thy hand away,
Or let me know how long, and I'll with patience ſtay!

III.

Return, and for Thy Mercy ſake,
My Soul from this affliction ſave!
O now ſome pitty on thy ſervant take,
For Thou in death canſt not Thy praiſes have,
But they, and I ſhall be forgotten in the grave!

IV.

I weary out the day with ſighes,
And when that's done, the night with tears;
So vaſt a deep comes rolling from my eyes,
That down its tyde my bed it almoſt bears,
Yet though it waſh my couch, it cannot drown my fears.

V.

My eyes are hollow and decayd,
And from their windows hardly ſee;
Quite buried in the graves my tears have made,
They

They only ſhew where they were wont to be,
So that what age to others, grief has done to me.

VI.

But hold; why do I thus complain,
Like one whom God do's never hear?
For God has heard me, and I'll pray again:
Avoid Profane, avoid, leaſt while yo'are near,
That wickedneſs, which hardens yours, ſhould ſtop His ear!

VII.

The Lord has heard me, and my tears
Have found acceptance in His eyes:
My ſighes already have blown o're my fears,
And ſcatter'd with their breath my Enemies:
So let them fly with ſhame, all who againſt me riſe!

Pſalm VII.

Domine Deus {*meus* / *noſter*, *&c.*

A Pſalm of David, *which he ſang unto the Lord concerning the words of* Cuſh *the Benjamite.*

I.

ALmighty God, to Thee for help I cry,
And on Thy Power alone rely;
Thou haſt preſerv'd me, and once more
Thy ancient favours I implore,
The ſame, which Thou haſt granted heretofore.
Thy hand has rais'd me, when brought low,
In my diſtreſs Thou didſt Thy mercy ſhow,
May that ſtrong hand, which rais'd me then, defend me now!
Lord, from my Enemy deliver me,
And let my flight from him, be but to Thee!

II.

Shouldſt Thou withdraw, or not let me come near,
My Soul he would in pieces tear;
Juſt like a Lyon, having found
His helpleſs prey, who looks around,
And only with his eyes gives the firſt wound:
But when he ſees the guards are gone,
And ſhepheards ſcattred, he falls boldly on,
And with his paws do's finiſh, what his eyes begun.
Such would, O Lord, my certain ruine be,
Didſt not Thou interpoſe to reſcue me!

III.

Yet, Lord, if I have done this wicked thing,
For which they charge me to the King;
Or if, for ſome unworthy end,
I did but in my thoughts intend;
(Wretch as I was) a miſchief to my friend;
Yea, if I have not ſpar'd my foe,
Who without any cauſe of mine was ſo,
And when thy hand had given him to me, let him go:

Then

Then let my Enemy take my life away,
And ſpurn that honour I ſo low did lay!

IV.

Lord, in Thine anger to my cauſe ariſe,
Againſt my vengefull Enemies!
Awake, and up in Judgement ſtand,
The ſame, which Thou doſt me command,
And take both Scales, and Sword into Thy hand!
Then let the Congregation ſee,
That they themſelves are blind, who fancy Thee,
Filleted, as they feign and make their Juſtice bee!
Return Thou therefore, for their ſakes on high,
That they may know ther's in Thy hand an eye.

V.

For Thou indeed art Judge: and Lord begin
With me when Thou haſt purg'd my ſin!
Remember my Integrity,
And after that Thy ſervant try,
Who to Thy Bar do's for juſt judgement fly!
That wickedneſs may have an end,
When thus to every cauſe Thou ſhalt attend,
And let Thy equall ſentence upon all deſcend!
I'm ſure to be abſolv'd, at this debate,
For He, that's Judge, ſhall be my Advocate.

VI.

God ſhall the Righteous clear, and but delay
The Wickeds ſentence for a day;
For every day with him He's griev'd,
He is not pardon'd but repriev'd,
Not into favour, but on proof receiv'd:
And if he turns not to the Lord,
Out from His mouth ſhall come the dreadful Word,
His bow's already bent, and He will whet His ſword:
The inſtruments of death all furbiſht are,
And for the blow th'Almighty arm's made bare,

VII.

But unconcern'd, he travayles with his ſin,
And falſhood to the birth do's bring:
Leaves not, till having digg'd a pit,
He falls himſelf the firſt in it,
A juſt reward, and for the maker fit:
On his own head his ſin returns,
He feels the weight of his own heavy ſcorns,
And in a quenchleſs fire, which he firſt kindled, burns:
So righteous art Thou, Lord, ſo juſt Thy wayes,
Thy Name to heav'n do's reach, ſo ſhall my Praiſe!

Pſalm VIII.

Domine, dominus noſter, &c.

I.

SOle Monarch of the World, Prince of all Powers,
Fountain of Beings, glorious King,
Who can enough Thy praiſes ſing,
Who art the Worlds great Lord, as well as Ours?
Fondly by Verſe we ſtrive Thy Name to raiſe,
When it already is above our higheſt praiſe.

A Pſalm of David.

II.

Thou and Thy Name alike are excellent,
And though we ſomething ſee below,
The greateſt part we cannot know,
Glorys, which are above the Firmament:
Heav'ns of heav'ns a mean extent would be,
And low as hell, were they in height compar'd to Thee.

III.

Great as Thou art, yet ſometimes Thou doſt love
Some glory for Thy ſelf to raiſe,
Let'ſt babes, and infants ſpeak thy praiſe,
And do below what Angels do above:
Open'ſt their mouths, when Thou wilt check the pride
Of ſuch, who open theirs, but only to deride.

IV.

When I my ſerious thoughts do entertain
With thoſe great works Thy hand has done,
The Heav'ns, and in thoſe heav'ns the Moon,
Whom Thou haſt made o're all the ſtars to reign,
More glorious in Attendants, though leſs bright
Than he, who rules the day, and ſends her out at night.

V.

V.

Lord, what is Man, then to my ſelf, I ſay,
Or, what is Mans Poſterity,
That he thus viſited ſhould be,
Be made to rule, when ſuch great things obey?
Be little lower than Bleſt Angels made?
And have at laſt their glory to his honour laid?

VI.

For King of all Thy works, with Thine own hand,
Thou on his head haſt ſet the Crown,
Enjoyning all his Power to own,
And his obey, as if 'twere Thy command;
Creatures, which at his feet the yoak now bear,
But would have higher riſen, if not by Thee plac'd there.

VII.

They are his ſlaves, and juſt obedience ſhow,
All in their offices attend,
Their lives all in his ſervice ſpend,
And count their honour for his uſe to grow:
All that the Sea inhabit, or the sky,
And Earth, or for his pleaſure live, or at it dye.

VIII.

Sole Monarch of the World, Prince of all Powers,
Fountain of Beings, glorious King,
Who can enough Thy praiſes ſing,
Who art the Worlds great Lord, as well as Ours?
Fondly by Verſe we ſtrive Thy Name to raiſe,
When it already is above our higheſt Praiſe.

Pſalm IX.

Confitebor tibi Domine, &c.

I.

LOrd, I will praiſe Thee, and Thy Works declare;
Of all Thy glorious Acts reherſe;
My Song their praiſes ſhall not ſpare,
But with their numbers I will raiſe my Verſe:
In Thee I will be glad, in Thee rejoyce,
And where Thou art, on high, ſend up my voice.

A Pſalm of David.

II.

My Enemies, by Thee perſu'd, gave back,
In vain they ſtrove to ſhun Thy ſight,
My En'mies Thou didſt overtake,
And thoſe, who ſcap'd the battle, fell in flight:
Thou heard'ſt my cauſe, and didſt my right maintain,
Take then the Crown, who didſt the Vict'ry gain.

III.

God on the Throne did ſit, a finall doom
On the Rebellious World to paſs,
Their troops alone were not o'recome,
But their vile Names He alſo out did raſe:
So totally by Him they were o'rethrown,
That only in ſuch ſongs they ſhall be known.

IV.

At length, O Enemy, thy boaſts are done,
And thy deſtructions have an end;
The next that comes, will be thy own,
And at the door ſwift ruine do's attend;
As of the towns thou ſack'dſt there is no ſign,
But ev'n their Names have periſht, ſo ſhall Thyne!

V.

God, who for ever reigns, has fixt His Throne,
And to His bar the Earth will call;
In righteouſneſs He ſhall come down,
And by His equall Juſtice ſentence all:
Under His wings ſecure the Juſt ſhall lye,
And He'll their refuge be, who to Him fly.

VI.

Lord they, who know Thy Name, will truſt in Thee,
For power, and ſtrength, and ſafety's there,
That quiver cannot empty'd bee,
And thoſe, who bear ſuch arms, need never fear:
For never yet thou any man did'ſt leave,
Who was Thy help but willing to receive.

VII.

Praiſe to that God, who care of *Sion* takes!
And all His wonders tell about;
For when He Inquiſition makes,
The blood which now is ſilent, will cry out:
Aloud 'twill cry, nor will God ſtop His ear
To blood, who keeps it open for a tear.

VIII.

Ariſe, My King, to Thee for help I pray,
Behold the Mis'ries I endure;
Thou, who from death didſt guard my way,
And mad'ſt me ſtand from all his ſhafts ſecure:
That in Thy houſe I may Thy love record,
And where He has return'd me, praiſe the Lord!

IX.

Down in the pitt, which for me they had made,
I'th' pit the heathen are ſunk down;
Are taken in the toyles they laid,
Whileſt by ſo juſt a judgement God is known,

That

That when the heathen fall by their own ſnare,
Thy Juſt, for whom 'twas laid, in ſafety are.

X.

To hell they ſhall be turn'd, and with them all,
Who God or know not, or forget;
But thoſe, who for His ſuccour call,
Shall have it, like their expectation, great:
For though at preſent God ſeems not to hear,
His hands are only held, and not His ear.

XI.

Appear, O lord, and let not man prevail,
But judge the Nations in Thy ſight;
The Nations, who dare Heav'n aſſail,
And overthrow them with Thy glorious light!
And, when Thou haſt ſubdu'd their forces, then
Let them know Thou art God, themſelves but men!

Pſalm X.

Ut quid Domine receſſiſti, &c.

I.

MY God, why doſt Thou thus Thy ſelf withdraw,
And make as if Thou didſt not ſee
Thoſe mis'ries, which are better known to Thee,
Than him, who bears their ſharpeſt law?
Why doſt Thou thus Thy face in trouble hide?
T'were hell, ſhould I be ever ſo deny'd.

II.

Look how the wicked, in his pride encreaſt,
Deſtroys the poor, who flies to Thee!
May all the plots, he layes, diſcover'd be,
And on himſelf their vengeance reſt!
May the deſtruction, which he did intend
For Thine, in his own ruine only end!

III.

He boaſts of that, which Thou like Him, doſt hate,
His looſe, and uncontroll'd deſires,
And to no greater happineſs aſpires,
Than what flows from a great eſtate:
Applauds the Covetous, and counts him wiſe,
And valiant, who for earth can Heav'n deſpiſe.

IV.

He has a better God than what rules there,
And need not any further try;
Alas, he has no wings to mount on high,
Give him a God, that will be near;
That may be handled, like his baggs, and told,
And can give ſolid comfort, like his gold.

V.

V.

No other De'ty with the wretch goes down,
This takes up all his thoughts, and mind:
No matter what report he leaves behind,
For what ſhall be, to him's unknown;
Above, in Heav'n, he hears Thy Judgements are,
And is content they ſhould be alwayes there.

VI.

His Enemies he laughs at, thinks their plots
More worthy of his ſcorn, than rage;
Fearleſs againſt all ſtorms he do's engage,
His even-ſpun thred is without knots:
Perpetual peace, conſtant Proſperity,
Has been his lot, and ſhall his portion be.

VII.

Theſe are his thoughts, and thus unmov'd he ſtands,
With fraud, and curſes in his mouth,
His feet ne're trod the ſacred paths of Truth,
And like them are his cruell hands:
But in the lonely fields in wait he lies,
And ſtains the groves with humane ſacrifice.

VIII.

For as a Lion, in ſome ſhady breach,
Humbles himſelf, and couches down,
His prey with greater force to ſet upon,
If it ſhall come within his reach,
Do's all the poſtures of ſubmiſſion feign,
Till to reſiſt he knows their ſtrength is vain:

IX.

So do's he couch, but having caught the poor,
With his diſguiſe aſide do's lay
His feign'd humility, and tears his prey,
Nor, whil'ſt ther's life, thinks it ſecure:
And all the while flatters himſelf, that he
To the All-ſeeing eye conceal'd ſhall be.

X.

Ariſe, O God, to ſtrike lift up Thy hand,
And on Thy En'mies let it fall!
That thoſe, who daily for Thy mercy call,
May thence Thy pitty underſtand:
That Thou do'ſt not their miſeries forget,
But that their helps ſhall, like their pains, be great!

XI.

Why ſhould the Wicked man Thy Power deſpiſe,
Or whileſt Thou only doſt forbear,
Think that indeed Thou canſt not ſee or hear,
Deaf, as himſelf, to th' poor mans cryes?
For Thou haſt ſeen, and wilt his rage requite,
That by Thy hand he ſhall confeſs Thy ſight.

XII.

With Thee the Poor entruſted has his wayes,
And Thou preſerv'ſt the Fatherleſs:
To Thee he makes his ſuppliant addreſs,
And on Thy mighty goodneſs ſtayes:
Therefore appear, and by one fatall blow,
The wicked, and his wickedneſs o'rethrow!

XIII.

Then as Sole Monarch, Thou o're all ſhalt reign,
When thus Thou haſt ſecur'd Thy land,
When thus they fall, who ſlighted Thy command,
And all their ſpoils reſign again:
When on the heathen Thou Thy chain ſhalt lay,
And make their proud Uſurpers to obey.

XIV.

For this the humble, and oppreſt do pray,
With groans, that God delights to hear,
Though not to ſee the mis'ries, which they bear,
For them He feels, as well as they:
Ariſe then, Lord, to help the Fatherleſs,
Nor let the Sons of Earth, Heav'ns ſeed oppreſs!

Pſalm

Pſalm XI.

In Domino confido, &c.

I.

I Know my truſt, on whom I have believ'd,
So certain that I cannot be deceiv'd:
God is my rock, and all in vain,
You like a bird to th' hills would have me fly,
For he, who can this rock but gain,
His En'mies arrows may defie,
The bird, whoſe feathers wing them, never ſoar'd ſo high.

A Pſalm of David.

II.

I ſaw the wicked draw the fatall bow,
And from the ſtring I ſaw the arrow go;
It level'd was at the upright,
And had aſſur'dly ſunk into his heart;
His Innocence had been the White,
Had not th' Almighty took his part,
And on his head, who ſhot it, turn'd the vengeful dart.

III.

Th' Almighty God, whoſe power all things ſuſtains,
Heav'ns dreadful King, who in His Temple reigns,
And with a look all hearts do's try,
Sentencing every work, and word, and thought,
There, as they all unform'd do lye,
E're they are to perfection brought,
And into all their ſeveral ſhapes, and faſhions wrought.

IV.

He ſees the Righteous and the Wicked too;
Without His help, what can the Righteous do?
They are His love: but fire, and rain,
And floods of Brimſtone on th' unjuſt He'l poure;
Fire, which ſhall ne're be quench'd again,

But

But light thoſe rivers with its ſhower,
Whoſe burning gulf at once ſhall both drown, and devour.

V.

Such is the mixture fills the wickeds Cup,
A brimfull bowle, and he ſhall drink it up:
Darkneſs without one gleam of light,
Torments, which have no meaſure, or allay,
And after all Eternal night;
Whil'ſt God from heav'n ſhall dart a ray
Upon the Juſt man, and be both his Sun and day.

Pſalm

Pſalm XII.

Salvum me fac Domine, &c.

I.

ARiſe, O God, and ſave; 'tis time to riſe,
And with Thee bring all Thy ſupplyes!
Help, for the Faithful man no more
Has either place reſerv'd, or power,
Is not at all, and was but only ſcorn'd before.

A Pſalm of David.

II.

There's not a juſt man left, they flatter all,
And Prudence, what God hates, miſcall:
To one another lye, and feign,
And what they leaſt intend, maintain,
And as their tongue is falſe, their daring heart is vain.

III.

But God ſuch tongues ſhall cut out, and ſuch hearts
Wound, and ſtrike through with their darts;
'Gainſt Him, and Heav'n they up were thrown,
But on themſelves are all hurl'd down,
And, by the wounds they make, they find they are their own.

IV.

"Who's Lord o're us, with dev'liſh mouth they ſay,
"Or who is He we ſhould obey?
"That's I, ſays God, now I'll ariſe,
"And ſince my Kingdom you deſpiſe,
"And ſubjects ſcorn to be, you ſhall be Enemies.

V.

"I'll riſe now, and in ſafety ſet the Poor;
"From all the ſtorms you raiſe, ſecure:
That word has ſaid it, which is try'd
Like Silver, ſeven times purifi'd;
Pure without any droſs, too great to be deni'd.

VI.

Thou ſhalt preſerve them, Lord, by Thy Right hand,
I'th' midſt of a rebellious land,
Where baſeſt men moſt honour'd are,
Some on the Throne, ſome in the Chair;
And they as Criminalls ſtand ſentenc'd at the Bar.

Pſalm XIII.

Uſque quo Domine, &c.

I.

HOw long, my God, wilt Thou thus hide Thy face,
And thus withdraw the preſence of Thy grace?
How long ſhall I forgotten be,
As if indeed it were in vain
Of all my mis'ries to complain,
And I might ſooner mount the rocks, than Thee?
I look, and ſigh, and wait, O, come away,
Why ſhould my En'my triumph, when Thou doſt but ſtay?

II.

Ariſe, O God, and with Thee bring freſh aid,
Thy very ſight will make my Foes afraid!
By it o'recome, they'll fall aſleep,
Too weak to bear Thy glorious ſight,
Will here begin their endleſs night,
Whil'ſt Thou my eyes ſhalt ever waking keep;
Let them not on Thy ſervants ruine ſtand,
Leaſt what Thine only did, they challenge to their hand!

III.

Thou art my confidence, in Thee I truſt,
And, though I am afflicted, God is juſt:
I in His mercy ſhall rejoice,
In that Salvation He has brought,
In that deliverance He has wrought,
Something my heart ſhall do, ſomething my voice:
Both heart, and voice in ſongs of praiſe ſhall move,
And ſince I am Thy Care, Lord, Thou ſhalt be my Love!

Another Verſion of the ſame.

By *M. M. B.*

I.

HOw long, O God, ſhall I forgotten ly,
As one caſt from Thy memory?
Wilt Thou from me Thy face for ever hide?
For ſo that time, which nothing is to Thee,
Seems an Eternity to mee,
Who only on Thy favour have rely'd.

II.

Wilt Thou no period to my griefs allow,
But freſh afflictions on me throw,
Which I as little as Thy wrath can bear?
To ſee my Enemies triumphing ſtand,
And my ſelf ſtoop to their command,
Who only Thee, and Thy command ſhould fear.

III.

In mercy, Lord, again remember mee,
And from Oppreſſors ſet me free!
Unto Thy ſervants prayers attention give,
Revive his hopes, and let Thy glorious light
His joys renew, that in Thy ſight,
Though now caſt out, he may for ever live!

IV.

Why ſhould my Enemy encreaſe his pride,
With Thee, and conqueſt on his ſide?
And thoſe, who trouble me, in this rejoice,
That I am exil'd from Thy reſting place,
The ſacred preſence of Thy grace,
Who oft have glori'd that I was Thy choice?

V.

V.

But I have truſted in Thy power, and love,
That Thou wilt all my fears remove:
And this ſure hope with joy ſo fill my mind,
That I will now Thy mighty praiſes ſing,
From whom my happineſs ſhall ſpring,
Whoſe bounty, like Thy ſelf, is uncontin'd.

Pſalm XIV.

Dixit inſipiens in corde, &c.

I.

A Pſalm of David.

"THere is no God, the fool in's heart do's ſay,
And that his life may not his heart betray,
He like one, that believes it, lives:
Do's with blaſphemous mouth deny
The very Being of the Deity,
And in his works that lye,
Which he to man dares not, to Heav'n profanely gives.

II.

From heav'n th'Almighty God came down to view
What He there ſaw, and there could puniſh too:
Yet down He came, and look'd around,
He ſearch'd, if He might any ſee,
Any of His, leaſt they ſhould numbred bee
To th' Common miſery,
He ſearch'd, but not a Juſt man in the Number found.

III.

Are they all thus, O God, all gone aſide,
As if from Thee they could their follies hide?
Are all thus greedy to devour,
And eat Thy People up like bread,
Thankleſs for that, and not ſome judgement dread,
Like thoſe by quailes once fed,
Tempting that Heav'n, which Manna down before did ſhower.

IV.

Amids their jollity in fears they were,
Their meat a trap, their table prov'd a ſnare:
But God himſelf defends the Poor,
Will both their cauſe, and right maintain,

And

And though the proud their Innocence would ſtain,
The ſpot ſhall out again,
And God, who ſends them help, ſhall with it that reſtore.

V.

From Sion, Lord, may Iſraels help appear,
Thence come, ſince all his confidence is there!
Bring back their long Captivity;
That Iſrael may adore Thy wayes,
And *Jacob* to Thy Name give all the praiſe,
Together ſtrive to raiſe
Thy Honour, and admire Thee, as thou ought'ſt to be!

Pſalm XV.

Domine quis habitabit, &c.

I.

A Pſalm of David.

MY God, who ſhall Thy Holy Mount aſcend,
And in Thy Houſe his life and praiſes ſpend?
Bleſt Soul, who always ſhall be near,
David. Nearer than any other can,
When he his God may ſee, his God may hear,
And where his God is, ſtill be there,
O tell me who it is, or let me ſee the Man!

II.

God. 'Tis one who from his heart the Truth do's ſpeak;
Whoſe company, and laws he n'ere do's break:
His Heart's the wheel, which firſt do's play,
And all the other wheels commands,
Whoſe motion all the other wheels obey,
All go, when that firſt leads the way,
Truth and his heart firſt move, and then his feet and hands.

III.

He dares not his juſt Neighbour vilifie,
Nor give his conſcience with his mouth the lie:
Dares not ſpeak fair, before his face,
And once withdrawn, retract his fear,
Sinning to bring another in diſgrace,
But thinks, what if 'twere his own caſe?
And againſt him, leſs than againſt himſelf will hear.

IV.

Whoſe heart againſt a wicked man do's riſe,
And ſhewes true ſcorn, yet pitty by his eyes:
The good he honours, counts them dear
Worthy his love and favour too,

All

All who in truth my Sacred Name do fear;
And when he to his Word do's ſwear,
What he has ſworn, though he is ſure to loſe will do.

V.

He puts not out his Gold to Uſury,
Nor by Extortion into wealth do's flye:
No bribes will take againſt the Juſt,
Or ballance with thoſe weights his hand,
Which there inclines where the cauſe merits moſt:
And having thus diſcharg'd his truſt,
He on my Holy Mount ſhall dwell, and like it ſtand.

Pſalm XVI.

Conſerva me Domine, &c.

I.

Michtam. A Pſalm of David.

PReſerve me, Lord, for unto Thee I flee;
I, who upon thee heretofore have ſtaid,
And when I ſaw Thee not have ſaid,
" Thou art my God, and though my Good to Thee
" Can never come, yet Thine may reach to mee.

II.

My good like gold to Thee can ne're extend,
Though it to airy thinneſs I ſhould beat:
The diſtance ſtill would be too great,
Nor will it's droſs let it to Heav'n aſcend:
O, may it ſpread below, and know no end!

III.

Spread to the Saints, in whom is Thy delight,
And who, as they Thy pleaſure be, are mine:
Let others to dumb Idols joyn,
Their very Idols once ſhall do them right,
And though they could not help, againſt them fight.

IV.

I'l not approach them, Lord, leaſt for their ſake,
I ſhare the ſorrows, which on them are laid:
I of their Offrings am afraid,
For all who to them ſacrifices make,
Are their own Victims, and i'th flames partake.

V.

God is my Portion and maintains my Lot,
My lines are in a pleaſant Country caſt,
My Heritage ſhall fall at laſt,
And in a time when I expect it not;
God has both given, and will ſecure the Spot.

VI. His

VI.

His Name I'l therefore bleſs, who counſel'd me,
Make Him my meditation every night,
Till the young Sun brings back the Light;
As I in His, He in my ſight ſhall be;
Nor ſhall the Darkneſs hide His face from me.

VII.

Unmov'd I'l ſtand His mighty praiſe to tell,
My very fleſh in certain hope ſhall reſt
Of th' Reſurrection of the Bleſt;
For Lord, Thou ſhalt not leave my Soul in Hell,
Nor let Thy Holy One with Corruption dwell.

VIII.

To the ſafe paths of Life direct my way,
Thy Preſence, where perpetual joyes flow o're,
Whoſe Pleaſures ſpring for evermore:
By thoſe clear ſtreams let me delighted ſtay,
And melt away in love, as well as they!

Pſalm XVII.

Exaudi Domine juſtitiam, &c.

A Prayer of David.

I.

GReat God of all th' Earth, to Thee I fly,
And to thy juſt Tribunals Barr appeal;
Thou know'ſt my cauſe, & Thou ſhalt hear my cry,
And, what Thy pleaſure on it is, reveal:
Upon Thy ſentence I depend,
Let that my ſuit, and troubles end;
For Thyne own ſake my right maintain,
Heart did ne're cloſer joyn with lips, nor they leſs feign!

II.

Lord, Thou haſt ſearch'd me, and my heart haſt known,
Then, when conceal'd from all the World, but thee,
The ſilent Night had left me all alone,
By Thee examin'd, mine own Judge to be:
In thouſand flames I have been try'd,
But as gold throughly purify'd,
From thouſand flames I came more bright,
For I before had paſt Thyne All-diſcerning ſight.

III.

As my heart thought, ſo my lips alwayes ſpake,
And with them both my hands did freely joyn;
With the Deſtroyer I did ne're partake,
But alwayes left his paths to follow Thyne:
Thou wert my rule, and Thou my guide,
When I or ſlipt, or turn'd aſide,
Thus guarded let me ever go,
For as Thy ways are certain, my ſteps ſhall be ſo!

IV.

Lord, Thou haſt anſwer'd me, when heretofore,
In my diſtreſs I made my Prayers to Thee!

Incline

Incline Thyne ear to my deſires once more,
And as then, let me now Thy mercy ſee!
Thou, whoſe Almighty hand do's ſave
All thoſe who its protection crave,
Thy mighty hand for me extend,
No power but Thyne can to my miſeries put an end.

V.

And as the Eye around with guards is ſett,
And ſafely compaſs'd in on every ſide,
To keep off dangers (which may hazard it)
Diſplay its glory, or its beautys hide;
Under Thy wings ſo let me lye,
Secure, as under thoſe, my Eye!
For as thoſe guards my eye encloſe,
For ſafety, I am girt, for ruin by my foes.

VI.

Riches to them are Shield, and Coat of Mayle,
Whil'ſt with vile mouth they baſely God defie:
They, more than Innocence, are their Brazen Wall,
Which as their own proud thoughts they wiſh were high.
With fat their eyes are clos'd around,
And though ſtill fattned on the ground,
No conſcious marks of guilt do bear,
Nor view it as their own deſert, but wiſh me there.

VII.

Juſt like a Lioneſs, that wayts her prey,
Urg'd by her young whelps hunger, and her own,
All threatning force aſide ſhe ſeems to lay,
And try's new plotts, when that is uſeleſs grown:
Unto ſome ſhady Covert flyes,
And there as dead, or dying lyes,
That if her ſcent infect the wind,
She may her ſelf appear the prey, ſhe there would find.

VIII.

But riſe O God, and diſappoint his rage,
And where himſelf has vow'd, there let him fall!
May he no longer Thy great power engage,
Nor againſt Thine, with Thy own arms prevail!
The Sword he brandiſhes is Thine,
Thou guid'ſt his hand, and mak'ſt that ſhine,
Without Thy help he could not be
Or thus Thy ſeeming friend, or thus my Enemy.

IX.

This portion here below the Wicked have,
The World, and all it's boundleſs ſtores are theirs,
Though when they once deſcend into the grave,
They All behind them leave, and Children heirs;
But my great Portion is to come,
When happy death ſhall bring me home,
When I ſhall in Thy ſight appear,
And, to Thine Image chang'd, be with Thy Son Coheir.

Pſalm XVIII.

Diligam te Domine Fortitudo, &c.

A Pſalm of David *the Servant of the Lord, who ſpake unto the Lord the words of this Song, in the day that the Lord deliver'd him from the hands of all his enemies, and from the hand of* Saul —— And he ſaid,

I.

LORD, I will love Thee, and Thy mighty praiſe
My humble Song to Heaven ſhall raiſe;
Thou art my Rock, my ſtrength, my Power,
My God, my Help, and ever juſt,
My Buckler, Fortreſs, and ſtrong Tower,
Who haſt been always, and ſhalt always be my truſt.
To Thee the Spoyls I conſecrate,
Which by thy hand I from my Enemies took,
That, when in time to come, I on them look,
Thinking how in their ruin Thou preſerv'dſt my ſtate,
And thoſe remains of Triumph ſee,
I may new Trophies dreſs to Thee,
Who only ſav'dſt, and only worthy of my praiſe canſt be.

II.

'Twas the moſt gloomy day I ever ſaw,
And Death in all its horrid ſhapes ſtood by;
Trouble without, within diſpair did ly,
And not content by drops my blood to draw,
And leave when glutted, it my heart did gnaw,
That ſenſibly I could perceive my ſelf to die.
Hell compaſs'd me with all her waves,
Enlarg'd her mouth, and thence did throw
In pitchy ſtreams her terrors, and the graves
That by its train death might more dreadfull ſhow,
And I, before hand, all its cruelties might know.

Before

Before it lay devouring cares,
Envys, diſtruſts, and bands of ſnares,
Suſpicions, jealouſies, and fears,
Chains, and impriſonment, a wretched life,
Beyond the reach of fancy or belief,
With which around 'twas block'd ſo faſt,
That thouſand deaths muſt firſt be paſt,
E're one could touch the Bleſt, and Happy One at laſt.

III.

What to reſolve, or what to do,
Which way to turn, or where to go,
I had no friend to tell me, nor my ſelf did know.
At laſt to Heav'n I look'd, and there
A paſſage for my flight did ſee,
The Coaſt all empty, wide and clear;
But who on high my Soul could bear,
Or give me wings that I might thither flee?
And then aloud to God I cry'd,
And in my trouble made a noyſe,
Anguiſh did help to raiſe my voyce,
And heard I would be, though I were deny'd.
"Lord bow Thyne ear, ſaid I, to mee,
"Or ſuffer that my prayers aſcend to Thee!
And up I ſent them with a gale of ſighs,
That ſooner than my thought, had pierc'd the skyes
And entrance found, or made to His ears,
Whil'ſt I too ſlow to follow with mine eyes,
Reflecting ever on my fears,
Could only their deſir'd return expect in tears.

IV.

I lookt not long, e're th' Earth began to ſhake,
The Rocks to tremble, and the Hills to quake,
And, to atteſt the preſence of its God,
Who to the Judgment on a Cherub rode,
The World its fixt foundation did forſake;
Out from His noſtrils a thick ſmoak did go,

And

And from His mouth devouring fire,
Which more impetuous, as it large did grow,
And made the Heav'ns almoſt with th' heat expire.
He bow'd the Heav'ns, and then came down,
Under his feet chain'd Darkneſs lay,
And tempeſts, that no will but His will own,
In haſt flew on before, to make Him way;
He follow'd cloſe, and their ſlow pace did chide,
Bid them with greater ſpeed and ſwiftneſs ride;
And that He dreadfull might appear,
Yet not conſume till got more near,
Dark waters and thick clouds His face did hide.

V.

Such His Pavilion, ſuch the ſecret place,
To which His Glory did retire,
But yet how thick ſo e're the covering was,
The waters could not quench, nor clouds conceal the fire,
But it through both did force its way,
And all the louder thunders calls obey:
In thunder God aloud from Heav'n did call,
And made His voyce o're all the World be heard,
Hayl-ſtones, and coles of fire did at it fall, (der, fear'd.
Hail-ſtones & coles of fire, which thoſe, who ſlighted thun-
Theſe were the poyſon'd arrows, which He threw,
In vain with Heav'n they ſaw it was to fight;
And ſince ſo ſwift it did their guilt purſue,
As vain thought all their flight,
And it was truly curſe enough, to ſee the light.

VI.

Then were the Channels of the Ocean ſeen,
And Earths foundations did appear
Never ſo low before the Sun had been,
Or ſaw the wonders, which he met with there.
And down he ſtoopt his watry bed to view,
Which he till then ne're truly ſaw, or knew,

And ſcarce believ'd, that what he ſaw was true.
At thy rebuke, O God, it open ſtood,
And the ſame breath, which made, did part the Flood.
To Heav'ns high Vault the waves did riſe,
And threatned all to break upon my head,
But I prevented them with ſhrieks and cries,
And from that deep Thou didſt thy ſervant lead:
Which as the billows ſaw, more fraid than I, away they fled:

VII.

God from my Enemies my life did ſave,
And thoſe who were too ſtrong for me, ſubdu'd:
No ſooner could I his aſſiſtance crave,
But with my prayers, I ſaw my help renew'd;
That weakneſs, which my foes did moſt enrage,
And to the certain prey did call,
Was my beſt argument His power t'engage,
Who did, unlook'd for, on them fall, ſtopt up all.
And found a way to conqueſt, when they thought they'd
To a large plain he brought me out,
Where I might ſee His wonders all about,
And by new tryalls His ſure mercies prove:
He reſcu'd me, becauſe I was His love.
The Juſtice of my Title did defend,
And on my head ſet faſt the Crown;
His wonted goodneſs to me did extend,
And, recompenſing what my hands had done,
Their innocence both witneſs'd, & rewarded with His own.

VIII.

He ſaw how conſtantly I kept His way,
And ne're to th'beaten roads of ſin withdrew;
How I His Judgments did obey,
And all His Laws before me lay,
To be my guides, leaſt I ſhould ſtray,
And when I fail'd, how I my Cov'nants did renew.

From

From my own ſin my ſelf I kept,
And found acceptance in His ſight,
He rais'd me up, and held me, when I ſlipt,
And I before Him [counted] was upright,
So that forgetting what I did,
My Sins He only, not His Mercies hid:
My righteouſneſs did recompenſe,
And both approv'd, and crown'd my Innocence.
For like Thy ſelf, O God, Thou doſt impart
Moſt juſt rewards to every mans deſert;
And what he is to Thee, to Him again Thou art.
Mercy doſt on the mercifull beſtow,
And with the Righteous art upright,
Thy purity the perfect know,
(For thou alone firſt mad'ſt them ſo)
And to perfection by Thy ſtrength they grow;
But thoſe, who ſcorn Thee, Thou as much doſt ſlight:
Bring'ſt down high looks, the Poor doſt raiſe;
And Thy afflicted land to ſave,
Haſt helps, as different as Thy ways,
And thoſe, as many from it, as Death has to the grave.

IX.

'Twas Thou who mad'ſt my darkneſs bright,
And from the pit did'ſt bring me back;
Reſtor'dſt, what I deſpair'd to ſee, the light,
And, that I ſhould no beauties lack,
Did'ſt add new glories from Thine own great ſight.
By Thee I Nations have ſubdu'd,
Conquering, when I their troops but only view'd,
And Victory as much as them, purſu'd.
Through arms I follow'd her, o're Forts, and Walls,
Nor, till poſſeſs'd would give her o're,
Her flight but forc'd me on the more,
And anew made me help implore
Of Him, who gives it thoſe, whom he to battle calls
The mighty God, whoſe way is juſt,
And Word like Silver try'd,

But more than ſilver purify'd,
The Widows and the Orphans truſt:
Who never aid to them, who wanted it, deny'd,
The mighty God, who only is the Lord,
And as a Rock, on high, has ſet His Word, (ſword.
From whence He has made bare His Arm, and flaming
With that I girded was to th' fight,
More fatal than *Goliahs*, and more right, (flight.
For 'twas in war my Sword, ſurer than *Parthian* ſhaft in

X.

For flye I did, but 'twas like them to overcome,
My feet were Hinds, both to o'retake, and bring me home;
I ſaw, and wounded from afarr,
God taught my hands the ſubtle arts of Warr,
And gave them ſtrength a bow of Steel to draw,
And brake a barr of Iron as if it were but ſtraw.
His Shield protected me, His Diſcipline
Both held me up, and guarded round my head,
Above me made new glories ſhine,
And for my footſteps Palms and Laurels ſpread;
Which having thence a larger compaſs gain'd,
O're all the plains ſecure from ſliding reign'd.
And then once more to th' Camp I went,
And with new heat my En'mies did aſſail,
Their flight could not my hand prevent,
But certain death it after ſent,
That both purſu'd, o'retook, and did prevail,
Down to the Earth, but never more to riſe,
I, by Thy ſtrength, did hurle them to the ground,
My own could not their force confound,
But Thine did guide, and bleſs my Victories.
And now my Song Thy praiſes ſhall reſound;
To Thee I will Thy right reſign,
And ſince Thou didſt my Triumphs meet,
And put my En'mies necks below my feet,
Thoſe Laurels, which Thy conduct has made mine,
By Thine own purchaſe, & my preſent ſhal again be Thine.

XI. Small

XI.

Small as the duſt I to the empty wind
Them and their pride together did expoſe;
A while they mounted, but fell where they roſe,
Again with mire and common dirt were joyn'd,
Like droſs caſt out, and never more with fire to be refin'd.
They cry'd for help, but none would ſave,
To God, but He attended not,
Whil'ſt to my prayers He gracious anſwers gave,
And for me kept thoſe Honours He had got.
In Civil Warrs preſerv'd me ſafe at home,
Made me abroad fierce Nations overcome,
Who heard no ſooner of my Name,
But to ſubmit their Empires came,
And, by accepting me to be their King, encreas'd their Fame.
With them came people quite unknown,
And from my hand each Prince receiv'd a Crown,
Which he more gloried in, and valued than his own;
When thoſe, who yielded not, yet hop'd by flight
To ſcape the ſhame they got in fight,
My luſtre only made more bright,
And like thick darkneſs, ſcattred at th'approach of morning light.

XII.

Bleſt be that God, who this has done!
My ſhield, my Rock, whoſe mighty hand
At once aveng'd me, and ſubdu'd my En'mies land,
And when to Hell He threw them down
My head not only rais'd, but did with mercy crown;
Who from the violent man deliver'd me,
And from his Throne made me the ſubject Nations ſee,
My Laws, and their own Kingdoms take upon the knee.
Therefore to Him alone my Verſe I'l raiſe,
And what I ſing, the Heathen teach His praiſe,
That They, as well as I, may know, and fear His ways.

I'l tell the glories, which to Him belong,
How great His Power, His arm how ſtrong,
And this ſhall be the bearing of my Song,
" 'Twas He that gave deliv'rance to our King,
" Who did to *David* mercy ſhow,
" And from that never failing Spring,
" Will cauſe new bleſſings, on his ſeed to overflow.

Pſalm

Pſalm XIX.

Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei, &c.

I.

THat boundleſs ſpace we ſee above,
The Heav'ns, where all the Stars their courſes run,
Where greateſt Stars have room enough to move,
And ſeem but points to th' vaſt Expanſion;
The Heav'ns, whoſe Arms the World embrace,
Which o're our heads, under our feet do go,
And alike neer themſelves make every place,
Their great Creators glory ſhow;
The mighty God, who by His powerfull hand
At firſt did make, and with His Word does bid them ſtand.

A Pſalm of David.

II.

His Will gives Laws unto the day,
Makes darkneſs in its turn ſucceed the Light;
Both light, and darkneſs, His commands obey,
And by alternate powers rule day and night:
Through the whole World their Line is gone,
All Nations do their language underſtand,
Nor was there ever ſavage Nation known,
Who in them could not read His hand,
In their own tongues all read what's written there,
For Heav'n alone's the Univerſal Character.

III.

From thence God makes His Sun to ſhine,
Which like a Bridegroom from his bed does riſe,
Bluſhes at firſt, but then looks gay and fine,
And with his luſtre dazles our weak eyes:
At firſt he gently ſeems to move,
And Heav'ns ſteep hill in ſtate walks up, but when
Mid-day is toucht, like's own beams from above,
To th' Earth he ſhoots himſelf again;

From

From East to West round the whole world does wheel,
And makes dull minerals, unseen, his influence feel.

IV.

These Works of Thine we see below,
And in them Thy great Wisdom all adore;
But by Thy Law we come our selves to know,
And what we oft have heard, t' experience more:
Just as Thy self are all Thy Wayes,
Thy Statutes, and Commandments pure, and right;
Teaching us how we should exalt Thy praise,
One gives us joy, the other light:
To Thee they all direct, our Leaders are,
And where Thou art, not only bring, but fix us there.

V.

The Fear of God true pleasure is,
Is always clean, is always full of love,
Opens the way to an eternall bliss,
And by its constancy its truth does prove:
Unjust that sentence cannot be,
Which from the Righteous Judge of all does go;
His Judgments are from all injustice free,
Are Just themselves, and make us so:
The finest gold near them looks wan, and pale,
And hony from the Comb do's of its wonted sweetness fail.

VI.

Gain, and reward in them are found,
Sometimes they are my staff, sometimes my guide,
But, Lord, how often have I fell to ground,
And in my secret wandrings gone aside!
Cleanse me, O God, and through Thy grace
Let not presumptuous sins of me take hold,
But let my Innocence still keep its place,
And make me in the Judgment bold!
Hear me, O Thou, who my Salvation art, (my heart.
That when my heart moves my lips, Thy Spirit may move

Psalm

Pſalm XX.

Exaudiat te Dominus, &c.

I.

SO may Thy God be always near,
Nay *Jacobs* God all Thy Petitions hear,
And when Thy Enemies huge Armies ſend,
As if they would Thy land devour,
And with their numbers Thee ore'power,
Then may His Name be Thy ſtrong Tower,
To break their rage, and Thee from danger to defend!

A Pſalm of David.

II.

From *Sion* may Thy aids appear,
Invincible as He, who governs there;
With fire from Heav'n may he Thy Offrings crown,
And as with every Sacrifice,
Thy prayers and that again do's riſe,
Till they together reach the skies
Let thy God meet them, and as they aſcend come down!

III.

May He Thy juſt deſires fulfill,
And always fix Thy counſels to His Will!
'Tis done, O King, and in it we rejoyce,
Let the whole World our ſhoutings hear,
What we adore, let them all fear,
Honour Him far, and dread him near,
Let the whole World hear Ours,& God Himſelf Thy voice!

IV.

Our God ſhall hear Thee, and His hand,
Mov'd by His ear, deliv'rance ſhall command:
From Heav'n He ſhall His mighty arm unbare,
Brandiſh His Sword, and make it ſeen.
Nothing but blood ſhall come between,

And He, who has Thy Saviour been
Shall be Thy praiſe as once the ſubject of Thy prayer.

V.

Let others on their Troops rely,
Chariots and Horſe which Vict'ry can out-fly;
We on the Name of God will only ſtay,
That ſhall Our Horſe and Chariots bee,
Our Armies, and Our Victory;
Let but us, Lord, be kept by Thee,
We ſhall ſtand Conquerours, when they fall, or run away.

VI.

Already they are all brought down,
But on Thy head God has ſet faſt the Crown;
May He be ſtill to Thee propitious,
Always incline a willing ear,
To His Anoynted ſtill be near,
And Thy petitions ever hear,
And as He hears Thee, Gracious King, mayſt Thou hear us!

Pſalm XXI.

Domine in virtute tuâ, &c.

I.

GReat God, who Wonders for Our land haſt done,
And ſav'd Our King, whom Thou mad'ſt ſo,
Again haſt ſet Him on the Throne,
And made His Fathers foes before Him bow;
Our King ſhall in Thy ſtrength rejoyce,
That He was Thine, as well as His own peoples choice!

A Pſalm of David.

II.

Thou didſt not ever His requeſts deny,
Nor to His Vows ſhut up Thine ear,
In vain He did not always cry,
Though Heav'n, which ſaw His wrongs, ſeem'd not to hear;
For the deſires He thither ſent,
Thou with unhop'd for bleſſings didſt at laſt prevent.

III.

He only ſue'd for Life, Thou gave'ſt a Crown,
And on His head haſt ſet it faſt;
The Royall Diadem never ſhone
With ſo great luſtre, or ſo long to laſt,
To Kings, which from Him ſhall proceed,
Not to His head alone ſecur'd, but to His ſeed.

IV.

Home Thou haſt brought Him, and ſo fixt Him here,
All ſay His power is moſt like Thine;
The Honours Thou haſt made Him bear
Have rendred Him, and Monarchy Divine;
That for their Kings Our Sons ſhall wiſh,
Like Him they all may be, and all their Reigns like His.

V.

For in the Lord His confidence He plac'd,
And up to Heav'n for help did fly,
And having there His anchor caſt,
Our Seas, He knew, could never riſe ſo high;
And that the Ocean, which was there,
Was all Pacifique, and no ſeed for ſtorms did bear.

VI.

In vain from Thee, O God, His foes would fly,
And having ſhun'd His hand, ſcape Thyne;
But their cloſe walks are in Thine eye,
And all around them do's Thy glory ſhine;
His Enemies Thou count'ſt Thine own,
And what His hands reach not, by Thine ſhal be o'rethrown.

VII.

Thou on them their own Conſciences ſhalt turn,
Thy wrath ſhall on their darkneſs light;
For like an Oven it ſhall burn,
With flames that ſcorch, and even as Hell affright;
And when it has rag'd all about,
Upon the guilty ſtanders by it ſhall break out.

VIII.

But, if reſerv'd for future miſery,
Thy vengeance here they ſhall ſurvive,
'Tis but to ſee, before them, dye
Thoſe children, in whoſe names they hop'd to live:
Yet though like them their Names ſhall rot,
They ſtill ſhall want the happineſs to be forgot.

IX.

For Thee, O King, the miſchief they deſign'd,
Which on Thy Fathers head did light;
And with you both the Crown was joyn'd,
That was the Cauſe did animate the fight;

Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt Heav'n was all the while defi'd,
To ſee the rule eſtabliſht there, on earth deny'd.

X.

Heav'n ſaw the Treaſons, and did arm'd appear,
Return'd the darts they up had thrown,
Now, leſs with feathers wing'd, than fear,
And in all wounds the arrows were their own:
Lord, ſince Thou 'haſt thus preſerv'd Our King.
Uphold His Throne, that with Him, we Thy praiſe may ſing!

Pſalm XXII.

Deus, Deus meus, quare dereliquiſti, &c.

I.

A Pſalm of David.

MY God, my God, why art thou turn'd away,
And thus forſak'ſt me in my agony;
Shall I in vain for ever pray,
And pour out fruitleſs words, which reach not Thee?
All day I cry, but Thou ſeem'ſt not to hear,
The night do's witneſs to my roarings bear,
Yet though they rend my heart, they cannot move Thine ear.

II.

But Holy ſtill, and Righteous, Lord, art Thou,
And worthy of Thy People *Iſraels* praiſe,
Who on Our Fathers did'ſt beſtow
Freedom from Chains, and conduct in their ways;
On Thee they truſted, and to Thee they cry'd,
Who heard'ſt their groans, & conquering out did'ſt ride,
Their truſt met no reproach, nor was their prayer deny'd.

III.

But I'm a Worm, my God, and not a Man,
Reproach of Men, and ſhame o'th' multitude,
Whoſe mockings with my grief began,
And ever grew, as that encreas'd, more rude:
With all the antick looks that ſhew diſgrace,
Diſtorted mouth, and head, and riv'led face,
They me the Common butt, for all their ſcorns did place.

IV.

"Let's ſee, ſaid they, with jeſts more ſharp than ſwords,
And mortaller than all the wounds they gave,
"Let's ſee, if yet, for all His Words,
"The God on whom He truſts, His life will ſave;
"If He ſo dearly loves him, at his call

"Why

" Why comes He not, we challenge Him and all,
" For without that, this ſingle conqueſt would be ſmall.

V.

Yet ſtill in Thee I all my truſt have plac'd,
Who art the God, who took'ſt me from the womb;
On whom I from the breaſt was caſt,
And to theſe years through thouſand cares have come;
To Thee, who haſt defended me I flie,
And on Thy power alone for help relie,
Be not farr off to ſave, ſince trouble is ſo nigh!

VI.

Around with Bulls I fiercely was beſet,
Baſans wilde Bulls whom none but Thou couldſt tame;
And with their hoofs the ground they beat,
And open mouth'd upon me bellowing came;
Like ravening Lions haſting to the prey,
That roar, and call their fellow beaſts away,
Such was their noyſe, and haſte, but ſavager were they.

VII.

My blood and ſpirits like water are pour'd out,
And all my bones are from their joynts remov'd;
My heart it ſelf to th' fire is brought,
And melted down, like Silver to be prov'd;
A Potſheard from the fornace is leſs dry,
My ſhriv'led tongue cloſe to my jaws do's ly,
And I bear all th' effects of death, before I die.

VIII.

Dogs hunted me, nay worſe than dogs, thoſe men
I came to ſave, in judgment on me ſate;
My Good deeds were forgotten then,
Nor could my innocence their rage abate;
But ſentence given, lots for my Coat they caſt,
And on a rack my naked body plac'd,
Whoſe ſtaring bones, only by them could be out-fac'd.

IX. On

IX.

On me they ſtar'd, and furious through their pride,
With cruel nails pierc'd through my hands and feet;
Then open'd with a Spear my ſide,
To ſee my heart where all thoſe wounds did meet:
But, mighty Saviour, be not farr away,
Riſe to my help, and make no longer ſtay,
Leaſt to their bloody Sword my Soul be made a prey!

X.

Thou, who haſt ſav'd me from ſtrong Unicorns,
Now from the Lions mouth, Lord, reſcue me!
Theſe hungry Dogs, and fierce Bulls horns,
Nor to their rage let me deliver'd be!
Then to my Brethren I'l Thy power declare,
And Trophies to Thy mighty conqueſt rear,
And with the Captive Spoyls Thy Courts ſhall look more fair.

XI.

All you, who fear the Lord, recount His praiſe;
And you, bleſt *Jacobs* ſeed, His Honour ſing!
Who, though moſt fearfull in His ways,
And the Worlds Judge, is both your God, and King!
Who never has the poor mans ſuit deny'd,
Nor from my tears His glorious face did hide,
But heard, and anſwer'd me, as ſoon as e're I cry'd.

XII.

Of Him alone my numerous Song ſhall bee,
To whoſe great hand I all my ſafety ow:
And in Thy Church I'l pay to Thee
Whatever there I in my fears did vow:
Then ſhall the poor, with famine long oppreſt,
Eat, and be full, the weary be at reſt,
And thoſe, who fear Thy Name, with peace and joy be bleſt.

XIII. The

XIII.

The worlds wide ends, when they Thy power ſhal know,
Again to their Allegiance ſhall return:
Their Kings ſhall to Thy Footſtool bow,
And now in love for their Rebellions burn;
Acknowledge Thee the Univerſal *King*,
Who on their Princes do'ſt confuſion bring,
And make Heav'ns Vault, with their loud acclamations ring.

XIV.

My ſeed ſhall ſerve Him, for they ſhall be His,
And tell the wondrous works, which He has done;
How Righteous, and how Good He is,
And to the Age to come His Name make known:
That thoſe, who long hence ſhall a People bee,
When they the Records of theſe times ſhall ſee,
May truſt in Him, who did all this, as well as Wee.

Pſalm XXIII.

Dominus regit me & nihil, &c.

I.

A Pſalm of David.

THE Mighty God, who all things do's ſuſtain,
That God, who nothing made in vain,
Who nothing that He made did e're diſdain;
The Mighty God my Shepherd is,
He is my Shepherd, I His ſheep,
Both He is mine, and I am His;
About His Flock, He alwaies watch do's keep;
When God provides Poor Man can nothing need,
And He, who hears young Ravens cry, His Sheep will feed.

II.

And as His Flock the Faithful Shepherd leads
To purling Brooks, and flowry Meads,
And by ſoft ſtreams in pleaſant Paſtures feeds;
So do's the Mighty God with me,
Conduct's me to the bubling ſprings,
Himſelf is pleas'd my Guide to be,
And when I ſtray again me homewards brings;
Making His love in thouſand favours known,
Not for my goodneſs ſake, but only for His own.

III.

Secur'd by Him, I will no danger fear,
Not death it ſelf, if it were near,
And ſhould in its moſt horrid ſhape appear;
Death's gloomy ſhadow by His Sun
Shall chearfull grow, as morning light,
And at the day His eye ha's ſprung,
The grave it ſelf ſhall with new beams look bright,
Thy Staff ſhall bear me up; My Way, O God,
Not by my Scepter ſhall be guarded, but Thy Rod.

IV. 'Tis

IV.

'Tis Thou, who all times doſt my Table ſpread,
Both fill'ſt my Cup, and crown'ſt my head;
And by the ſame hand I am ſav'd and fed:
My Enemies ſee it, and repine,
And when they look that I ſhould fall,
Behold me with more glory ſhine,
And that Almighty Hoſts are at my call:
Lord, ſince Thy mercies thus to me extend,
My life thou beſt know'ſt when, let my Praiſe never end!

Pſalm XXIV.

Domini eſt terra, & plenitudo, &c.

I.

A Pſalm of David.

THE Earth, and all the Earth contains,
Infinite Hills, innumerable Plains,
With all their Riches, are that Gods, who o're them reigns

II.

The Univerſe is His, and all
Thoſe glorious Beings, which compleat this Ball, (call.
The Hand which holds it, and them firſt from nought did

III.

God founded it upon the Flood,
Firſt made the world, then ſaw that it was good.
And on unſtable waves unmov'd it ſince has ſtood.

IV.

He all things made, but Sion choſe,
Before all places for His own repoſe,
Sion His Palace, who no other builder knows.

V.

But who ſhall Sion's Mount aſcend,
Be counted worthy there his life to ſpend,
And undiſturb'd may at thy Altar, Lord, attend?

VI.

He whoſe pure hands no ſtains defile,
Whoſe heart is innocent and free from guile,
And tongue blaſphemes not God, nor do's the Truth revile.

VII.

This is the Man, who ſhall receive
Bleſſings from Him, who do's all bleſſings give,
Both ſeeks His Face, and on His Hill ſhall ever live.

VIII. Lif

VIII.

Lift up your heads, O Gates, make room,
Open ye everlaſting Doors, for home
The King of Glory to His Reſt, through you, will come!

Verſus.

IX.

Ask you who is this Glorious King?
The Lord of Hoſts is He. His Triumphs ſing,
Who Vict'ry, that you gain'd not, to your Gates do's bring!

Reſp.

X.

Lift up your heads, O Gates, make room!
Open ye everlaſting Doors! for home
The King of Glory to His Reſt, through you, will come!

Verſus.

XI.

Ask you who is this Glorious King?
The Lord of Hoſt is He. His Triumphs ſing,
And whom you cannot ſhut out, open and let in!

Reſp.

Psalm XXV.

Ad te Domine levavi, &c.

A Psalm of David.

I.

TO Thee, O God, my troubled soul I raise,
Who hast been heretofore my Trust,
And shalt be still, for Thou art ever just;
Let not my Enemies reproach Thy Waies,
Nor me count that my shame, which is my chiefest Praise!

II.

To follow Thee, my God; let them do so,
Who sin and no reward can gain,
But find too late, that all their plots are vain;
When those, who wait on Thee still bolder grow,
And through Thy Sacred Waies like Mighty Victors go.

III.

Shew me those paths, for, Lord, to Thee I pray,
Then lead me in them by the hand,
Else when they're rough I shall discourag'd stand,
And to some easier passage hope to stray,
But loose my own, and never find (I fear) Thy Way.

IV.

Let not my sins to Thy Remembrance come,
Nor all those spots which stain'd my youth;
But wash them out, and mindfull of Thy Truth,
Receive the Prodigal returning home,
And let Thy Mercy for Thy ancient Love make room!

V.

In this Thou glorieſt, as Thy chiefest praise,
Repenting sinners to receive
And when unable to come on, they grieve,
The weak Thou lead'st, the fallen up dost raise,
And anew shew'st and guid'st them in Thy pleasant Waies!

VI. Truth

VI.

Truth and Thy Mercy make them ſmooth, and plain,
And though far off they rough appear,
They are with Roſes ſtrew'd, when I come near;
Purge my great ſin, and lead me there again,
For that alone, and not Thy Waies are full of pain!

VII.

Thoſe, who th'Almighty fear, His Will ſhall know,
And to His ſacred ſteps form theirs;
Bleſt in their lives, and happy in their Heirs,
To whom the Lord will all His ſecrets ſhow,
And what He ſhall command, ſupply with ſtrength to do.

VIII.

My God, to Thee I look, on Thee depend,
For Thou my feet canſt only guide,
To ſhun thoſe ſnares, the wicked for me hide,
Thou know'ſt what I, and what their plots intend,
And with one look can'ſt them, and all my troubles end.

IX.

Behold their Numbers, how they are increaſt,
And how like waves new pains ſucceed;
Forgive my ſins, whence all theſe tempeſts breed,
Let me be calm, my Enemies oppreſt,
And the foul Sea, and ſtorm be only in their breaſt!

X.

Prevent their malice, and my Saviour be,
For Thou haſt been, and art my Truſt!
Let Thy protection ſhow that I am juſt;
Preſerve me, for I only wait on Thee;
But chiefly *Iſrael* ſave, what e're becomes of me.

Pſalm

Psalm XXVI.

Judica me Domine quoniam, &c.

I.

A Psalm of David.

JUdge me, O God, for I to Thee appeal,
Who only knows my innocence,
Who dost the secrets of my heart reveal,
And all hypocrisie hast banish't thence;
Thou heretofore in need hast been my Trust,
And to Thy Word I'm sure to find Thee just.

II.

May I be found so, Lord, O try my waies,
And prove that heart, which Thou dost see;
Thy mercies have been with me all my daies,
Still in my eyes, as I am viewd, by Thee;
That Truth, which is Thy love, Lord, has been mine,
And from its paths I never would decline.

III.

In Council with the vain I never sate,
Nor with dissemblers have I gone;
Their private conferences did alwaies hate,
And left the place, when once the cause was known;
Have heart, and hand alike kept innocent,
And from the Laver to Thy Altar went.

IV.

There did I all Thy wondrous acts proclaim,
And undisturb'd recount my joyes;
And with my sacrifices holy flame,
That thence to Heaven went up, I sent my voice;
Thy Temple, Lord, with us, Thou know'st I love,
But much more that Thy presence makes above.

V.

Number me not with fierce, and cruel men,
Nor make me to poſſeſs their fears!
Our lives, Thou know'ſt, have very different been,
Let Our deaths too, and mine not be like theirs!
I'th' right hand bribes, a ſword i'th' left do's ſhine,
And to Oppreſſion, murderous thoughts they joyn.

VI.

But as for me, though poor, I'm ſtill upright,
My Juſtice do's unſhaken ſtand;
Preſerve me Lord, and make my Innocence bright,
And leſt I ſlip, uphold me with Thy hand!
So when my foot ſhall a ſure ſtanding gain,
Equal to Hills my ſong ſhall raiſe the Plain.

Pſalm XXVII.

Dominus illuminatio mea, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

WHen in the ſilence of the Night, (fears;
That darkneſs, which ſhould hide, creates new
When darkneſs quickens my dull ſight,
And profound ſilence fills with noyſe my ears;
Preſenting there, and to mine eye
Horrors, which in my fancy form'd do ly;
God through the darkneſs darts a ray,
And He, who made the Light, becomes Himſelf my day.

II.

Since God's my truſt, whom need I fear?
He, who firſt gave it, will my life ſecure,
Will make my En'mies diſappear,
When (His clear light unable to endure,
By it ſtruck blind) they fall, a prey,
Into thoſe ſnares which they for me did lay:
For though to ſwallow me they came,
The ruin, which has buried theirs, ſhall raiſe my name.

III.

Though mighty Kings againſt me riſe,
And with their Armies compaſs me around,
Armies and Kings I would deſpiſe,
Themſelves, not me, their numbers ſhould confound:
On high I'd look, and Legions call
From Heav'ns great Hoſts triumphant Generall;
He to my reſcue ſhould come down,
And thoſe who ſcap'd His hand, ſhould periſh by their own.

IV.

But neither's this my chief deſire,
Nor the too haſty glories of a Crown,

Not

Not to be Great do I aſpire,
Or from on high on others to look down;
But this is my unfeign'd requeſt,
And to Thy pleaſure, Lord, I leave the reſt,
That in Thy Temple I may dwell,
And all Thy beauties there to after Ages tell!

V.

There would I reſt, and be at eaſe,
Counting it both my hiding place, and Rock;
There ſhould I finde perpetual peace,
And ſtand unſhaken by their rudeſt ſhock;
When windes and waves engag'd ſhall be,
And finde themſelves that grave they threatned me.
Louder than them my voice I'd raiſe,
And in dark clouds of Incenſe thunder out Thy praiſe.

VI.

Lord, to my prayers Thine ear incline,
Nor let them, or my confidence be vain!
With favour on Thy Servant ſhine,
And to Thy Temple bring me back again!
No Eccho can more ready be
To anſwer the quick call, than I to Thee;
For when Thou ſayſt, "Seek ye my Face,
My Soul returns the word and ſays, "I'l ſeek Thy Face.

VII.

O turn not then that Face away,
Nor let my ſins between Us interpoſe;
Thou heretofore haſt been my day,
When darkneſs did my Enemies encloſe;
Now that my Friends for fear draw back,
Do not Thou too, my God, Thy Childe forſake;
Who Fatherleſs indeed ſhould be,
Wert not Thou, the Almighty Father, One to me!

VIII.

Shew me Thy path, and make it plain,
To me, Lord, plain, but to my Enemies
Rugged, and broken, full of pain,
And unto heights, they dare not venture, riſe!
Direct them by ſome other way,
And make me not unto their teeth a prey!
On them their perjuries return,
And let their own breath make the fire they kindled burn.

IX.

Under theſe troubles my ſupport
Is only that I hope Thy Power to ſee,
My Confidence is my ſtrong Fort,
Which I'l maintain, whil'ſt I can look to Thee:
Then bear up Soul, and God attend,
Expect the ſuccours which He 'll ſurely ſend:
Bear up, but till this Storm is o're,
And wait, Soul, but a while, and Thou ſhalt wait no more.

Pſalm XXVIII.

Ad te Domine clamabo Deus, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

TO Thee, O Lord, my Rock, I cry,
O be not ſilent to my Prayer,
Leaſt if Thou art, now Seas are high,
The Floods away my confidence ſhould bear;
And I be ſwallow'd up by the next wave.
My God be not a Rock to hear, though Thou art one to ſave.

II.

The voyce of my Petitions hear,
When I for help to Thee ſhall cry;
Let my hands feel, that Thou art near,
Though I unable am Thy Face to ſpy!
Hear me, when tow'rds Thy Oracle I pray,
And as I thither look, be pleas'd to caſt one glance this way!

III.

Number me not with the Unjuſt,
And thoſe who ſtudy to do wrong;
On whom, if any poor man truſt,
Their heart is warr, though peace be in their tongue:
Let equal puniſhments purſue their ſin,
And may their juſt rewards be, as their baſe deſerts have been!

IV.

They never mind what Thou haſt done,
Nor what Thy mighty hands can do;
What wonders Thou haſt for me ſhown,
And for me wilt continue ſtill to ſhow:
But they ſhall ſee them, and conſum'd with pain,
Into the loweſt pit deſcend, to view it thence more plain.

V.

Bleſt be that God, who bow'd His ear
To thoſe requeſts I to Him made;
He is my ſhield, my ſtrength, my ſpear,
And was my help, when I unto Him pray'd:
On Him I truſted, and in Him rejoyce, (Voice.
My Heart, that's gone before to Heav'n, I'l follow with my

VI.

He is their Shield, His ſtrength their Spear,
Who on Him for thoſe Arms depend;
The Lords Anointed need not fear,
For God who is His King ſupplies will ſend:
O, ſave the People, who indeed are Thine, (mine.
Feed them, and Lord, lift up their head, as Thou haſt rais'd up

Pſalm

Pſalm XXIX.

Afferte Domino Filii Dei, &c.

I.

YOu, whom your birth for Scepters has deſign'd,
Whom God has bleſt with wealth to guard your birth,
From Sons has made you Lords of th' Earth,
And on yours ſtampt the Portraict of His minde,
Your Scepters to Him yield, they are His due,
Who only to ſerve Him, firſt gave them You.

A Pſalm of David.

II.

He is your King, and though you reign below,
You are but Vaſſals to His Throne above;
Your fear do's your dependance prove,
And when He ſpeaks, before Him you all bow;
When from above He thunders, all your Powers
Scatter like Clouds, and melt away in ſhowers.

III.

He thunders from above, and with the noyſe,
Whether they will or no makes Seas to hear;
For at His Word they all croud near,
Exalted up to Heav'n by His great Voyce;
A voyce which ſure is full of Majeſty,
When ſluggiſh Seas are by it rais'd ſo high.

IV.

Affrighted *Libanus* begins to heave,
Like his own Cedars trembles, they all quake,
Their roots, as much as branches, ſhake,
And both look which ſhould firſt the other leave:
Like a young heifer *Syrian* ſtarts away,
But do's through fear, what that is wont at play.

V. From

V.

From Heav'n it came, a Fire before it went,
Conſuming Fire behinde brought up the rear,
That all might ſee, as well as hear,
And by the Meſſage know from whom 'twas ſent:
Kades did at the Clap bow down his head,
And whom all fear'd, his frighted Lions fled.

VI.

The fearfull Hinde, hearing the thunder roar,
Caſt her untimely Calf with ſpeed to fly,
And thinking by this ſhot to dy,
Forgot the Dogs her only dread before:
The Lightning made the gloomy Foreſt bright,
And what the Sun could not, diſplay'd at night.

VII.

The whole World is Gods Temple, all things bow
Before His Footſtool, and recount His praiſe,
All in their place His glory raiſe,
And unto man, by theirs, his duty ſhow:
Lightning and Thunder to ſerve Him contend,
And His great charge proclaim to th' Earths wide end.

VIII.

Upon the Floods He ſits, Floods to Him bring
Their gifts, and humbly at his feet lay down
Their Spoyls as Cuſtoms to His Crown,
And worſhip Him, as their puiſſant King:
He ſtills their noyſe; and God, who raging Seas
Stills with a word, ſhall give His people Peace.

Pſalm

Pſalm XXX.

Exaltabo te Domine, &c.

I.

MY God, I will to Thee give praiſe,
Becauſe Thou haſt exalted me;
Thou from the grave my life did'ſt raiſe,
And now my Song ſhall honour Thee:
When againſt me my foes did come,
And ſhar'd the prey, and in their minds led home
Their Captives, Thou appeard'ſt, and would'ſt not let them (overcome.

A Pſalm of David, *at the Dedication of his Houſe.*

II.

'Twas then that to my God I cri'd,
And He, who wounded, made me whole;
All other helps, which I had try'd,
Did but afflict, not eaſe my Soul;
Even then He me did keep alive,
My ranſom'd life did from the grave reprieve,
And a new Leaſe, when I had forfeited the old, did give.

III.

O, ye His Saints, ſing to His Name,
His Holineſs with thanks record;
Thence take new fewel to your flame,
Sing Holineſs unto the Lord!
His wrath a moment may remain,
But love ſhall make the ſtorm a calm again,
And give a life as free from danger as it is from pain.

IV.

Trouble, and grief may laſt all night,
And to its diſmal ſhade add theirs;
But when the morning brings the light,
Darkneſs ſhall ſcatter, and my fears:

And as the Sun, which guilds the day,
Out from the briny Ocean makes his way,
My Sun, which breaks through tears, ſhall brighter ſhine, and look more gay.

V.

Fixt on my Throne, with mercy crown'd,
Unmov'd like ſome huge Rock, I ſtood;
Me thoughts with pleaſure I look'd round,
And ſaw my feet kiſs'd by the flood:
"Sure now I'm paſt all fear, I ſaid,
(Thy favour Lord, my Rock ſo ſtrong had made,)
"Others may well of me, but I of none can be afraid.

VI.

But as I thus expreſs'd my pride,
Forgetting Him, who made me ſo,
Thou, Lord, Thy face didſt from me hide,
And then I came my ſelf to know:
Trouble, and pain, no certain ground,
Which way ſo e're I look'd, new griefs I found,
And the ſame floods, which kiſs'd my feet before, my head ſurround.

VII.

Then to Thee, Lord, again I cry'd,
"What profit is there in my blood,
"If in the pit I muſt abide,
"Can Thy praiſe there be underſtood?
"Shall the grave praiſe Thee, or declare
"Thy Truth, and Mercy, what their glories are,
"The grave, which is as ſenſeleſs as the duſt that's buryed there?

VIII.

Hear me, O God, and mercy ſhow,
Unto my Help Thy ſelf come down!
My God has heard me, and I know,
By this, He will His ſervant own:

To

To laughter He has turn'd my tears,
With gales of joy, has blown away my fears,
And He, who mourn'd, now a Triumphant Robe and Lau-
(rel wears.

IX.

For this I will Thy praiſes ſing,
And never in them ſilent be;
My glory ſhall its Anthem bring,
And faint not while 'tis praiſing Thee.
Thy Mighty Power the ground ſhall give,
My nobleſt skill to manage it ſhall ſtrive,
And when I ceaſe, my God, to praiſe Thee, let me ceaſe to (live!

Pſalm XXXI.

In te Domine ſperavi non confundar, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

THou art my hope, O God, in whom I truſt,
Let not my confidence procure me ſhame;
But ſave me in Thy Truth, for Thou art Juſt,
And in my great eſcape conſult Thy Name;
Leaſt thoſe, who know it not, Thy care ſhould blame!
To my complaint, and cries incline Thine ear,
And by Thy help make me aſſur'd, that Thou doſt hear!

II.

Thou art my Rock, where till the ſtorm is paſt,
Above the floods I ſhall ſecurely ſtand,
At Sea a Rock, where all my ſafety's plac'd,
And a ſtrong Tower and Arſenall at land;
O bring me thither by Thine own Right hand!
Guide me, my God, who only art my ſtrength,
And by the pleaſures of the way, deceive its length!

III.

Remove the ſnares, which for my feet are laid,
Thou, to whoſe hands my ſpirit I reſign,
Of all I am the purchaſe Thou haſt made,
And ſo redeem'd, I can be only Thine,
And what's Thy love, or Hatred ſhall be mine;
Lyars, and their fond vanities I hate,
But truſt in Thee, who haſt preſerv'd my life, and ſtate.

IV.

In Thee will I be glad, in Thee rejoyce,
Who haſt my troubles ſeen, and heard my cryes;
To th' Songs my heart begins, I'll tune my Voice,
And count of all Thy glorious Victories,
And on their wings to Heav'n in Triumph riſe.

I'll

I'll ſing how for me Thou mad'ſt bare Thy hand,
And ſet me in a place, where round I might command.

V.

This Thou haſt done, and theſe Thy Works I'll praiſe;
But yet my troubles have not their full end,
Fears and continual ſnares ſurround my wayes,
And grief to th'Earth my ſoul ſo low do's bend,
That ſcarce in ſighs I can to Heav'n aſcend;
Conſum'd with care my bones, and life decay,
And in my waſted fleſh unwillingly do ſtay.

VI.

On my wing'd groans away my years do fly,
And for my ſins my ſtrength do's fail:
Nor am I only ſcorn'd by my' Enemy,
But friends, with whom my ſorrows ſhould prevail.
With ſcoffs he thought too ſharp, my life aſſail.
A Feaſt I'm to my own, and thoſe who ſee
My miſeries afar off, leſs fly the plague than mee.

VII.

Like a dead man, forgotten in the grave,
An earthen Veſſel, all to ſhivers broke,
Which Art too late would or repair, or ſave,
My old acquaintance ſtrangely on me look,
And tremble, as they ſee me, at Thy ſtroke:
Traytor the Great ones call me, and as ſo,
My life they have decreed ſhall for my treaſons go.

VIII.

In this ſad ſtate to Thee, my God, I cry,
Knowing Thou all their Threats canſt countermand:
Their malice by Thy ſtrength I can defie,
For all my Times are meaſur'd by Thy hand,
And in Thy Sacred Roll recorded ſtand;
For my deliverance ſhew Thy Power Divine,
And for Thine Honours ſake upon Thy Servant ſhine!

IX.

Guard me from ſhame, for I have call'd on Thee;
And make it theirs to whom Thy Name's unknown!
Let ſilence and the grave their portion bee,
And may all thoſe, who on the Juſt have thrown
Reproach, find it rewarded with their own!
Stop lying mouths, which uſe proud things to ſpeak,
And with their cauſleſs envy let them ſwell and break!

X.

But who enough Thy Goodneſs can adore,
Or knows the treaſures, which thou up haſt laid
For them who fear Thee, in Thy boundleſs ſtore;
How glorious they hereafter ſhall be made,
O're whom Thy wings already are diſplay'd?
There ſhalt Thou hide them from the ſtrife of tongues,
And on their proudeſt Enemies return their wrongs.

XI.

So was I hid, and thus His power have ſeen,
(Bleſt be His Name,) when girt with Foes around,
He interpos'd Himſelf, and came between,
In a ſtrong City made me keep my ground,
And foes too potent for me did confound;
"I'm loſt, I ſaid, cut off, and quite undone,
Yet, when I cry'd, was heard by Him I call'd upon.

XII.

By my example love Him, all His Saints,
Who for the Faithfull do's ſo well provide;
But on the ſtubborn multiplies reſtraints,
His Face for ever from their ſuit do's hide,
And on them pours the vengeance they defy'd:
Chear up, all you who on the Lord depend,
The preſent Storm in an Eternal Calm ſhall end!

Psalm XXXII.

Beati quorum remiſſæ ſunt, &c.

The II. *Penitential Pſalm.*

A Pſalm of David.

I.

HE whoſe iniquities are purg'd away,
And he alone indeed is bleſt,
Short of True Happineſs all others ſtay,
And, where they cannot have it, ſeek for reſt:
No other path the way to life do's ſhow,
And only that which leads from ſin do's thither go.

II.

Bleſt is the Man, whoſe faults remitted are,
To whom the Lord imputes no ſin:
Whoſe hands are guiltleſs, and Whoſe heart is clear,
Without all pure, and all refin'd within:
Whoſe filthy ſpots of luſt appear no more,
But now one Royall Purple dyes his Soul all o're.

III.

This when I knew not, nor what eaſe it gave
My faults before Thee to confeſs;
My grief, which could no certain meaſure have,
Daily increas'd, inſtead of being leſs;
I griev'd indeed, and mournfully complain'd,
Of ſins effects, ne're thinking that the Cauſe remain'd.

IV.

Grief, and Thy hand upon me night and day,
Low as the earth did beat me down,
And all the tears, which I had thrown away,
But dryer left me, when their flood was gone;
Dry as the thirſty earth for want of rain,
When all the moyſture which it gave, Heav'n takes again.

V. At

V.

At length perceiving all my groans were vain,
I thought upon ſome other way;
To thee I did diſcloſe my ſin and pain,
Thou in return their fury didſt allay:
No ſooner, "I'll confeſs my ſins, I ſaid,
But He, who heard, forgave them me, e're I had pray'd.

VI.

For this ſhall every Juſt man thee implore,
And call when Thou wilt ſurely hear;
The Seas, which now againſt him proudly roar,
May ſpend their Mouths, but never ſhall come near:
He is above their reach, and ſhall deſpiſe
Their greateſt rage, and ſcorn them, when they higheſt riſe.

VII.

Thou art my hiding place, my life wilt ſave,
And teach me Songs of praiſe to ſing;
Others, who of Thy Wayes no knowledge have,
Guided my ſelf by Thee, I'll to thee bring:
Then be not, Man, more brutiſh than thy Mule,
Which thou thy ſelf haſt broke, and with a Curb canſt rule:

VIII.

Perpetual ſorrows, Trouble without eaſe,
Is the whole portion of th' Unjuſt:
Whil'ſt thouſand Mercies, and eternal Peace
Encompaſs thoſe, who on th'Almighty truſt:
Mercies and Peace, encompaſs them around,
With theſe their feet are ſtabliſht, & their heads are crown'd.

IX.

Rejoyce, ye Righteous, and ſhout forth your praiſe,
Be glad in Him, who is Your King!
In the Almighty God, whoſe wondrous wayes
Give life, and ſpirit to the dulleſt ſtring!
He is Your God, and Him with praiſe adore,
If any to rejoyce have cauſe, ſure you much more.

Pſalm XXXIII.

Exultate Juſti in Domino! &c.

I.

REjoyce ye Righteous, and to God ſing praiſe,
With all the Numbers Muſick can invent,
The Harp, and Lute, and ten-ſtring'd inſtrument,
And with their ſound to Heav'n your voices raiſe!
Expreſs your thanks thus, and your love;
And in the Conſort joyn with Saints above;
In Anthems His great Name adore,
Nothing can pleaſe Him better, or become you more!

II.

Make Him your Song; and of His Acts reherſe,
Whoſe Word is like the God, who ſpake it, true;
And every day His conſtant praiſe renew,
Who is the Soveraign of the Univerſe!
Who the whole Earth with goodneſs fills,
With Flowers the valleys cloaths, and crowns the hills;
Whoſe care to all His Works extends,
And the ſtrait bounds of Time, as well as Space tranſcends!

III.

Beyond new Lands, which undiſcovered lye,
Beyond the Circuit of the Tractleſs Air,
Beyond thoſe Heav'ns which firſt created were,
And in the skirts of His vaſt Empire bee;
His breath did all the Frame compoſe,
The Heav'nly Hoſts by it from nothing roſe;
Thoſe ſparkling fires we ſee above,
In which His power appears, declare to us His love.

IV.

He ſpake the Word, and Seas obedient prove,
Stood up in heaps the Earth to overflow,
Till He their bounds ſet out, plac'd ſome below,
And treaſur'd others in His ſtores above:
The raging Deep in Priſon laid,
And of its Jaylor bid it be afraid;
The ſand which chains it to the ſhore,
With Law to over-look, but never to paſs o're.

V.

Let the whole World before their Maker fall,
And of His Power the Nations ſtand in aw!
For He, whoſe Spirit from nothing all did draw,
Has ruin no leſs ready at His Call.
His Counſels ſhall for ever ſtand,
Their plots though ne're ſo deep to countermand,
Making them know they are but Men,
And leſs than ſo, when He His breath ſhall call again.

VI.

Thrice happy Soul, who here has fixt his joyes,
And on the Lord alone for help depends,
Such conſtant happineſs His Love attends,
That even their land is ſo, who are His choyce,
God, who from Heav'n with curious eyes
Sees every heart, and all their actions tryes;
To whom all hearts are better known,
For He firſt made them, than t'each ſingle Man his own.

VII.

In vain Fond Kings expect ſure Victories
From numerous Armies, and a mighty Hoſt,
For Victory on airy wings is toſt,
And only to the ſide He favours, flies:
The greateſt Champion cannot ſave
His own head, ſentenc'd by Him to the grave;

And

And all the ſpeed his horſe can make,
In flying one, is a worſe ruin to o'retake.

VIII.

Thoſe only are ſecure, who have His eye,
On whom He looks for good, who fear His Name,
And preſent hopes by ancient love can claim;
When they in need for help, or mercy cry,
Their lives He from the pit brings back,
And what was once their fear, their Song do's make:
In famine they by Him are fed,
Who is at once th'Eternal God, and living bread.

IX.

On Thee, O God, we wait, Thou art our ſhield;
Nor will we to another fortreſs flie,
There have we plac'd our truſt, reſolv'd to die,
If the Almighty will no ſuccour yield:
But He will help, and ſend new joyes,
To fill our hearts, and to employ our voyce;
And only as we truſt in Thee,
So let Thy Mercy, Lord, and our Salvation bee.

Pſalm XXXIIII.

Benedicam Dominum, &c.

I.

LORD I will bleſs Thee, and Thy praiſe
Shall up to Heav'n my Voice and numbers raiſe:
Of Thee my Soul all times ſhall boaſt,
Who ſave'dſt me, when I gave my ſelf for loſt:
And with us ſhall the humble joyn,
Hoping Thou wilt their refuge be, as Thou wert mine.

A Pſalm of David, *when he changed his behaviour before* Abimelech, *who drove him away, and he departed.*

II.

Come, ye bleſt Saints, and let us riſe
Together with our Songs, and reach the skies!
Praiſe Him, who my firſt groans did hear,
Yet with His hand ſeem'd to prevent His ear,
And when, like mine, your troubles be,
But look to Him, that hand ſhall ſave you, which help'd me.

III.

Tell Him the Wonders He has ſhown,
What for my ſake He did, and what for 'His own;
Say, "Lord. This poor man to Thee cry'd,
"And Thou heard'ſt him, why then am I deny'd?
"I, who no leſs am Thy great care,
"Since equally round both encamp'd Thy Angels are?

IV.

Trie Him but thus, and thou ſhalt know
Thine own as certain as my joyes are now;
How Good He is, how happy they,
Who make His Power their hope, His love their ſtay:
Dread Him, for if He has Thy fear,
Thou may'ſt be confident Thy wants ſhall have His ear!

V. Hee'll

V.

Hee'll be himſelf Thy mighty ſtore,
When ſavage Lions ſhall for hunger roar;
Whil'ſt thoſe, who glory in their Gold,
And in his own Chains would the Priſoner hold,
Spoylers themſelves are Captives made,
And into ſuddain want, which they leaſt fear'd, betray'd.

IV.

But, Children, yield to me your ear,
I'll tell you whom, and how you ought to fear!
Would you have life, and happy dayes?
Keep well your tongue, and that will guide your wayes:
Do good, and from all vice abſtain,
No eaſier road than Peace, and no way more plain.

VII.

On ſuch God looks, and to their cryes
His ears are open, to their griefs His eyes:
They for deliv'rance need but pray,
The hand which ſaves, ſhall wipe their tears away;
But to the wicked He's a flame,
Which ſhall conſume their very Memories with their Name.

VIII.

Himſelf Hee'll to the Juſt reveal,
The humble ſave, and broken hearts will heal:
Their pains indeed are ſharp, and long,
Yet till deliverance comes, He'll make them ſtrong:
And all the while they're on the Rack,
Will ſee that thoſe, who torture them, no bones ſhall break.

IX.

But as the wicked live, they die,
The Juſt man's, but their own worſt Enemy:
Their own deſigns ſhall haſte their death,
Kill'd by that poyſon, which themſelves did breath:
Whil'ſt God redeems the Souls of His,
And ſhews His help more certain than their trouble is.

Pſalm XXXV.

Judica Domine nocentes, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

GReat God, and Judge, to hear my Cauſe ariſe,
And on my part juſt ſentence give;
Subdue and ſcatter all my Enemies,
And only to be conquer'd, let them live!
Go out, and in the battell ſtand,
Thy Shield in one, and glitte.ing Sword in t'other hand!

II.

Let it be drawn, and with their blood all ſtain'd,
Make a Red Sea around to flow;
Let it maintain the paſſage it has gain'd,
And ſafely guard the way where I ſhould go!
Say to my Soul that I am Thine,
And that for my defence Thou make'ſt Thy glory ſhine!

III.

Thoſe, who dare ſtill reſiſt, too ſtout to yield,
And with new heat my Soul purſue,
Let them with ſhame and infamy be fill'd,
And find the battell, though they flye, renew!
Upon Thee let them turn their back,
To be Thy Butt, and all Thy poyſon'd arrows take!

IV.

Let them like chaff be driv'n before the Winde,
And by Thy Angels, Lord, be chas'd!
Let them i'th dark a way ſo ſlippery find,
That headlong ruin may attend their haſt!
O'rewhelm them in the pits they made,
And take theirs in the net, which for my feet they laid!

V. Let

V.

Let their deſtruction haſten, unperceiv'd,
The ſame which they decreed for me!
Whil'ſt I for better dayes am ſtill repriev'd,
And my deliv'rances aſcribe to Thee:
That Thy Great Name may be my Song, (ſtrong!
Who thus the weak and Poor, ſave'ſt from the proud and

VI.

Falſe Witneſſes did up againſt me riſe,
With charge of Crimes I never knew;
My good deeds anſwer'd with indignities,
And to the death my Soul did cloſe purſue;
Thoſe, for whoſe griefs I truly mourn'd,
And pray'd for, ſick, though on my ſelf the prayers return'd.

VII.

For my beſt Friend I could have done no more,
Nor more, had he my Brother been:
I did as heartily his loſs deplore,
As if I then my Mothers grave had ſeen;
Though in my troubles they rejoyce,
And all my griefs outbrave with their inſulting voice.

VIII.

Baſeſt of men againſt me make an head,
And unawares my Name did tear:
Scoffs ſpent on me, was all they pay'd for bread,
And gnaſhing teeth for their delicious fare:
And ſhall it thus for ever be?
Lord, from theſe Lions ſave my Soul, redeem'd by Thee!

IX.

Let not my cauſleſs enemies rejoyce,
Nor me with ſcornfull looks upbraid!
Whoſe hearts are viler than the common voyce,
And ſeem for diſcord only to be made.

Then

Then I Thy fame to Heaven will raiſe,
And in Thy Peoples ſight return Thee all the Praiſe.

X.

On mee with open mouth they railing came,
"And this, ſaid they, we wiſht to ſee,
My God, behold it too, and let a flame
Dart from thy ſight that they conſum'd may be!
Ariſe great Judge, and come away,
Stand up, nor longer, e're Thou paſs the ſentence, ſtay.

XI.

Be Thou our Judge, who art my Advocate,
Nor let my Enemies thus boaſt,
"So we would have it, and 'tis now too late,
For God to help, though he in God ſhould truſt.
But let them be to ruin brought, (thought.
Who thus have rais'd themſelves, thus low of Thee have

XII.

But let all thoſe who favour my Juſt cauſe,
Continually with ſhouting ſay,
"Bleſt be Our God, who with ſuch equal Laws,
"Peace on His flock, chains on His foes do's lay!
His Righteouſneſs ſhall be my Song,
And all my life to praiſe Him ſhall not ſeem too long.

Pſalm XXXVI.

Dixit injuſtus ut delinquat, &c.

I.

BAſe hypocrite, think'ſt thou by this diſguiſe,
To' impoſe on Him, who ſees thy heart,
And more than thou, its guiles deſcries,
Both knows it whole, and ſearches every part?
Thy wicked words thy thoughts declare,
And like them both thy actions are,
Speaking aloud, what once to think thou ſhould'ſt not dare.

A Pſalm of David, *the ſervant of the Lord.*

II.

They tell me thou doſt not th' Almighty fear,
Though thou would'ſt have me think thou doſt:
But God do's all thy whiſperings hear,
And could'ſt thou Him deceive, thou then might'ſt boaſt,
At length, like fire, ſin will break out,
With vengeance, which thou ſhalt not doubt,
When it like fire ſhall burn, and ſcatter all about.

III.

To wrong the eaſie is his chief deſign,
Mindleſs of doing any good,
This takes up all his thoughts, and time,
And every night he lays new trains for blood:
But, Lord, Thy Mercy far extends,
And the cloſe bounds of Heav'n tranſcends,
Without beginning ever was, and never ends.

IV.

Thy Righteouſneſs, my God, do's ſtand ſecure,
Fixt like the everlaſting hills;
Deep as the Sea, yet flowes more ſure,
Though nothing its unfathom'd Ocean fills:

Full from it ſelf no Ebb it knows,
But into thouſand channels flowes,
And to this deep both Man and Beaſt its Being owes.

V.

And as Thy Righteouſneſs, ſuch is Thy Love,
Therefore to Thee for help we fly;
On Thine own wings we tow'rds Thee move,
And cover'd under them in ſafety ly:
This is our comfort, while below,
That we beyond our fears can go,
And what we ſhall enjoy, in part before hand know.

VI.

For when this wretched life an end ſhall have,
And our unpinion'd Souls fly home;
When freedom ſhall ſpring from the grave
And death the fertile womb of life become;
No ſorrows then our joy ſhall ſpoyl,
Nor ſhall we need the day beguile,
Eternity it ſelf ſhall ſeem a little while.

VII.

Pleaſures and joy eternally ſhall flow,
For Thou their Spring ſhalt ne're decay;
That Region do's no darkneſs know,
For Thou the Suns Sun art Thy ſelf its day:
A Sun which makes all objects light,
Without the leaſt allay of night,
A Sun, whereby we may ſee Thee, it is ſo bright.

VIII.

Till Thou art thus enjoy'd ſome glimps beſtow,
Let from above Thy glory ſhine,
Dart but one ray, that I may know,
Though yet I ſee Thee not, that I am Thine!

Thy

Thy Righteouſneſs aſſign the juſt,
Thy Mercy thoſe who on Thee truſt,
And let the proud, though rais'd, be driven like the duſt!

IX.

Againſt Thy ſervant let him not prevail,
Nor to offend him raiſe his foot,
Let all his Toyls, and Engins fail,
And his hands prove too weak to ſtir my root!
But lo! hee's fallen to the ground,
The Earth did with the ſhock reſound,
And opening made a way, whoſe tract ſhall ne're be found.

Pſalm XXXVII.

Noli æmulari in malignantib. &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

FRet not thy ſelf to ſee the proſperous ſtate
Of him, who dearly buyes it with his ſin;
Nor thy content for his abundance hate;
Thou know'ſt not how hee's laſht and torn within;
The Worm, which at the root do's ly;
And though the Flower look ne're ſo fair,
Though hand, or Scythe its life ſhould ſpare,
By this inteſtine Enemy,
Which firſt aſſails the heart through all its guards, 'twill dy.

II.

Ne're envy him, but all thy Confidence
There only place, where it ſecur'd may be;
On God, who bleſſings do's around diſpenſe,
Yet what He gives, expects again from Thee;
Like His, Thy goodneſs muſt extend,
For thus Thou ſhalt the Land poſſeſs,
Thy Land enjoy the fruits of Peace,
On its ne're-failing ſtock ſhalt ſpend,
Till there's no further need, and thou to Heav'n aſcend.

III.

Let the Almighty be thy love, and care,
Thy Counſellor, to whom thou may'ſt commit
All thy diſtruſts, thy troubles, griefs, and fear,
And judge that always beſt, which He thinks fit!
Then to thy prayers ſhall he incline,
Grant thy deſires, and bring about
Affairs, whoſe end thou moſt didſt doubt,
Make thee to His thy will reſign,
That having done His Pleaſure, thou may'ſt ſay 'tis thine.

IV. Then

IV.

Then ſhall thy Juſtice like the day appear,
Firſt breaking through the dungeon of the night,
Backward it looks, and ſees behind all clear,
And bids the Sun cloſe follow with his light;
Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall be that Sun,
Which all the Mines of night diſplayes,
And all its treaſons open layes,
Clear as his own fair beams at Noon,
When he has reacht Heav'ns top, and half his courſe has run.

V.

What though thy forward prayers his help outgo,
And that the time, thou hadſt prefixt, is paſt;
Wait ſtill, for God the fitteſt time do's know,
And what's deferr'd a while, ſhall come at laſt!
Thy murmuring do's but feed thy pain,
For envy, rage, and guilt makes way,
And vice, which in no bounds will ſtay;
Indulge thy ſelf but to complain,
Thy hand e're long, as much as mouth, will need a rein.

VI.

Why ſhould'ſt thou envy him, whoſe great eſtate
Prepares him only for the greater blow;
Which ſhall be ſwift, and certain as his fate,
And his vaſt riches to another go?
They 're gone already, and behind
There's nothing left of all he did,
The glories of his houſe ly hid,
And with his fame are turn'd to wind,
Whoſe very ruins, though thou ſeek'ſt, no where canſt find.

VII.

But thoſe, who patiently on God depend,
He with a numerous family will bleſs;
No tempeſt can their ſetled calm offend,
But they in peace their Souls, and Land poſſeſs:

No matter, though incens'd with rage,
The wicked curſe them in his pride,
God do's no leſs his threats deride,
Sees him in his declining age,
And the Scene finiſht, with him will remove the ſtage.

VIII.

Againſt the Righteous, with drawn Sword he ſtands,
Has bent his bow, and let the arrow fly;
Would in his blood embrew his cruel hands,
And his leaſt threatning is, that he ſhall dy:
But God, who do's the Poor ſuſtain,
By his own Sword ſhall make him fall;
Againſt him his own aids ſhall call,
Which he to fly ſhall ſeek in vain,
When in his heart the arrows, which he ſhot, remain.

IX.

Better's that little, which the Righteous have
Than all the ſtores whereof the Wicked boaſt,
God ſhall diſperſe what he rak'd up to ſave,
And there moſt ſcatter, where he gath'red moſt:
For He the Juſt mans way do's know,
What he has ſuff'red, what has done,
Lending His arm to lean upon,
Will ſhow him, where he ought to go,
And after a long life Heav'n in reward beſtow.

X.

In War he ſhall be kept, in Famine fed,
In the worſt times, nor bluſh, nor be afraid;
God, who's his ſhield, Himſelf will find him bread,
And only make his Enemies diſmay'd:
They like the fat of lambs ſhall waſte,
And only leave a ſmoke behind,
To be the triumph of the wind;
Their goods ill gotten ſhall not laſt,
But like their ſuddain growth, their end ſhall come as faſt.

XI. The

XI.

The wicked borrows, but ne're means to pay,
The Righteous gives, and counts for ſo much more:
For God returns it him another way,
(That God, whoſe Word makes either rich or poor)
Directs his paſſage through the land,
Upholds him as he goes along,
By this aſſiſtance makes him ſtrong;
And when he ſtumbles gives His hand,
Both leads him when he ſlips, and makes him firmer ſtand.

XII.

Through all my life, which has ſo wondrous been,
From its firſt journey Youth to this laſt ſtage,
Where every day I have new wonders ſeen,
And been my ſelf the greateſt of the age,
The Liberal man I ne're knew need,
Himſelf quite left, or Children crave
An alms, but what he lent, they have,
For thus he did but caſt that ſeed,
On whoſe increaſe they live, and plentifully feed.

XIII.

Fly Vice, and that thou may'ſt a bleſſing leave
For Childrens Children, to Gods ways form Thine!
Return that juſtice, which thou didſt receive,
So ſhall thy help be from the hand Divine!
That on thee ſhall pour mercies down,
Below ſhall give thee many dayes,
And happy all, then after raiſe
Thy head to an immortal Crown,
Whil'ſt the whole race of wicked ſhall to Hell be thrown.

XIV.

As his heart thinks, the Juſt man ever ſpeaks, (flows;
From Gods Law there, like ſtreams right judgement
The Statutes he commands, his hand ne're breaks,
And where that points, his foot unerring goes:

In

In vain the Wicked ſnares do's lay,
And ſpreads in vain for him his nets,
To take his life the way beſets,
For God ſhall in the Judgement day,
When he clears him, the privy murderer juſtly ſlay.

XV.

Wait on the Lord, and ſee what end Hee'll make;
Keep cloſe to His, and He ſhall guard thy way:
Thy duty's all the care He'd have thee take,
And only to poſſeſs the Land, obey.
And when thy Enemies turn to duſt,
And like that vaniſh from thy ſight,
Thou ſhalt behold it with delight:
On His own terms th' Almighty truſt,
For He, who promis'd thee, and threatned them, is juſt.

XVI.

How could that be elſe, which mine eyes have ſeen?
The Wicked in great power, exceeding high,
Like ſome proud Cedar ſtand, and ever green,
With his leaf age, Heav'n with his head defie;
But yet he paſs'd, and yet he fell,
An hand immortall gave the wound;
No more could root, or branch be found,
I look'd, and ask'd, but none could tell,
Where was the place it grew, or whence it ſunk to hell.

XVII.

Unlike the Perfect man, whom God defends,
For if you mark him, and obſerve th' Upright,
Mercy his life, his death-bed peace attends,
Without all ſtorm, or Conſcience to affright:
While that o'rethrow the wicked have
Is a light taſte of what ſhall be
Their portion, to Eternity;
From which their riches leſs can ſave
Their guilty ſouls, than their vile bodies from the grave.

XVIII. In

XVIII.

In God the Poor do's all his truſt repoſe,
To Him in trouble flyes, in ſtraits complains;
Who in return confounds His bloody foes,
And leads them captive in eternal Chains,
For none e're yet his eyes did raiſe
To Heav'n for help, and ſought it thence,
With certain hope, and confidence,
But Heav'n did crown his head with bayes,
And turn'd his Prayers into triumphant Songs of Praiſe.

O Pſalm

Pſalm XXXVIII.

Domine ne in furore tuo arguas me, &c.

The III. *Penitential Pſalm of* David.

I.

LORD, in Thy wrath rebuke me not,
Nor in Thy fury chaſten me;
For ſuch weak things that Fornace is too hot,
And by my clay no more endur'd can be,
Than my injuſtice, and repeated wrongs by Thee.

II.

In vain Thy wrath I ſtrive to fly,
And from my ſelf in vain make haſte;
For, lo, the dart, by which I needs muſt die,
At once has pierc'd, and in my ſide ſticks faſt,
By no hand to be drawn, but His, from whence 'twas caſt.

III.

'Tis Thou alone my life muſt ſave,
For not my leaſt part, Lord, is ſound;
My bones with rottenneſs prevent the grave,
Turn'd to that duſt, the dead are, under ground,
And my whole body is, all o're, but one great wound.

IV.

My ſins, like billows, o're me roll,
The ſinner all engag'd to drown;
And with huge weights ſo preſs my helpleſs Soul,
That it, unable to reſiſt lyes down
Under the load, that's yet made heavier by Thy frown.

V.

Uneaſie weight, which as it lies
New galls and bruiſes me all o're,
Under whoſe burden I ſcarce hope to riſe,

For

For if I do, I ſhall afreſh but roar,
As long as that remains, which caus'd at firſt my ſore.

VI.

My fooliſhneſs, which like a fire,
That inward burns, takes reins, and heart,
Fed with that blood, by which it ſhould expire,
Seiſing, e're felt, the beſt, and nobleſt part,
Beyond the cure of herbs, or helpleſs Phyſicks art.

VII.

Thus weak, and broken, thus caſt down,
To Thee alone my prayers I make,
Who all my ſighs, and tears, and wounds haſt known,
And the great cure canſt only undertake,
Now all my friends, me, as a dying man, forſake.

VIII.

Nor is this all; my Enemies
Leaſt I ſhould ſcape, new toyls prepare;
Their tongues ſpeak out the malice of their eyes,
And, what too long they had conceal'd, declare;
Lord, what's their hand, if even their words thus cruel are?

IX.

As one paſt hope they of me ſpeak,
And think by that to make me fear;
But all their words, nor can my ſilence break,
Nor them convince, that I ſo much as hear;
Without reproofs as dumb, patient as without ear.

X.

But Thou, O God, art my great truſt,
And unto Thee my heart do's pray;
Hear me, My God, leſt they who ſo much boaſt,
Seeing me fall, preſumptuouſly inveigh,
'Twas caus'd by theirs, when Thou but took'ſt Thy hand away.

XI.

I know I have deſerv'd to fall,
And even to Hell to be caſt down;
But let my tears Thy help, and pardon call!
I grieve, Thou ſee'ſt, and my tranſgreſſions own,
Forbear Thine, Lord, where ſentence has already gone.

XII.

For this my Enemies encreaſe,
My ſins, I know, have made them ſtrong;
For this all thoughts of former kindneſs ceaſe,
And my juſt deeds they recompenſe with wrong;
Yet ſtill I'll follow Thee, though th' way be rough & long.

XIII.

Forſake me not, but be my guide,
And lead me, that I never ſtray:
For ſhould'ſt Thou go too faſt before, or hide
Thy gracious ſight, I ſhould benighted ſtay,
And ſtill the more I ſought, the more ſhould loſe my way.

Psalm XXXIX.

Dixi custodiam vias, &c.

A Psalm of David.

I.

" LEt him go on for me, I said,
" And into his rude passions break;
" I'll keep the resolutions I have made,
" And though he urge me to it, will not speak;
" Will not of all his injuries complain,
" For though his words are Spears, his sight shall be a rein.

II.

This, while the wicked was in sight,
I with my self resolv'd to do;
My stubborn mouth was silenter than night,
Grief struck me dumb before, his presence now:
Not one good word did from my lips once fall,
Least I should speak amiss, I would not speak at all.

III.

But as a wild unruly fire,
The more 'tis checkt, the more't do's burn,
My heart, inflam'd by vehement desire,
To answer him, did on it self return;
And there it rag'd and there it burnt so long,
Till it brake out at last, and set on fire my tongue.

IV.

" Lord, said I then, make me to know,
" What bound is set to my few dayes!
" How long from thee I must remain below,
" Strange to my own, but stranger to Thy wayes:
" How frail I am, how near unto my end,
" That what's Thine own, I may before hand to Thee send!

V.

" I know I'm frail, and if with Thyne
" I my uncertain life compare,
" That age, which I may truly ſay is mine,
" And all my dayes to Thy years nothing are:
" Mans beſt eſtate is but an empty ſtrife,
" And if there can be leſs than nothing found, 'tis Life.

VI.

" The faint reſemblance of a ſhade,
" That ſcarce can in conception be;
" And yet how great a ſlave poor Man is made,
" Whom God at firſt appointed to be free,
" An airy thing that only lives by Fame,
" And whom unweildy paſſions, ruin give and Name.

VII.

" He loves, and hates, and hopes, and fears,
" And with freſh wounds renews his pain:
" Troubles himſelf at every thing he hears,
" And ſcarce recovered, ſlips, and falls again;
" Erects vaſt Piles, and endleſs wealth do's ſave,
" Yet knows not who the fruit of all his cares ſhall have.

VIII.

" What then my God, can I expect,
" Truly my hope depends on Thee;
" May'ſt Thou Thy Servant from all wrongs protect,
" And from my ſins (worſe Foes) deliver me!
" Not that they were unheard, I dumb did ſtand,
" But when they ſpake, upon my ſelf I felt Thy hand.

IX.

" When Thou doſt man for ſin chaſtiſe,
" And with Thy judgments on him fall;
" No beauty in his own, leſs in Thine eyes,
" Is left of that, which he did beauty call:

" But

" But like a garment, which the Moth has fret,
" Juſt ſuch a thing is Man, though ne're ſo high and great.

X.

" Remove Thy hand, for, Lord, I faint!
" Thy wrath I can no longer bear;
" From Heav'n bow down, and hear my ſad complaint;
" Speak, Lord, that I may know I have Thine ear!
" O from my tears turn not Thy face away,
" They on Thee call, and be not Thou more dumb than they.

XI.

" Thou know'ſt I have no reſting place,
" I, nor my Fathers here below;
" They're gone, and I muſt follow them apace,
" Spare me, before I that great Journey go;
" Lord ſpare me, who e're long ſhall be no more,
" Forgot by mine, as I have thoſe, who went before!

Pſalm

Pſalm XL.

Expectans expectavi, &c.

I.

IN my great trouble, when all hopes did fail,
I patiently for God did wait,
And found my Prayer then to prevail,
When all means elſe, or uſeleſs prov'd, or came too late.

II.

The Lord unto my voice inclin'd His ear,
And from the pit deliver'd me;
A pit, whoſe ſight ſtrook me with fear,
And, only as my dungeon, could more dreadfull be.

III.

There ſtuck my feet, and thence He brought me out,
And on a rock to fall no more,
But to view Him, and look about,
As high He rais'd me, as I was caſt down before.

IV.

Where as I ſtood I ſang with chearfull Voice
His praiſes who deliver'd me;
Whil'ſt thoſe who fear'd before, rejoyce
A certain Providence in all events to ſee.

V.

Bleſt is that man, who makes the Lord his truſt,
His firmeſt ſtay, and confidence;
Unbyaſs'd by anothers luſt,
And keeps his own from having any influence!

VI. Many

VI.

Many and fearfull things Thy hand has done;
And whoſe can with Thy works compare?
But could Thy thoughts to us be known,
Numberleſs, Lord, and like Thee infinite they are.

VII.

I heard Thee ſay Thou doſt not blood deſire,
No Off'rings, or Burnt-Sacrifice,;
That Altars ſmoak with daily fire,
And with the clouds they upward ſend, obſcure the skies:

VIII.

Inſtead of them my ſelf I bring to Thee,
And in Thy Roll, if Thou but look,
'Tis written there concerning me,
Nor is my Name alone, but Office in Thy Book.

IX.

'Tis entred there what my delights have been;
And that I more to Thee might draw,
How I Thy Righteouſneſs have ſeen,
And what I knew and kept, to others preach'd Thy Law.

X.

Thou know'ſt, O God, my tongue has not been ſtill,
And that Thy Word I ne're conceal'd;
But as I knew what was Thy Will,
Its Truth and Faithfulneſs have in Thy Church reveal'd.

XI.

Thy wonted Grace, ah! do not then withhold!
But in Thy mercies, Lord, draw near,
Thoſe mercies, which have been of old,
And in my help with greater luſtre will appear.

XII.

For thouſand evils have begirt me round,
And all my ſins upon me ſeiſe;
With penſive eyes fixt on the ground,
I dare not upward look, their numbers ſo encreaſe.

XIII.

If to the sky, I in the sky behold
Stars, which one yet may ſooner count;
My hairs, could every hair be told,
Compar'd with them, are loſt, and to no ſumm amount.

XIV.

Wherefore, my God, be pleas'd to come away,
And to my reſcue make more haſte!
Verſus. My troubles call, O, do not ſtay,
Nor let Thy help be ſlow, when they come on ſo faſt!

XV.

Now come, and with Thy Preſence, Lord, confound
My proud, and cruel Enemy:
Level his greatneſs with the ground,
And when he ſurely thought to conquer, let him fly!

XVI.

Let him be backward forc'd, and for the ſcorn,
His curſed malice threw on me,
Let on his head that ſcorn return,
And be himſelf as low as he wiſht I ſhould be!

XVII.

Whil'ſt thoſe who on the Almighty's Arm do truſt,
In Thee, who their Salvation art,
Always rejoyce that Thou art Juſt,
And have their mouths as full of praiſes, as their heart.

XVIII.

May I my God, one of that number bee;
For though at preſent I am low,
Thou know'ſt I ſtill belong to Thee,
And only for my ſins, till they are purg'd, am ſo!

XIX.

Then help me, Lord, O do not ever ſtay,
But to my reſcue come at laſt;
My troubles call Thee now away,
Let not Thy help be ſlow, when they come on ſo faſt!

Verſus.

Pſalm XLI.

Beatus Vir qui intelligit, &c.

I.

A Pſalm of David.

BLeſt is that man, who do's the poor relieve,
And feels the miſeries, which he ſees them bear;
The Lord will ſure deliverance to him give,
And alway to his Prayers incline His ear:
Will ſet him from his troubles free,
And his paſt griefs with pleaſure let him ſee.

II.

God will preſerve him from the rotting grave,
And here, on earth, let him behold His face;
His life from all his Enemies will ſave,
And grant him now the preſence of His grace:
His Enemies Wills ſhall ſtoop to His,
And here he ſhall begin his endleſs bliſs.

III.

When on the bed of ſickneſs he ſhall ly,
His bed that God, which holds him up, will make;
Will give him ſtrength, though able ſcarce to cry,
And faithfull hands, which Heav'n by force ſhall take:
That Mercy then, which he has ſhown,
And all he gave, ſhall truly be his own.

IV.

" Dear God, ſaid I, on whom all things depend,
" Though I have thus by Thy commandment, done,
" I merit nothing, Lord, for I have ſinn'd,
" And what I gave Thee, was before Thine own;
" Yet grant it mine; Lord, heal my Soul!
" For Silver ſtreams cleanſe not, what Sin makes foul.

V. My

V.

" My Enemies, Thou know'ſt, aſſault my Fame;
" When will he die, ſay they, and leave behinde,
" That, which wee'll look ſhall not bide long, his Name,
" But to it given, be quickly turn'd to winde?
And when one comes to viſit me,
Inſtead of Comfort, he ſpeaks Vanity.

VI.

Notice of every groan he ſeems to take,
And weeps, and ſighs to bear me company;
But gone, a ſport of all my grief do's make,
And laughs to think how he impos'd on me:
Abroad he tells where he has been,
And lies invents of what he there has ſeen.

VII.

" A baſe diſeaſe, ſayes he, to him cleaves faſt,
(Thus, Lord, Thou know'ſt they ſtill againſt me ſpeak)
" This ſickneſs cannot chooſe but be his laſt,
" His bodies pain his heart will doubtleſs break:
" He cannot ſcape as heretofore,
" But this time fallen, he ſhall riſe no more.

VIII.

Then to encreaſe my miſeries, my Friend,
Whom I, till then more than my ſelf could truſt,
Who of my bread did eat, new cares did ſend,
And then moſt fail'd, when he was wanted moſt:
Againſt me has lift up his heel,
And for my love made me his malice feel.

IX.

But Thou, O God, to me be mercifull,
And raiſe him up whom Thou haſt caſt thus low!
Vengeance may I upon my Enemies pull,
And up to Heav'n my ſelf more freely grow!

Hence

Hence 'tis I know Thy love to mee,
That from their hands by Thine I am set free.

X.

Thou art my stay, and Thou dost me uphold,
Else my integrity would quickly fail:
In Thy warm Sun I never shall be cold,
Nor in Thy sight my darkness, Lord, prevail.
To *Jacobs* God let all sing praise,
And to His Name Eternall Arches raise!

Amen and *Amen.*

The End of the First Book of Psalms.

THE SECOND BOOK OF PSALMS.

Pſalm XLII.

Quemadmodum deſiderat, &c.

A Pſalm for the Sons of Korah.

I.

LOok as the Hart by dogs and men purſu'd,
(Seeing his heels betray their flight,
When he of both had loſt the ſight)
Pants for the ſtreams, and takes at laſt the flood,
With hopes by changing thus the Element,
To cool his heat, and in its ſtreams to drown the ſcent:

II.

After my God ſo pants my chaſed Soul,
My Soul ſo thirſts for Thee, my King;
When wilt Thou me to Sion bring,
Where I may ſerve Thee, Lord, without controll?
Thou know'ſt my grief, how tears have been my food,
When my inſulting Foes have cry'd, "Now where's your (God?

III.

I grieve, but when I think the time will come
That I ſhall to Thy Temple go,
And on my Harp Thy wonders ſhow,
How I again in triumph ſhall come home,
Theſe happy thoughts diſpell my darkeſt tears,
And what grief did before, my joy diſſolves in tears.

IV. Why

Verſus.

IV.

Why art Thou troubled Soul, and reſtleſs grown,
As if forgotten, through deſpair,
As if Thy God had left His care,
And lower, than indeed Thou art caſt down?
Truſt in Him ſtill, for Thou His Name ſhalt praiſe,
And whom His abſence has depreſs'd, His ſight ſhall raiſe!

V.

Down to the Earth my troubled Soul is caſt,
Yet will I Lord remember Thee;
The whole World is Thy Royalty,
Miſſar, and *Hermon* part of *Zions* Waſte;
Whither from thence my eyes delight to ſtray,
And though they cannot ſee it, love to gaze that way.

VI.

Deeps upon Deeps in lowder tempeſts call,
The Seas above to them b.low,
Together o're my head they go,
And on they bid the conquering billows fall,
In troops they come, as to divide the prey,
And hollow to their fellow waves to haſte away.

VII.

Fall on proud waves, on me ſpend all your rage,
I can withſtand your rougheſt ſhock,
Fall on, and break againſt this Rock,
Which dares your pride, and for me do's engage!
My God will ſtill your noyſe, your fury lay,
And change this diſmal night into a glorious day.

IX.

But where's my God, that I to him may ſing?
Let me not ever ſuffer thus,
But to me be propitious,
Break forth, O Sun, and healing with Thee bring!

Pierc'd

Pierc'd to the Heart, Thou know'ſt I could weep blood,
When my inſulting foes ſay daily, " Where's your God.

IX.

Why art Thou troubled Soul, and reſtleſs grown,
As if forgotten, through deſpair,
As if Thy God had left His Care,
And lower, than indeed Thou art, caſt down?
Truſt in Him ſtill, for Thou His Name ſhalt praiſe,
And whom His abſence has depreſs'd, His ſight ſhall raiſe!

Verſus.

Pſalm XLIII.

Judica me Deus & diſcerne, &c.

I.

THou, who art Judge of all the World, be mine:
Be both my Judge, and Advocate
My Cauſe both ſentence, and debate,
And let the iſſue prove that I am Thine:
From the deceitfull Man deliver mee,
Others he may deceive, but ne're impoſe on Thee!

II.

Thou art my ſtrength, and on Thee I rely;
Why do's my God this diſtance keep,
Whil'ſt I ly buryed in the Deep,
And only with my ſighs can upward fly?
Pitty my Darkneſs, Lord, diſpell this night,
And from Thy ſacred Hill ſend forth Thy Truth and Light!

III.

That glo ious Light, which may direct my way,
And where Thou always art, bring mee;
That we may ſtill together bee,
In Sion where Thy Preſence makes it day:
Then with my Harp I'll to Thy Altar go,
And, what above ſhall never ceaſe, begin below.

IV.

Why art Thou troubled, Soul, and reſtle's grown,
As if forgotten, through deſpair,
As if Thy God had lett His care,
Verſus. And lower, than indeed Thou art, caſt down?
Truſt in Him ſtill, for Thou His Name ſhalt praiſe,
And whom His abſence has depreſs'd, His ſight ſhall raiſe.

Pſalm

Pſalm XLIV.

Deus auribus noſtris audivimus, &c.

I.

GReat God, we oft have heard our Fathers tell
The Mighty works which Thou of old haſt done,
When to make room for them, where they might dwell,
And in a Land of thine own choice ſit down,
The Natives by Thy hand were overthrown;
How *Egypt* at Thy Signs admiring ſtood,
And thinking to purſue, were drown'd i'th' flood.

A Pſalm for the Sons of Korah.

II.

'Twas not their Bow or Sword, which forc'd their way,
Nor the weak aids their helpleſs arms could bring;
But Thou, whoſe Word the Sacred Hoſts obey,
Made'ſt certain Victory attend their ſtring,
And as their arrows flew, direct her wing:
Thy Light and Favour was their Arms and Guide,
And when they fought, to conquer Thou did'ſt ride.

Verſus.

III.

May'ſt Thou again do thus, who art Our King!
And new deliv'rance for their Seed command;
Thou only canſt ſuch great Salvation bring,
As may again return us to Our Land,
And make us on our Enemies necks to ſtand:
And when Thy Power Thou on our ſide ſhalt ſhow,
And beat them down, through Thee wee'll keep them ſo.

IV.

" Twas not our Bow, or Sword that helpt, wee'll ſay,
" Nor thoſe weak aids our uſeleſs Arms did bring;
" But He whoſe Word the Sacred Hoſts obey,
" Made certain Victory attend our ſtring,
" And as our arrows flew, direct her wing:

Verſus.

"He put our Enemies to flight, and ſhame,
" And His great Praiſe for ever wee'll proclaim.

V.

But we, alas, not they, are forc'd to fly,
Since Thou, who lead'ſt our Armies out of old,
Art now become Thy ſelf an Enemy,
And make'ſt them more ſucceſsfull grow, and bold,
That what with wrong they got, by force they hold:
Like one great flock of Sheep, we ſcatt'red are,
And wolves devour thoſe, whom the Shambles ſpare.

VI.

We openly are ſold, but 'tis for nought;
Nor do's Thy treaſure by our ſale encreaſe;
By thoſe, who hate us we for ſlaves are bought,
Nor by our miſeries do's their fury ceaſe,
But wee in Warr leſs ſuff'red than in Peace:
A ſhame, reproach, and proverb, wee are made,
In ſcorn to hands, which were of ours afraid.

VII.

'Tis not our diſappointments, and diſgrace
That are the only cauſes of our ſhame;
Not theſe alone with bluſhes fill our face,
But the ſad thoughts that Thou ſhould'ſt bear our blame,
And have expos'd with us Thy Sacred Name:
For what's our own we could with Patience bear,
But Blaſphemies 'gainſt Thee can never hear.

VIII.

Yet both Lord we have heard, and both have born,
But in our ſuff'rings not forgotten Thee,
Reſolv'd our ſteps from Thy Laws ne're to turn,
How rough, and hard ſoe're the way may be,
Or in Thy Oath to deal perfidiouſly:
Though for our Maſters we fierce Dragons have,
And all our ſervice is in ſight o' th' grave.

IX. Had

IX.

Had we forgotten His, or to ſtrange Names
Of Idol-gods ſtretch'd out our ſuppliant hands,
Should not God know, and viſit this in flames,
Who the vaſt Empire of all hearts commands,
And thoughts, more than we actions, underſtands?
But for His ſake alone all day we 'are ſlain,
Like Sheep, and where we fed, have dy'd the Plain.

X.

Awake why ſleep'ſt Thou, Lord, awake, and riſe!
And turn nor us, nor Thy bright face away;
Let our diſtreſs find pity in Thine eyes;
Which ſee the weights they on our ſhoulders lay,
And how we proſtrate for Thy ſuccour pray!
Ah, cauſe Thy face for Thy loves ſake to ſhine,
And for our help ariſe, who ſtill are Thine.

Psalm XLV.

Eructavit Cor meum verbum, &c.

A Song of Loves.

I.

A Thousand fancies from my heart the Spring,
(Like a swoln stream which banks can ne're control,
Increasing still as it along do's roll,
And grown impetuous, scorns to be kept in)
Too great already in my Soul to stay
They out will burst, and by my tongue,
Flow in a swift, and numerous Song,
Will there, or find, or force their way,
And make my hand, which cannot stop, to run as fast as they.

II.

Dread Sov'reign, when the argument is Thine,
And Thou art pleas'd to give me leave to sing
Of all that grandure, which enthrones my King,
No wonder if my Verse be gay and fine;
Thy beauty, not my skill do's make it so,
Thou, who in beauty dost excell
The fairest Soul, which best do's dwell,
From whose soft lips there ever flow (bestow;
That Grace, and Blessing Heav'n till now on Man did ne're

III.

Go on then, Valiant Prince, and gird Thy Sword,
Wherewith Thou hast so often Conquerer been;
Appear more glorious than Thou e're wert seen,
And let the whole world own Thee for their Lord!
Then mount Thy Chariot, and in triumph ride,
With Meekness, Truth, and Equity,
And all the Virtues running by,
Whil'st Vict'ry do's Thy journeys guide,
And flies before new Conquests, and fresh Laurels to provide!

IV. Then

IV.

Then ſhall Thy arm for ſlaughter be made bare,
And Thy proud Enemies receive the darts,
Which Thou ſhalt throw, and bury in their hearts,
Whil'ſt thoſe that yield, Thou doſt as freely ſpare;
Nor Time, nor place ſhall Thy Dominion bound,
The Juſtice of Thy Righteous ſway,
Shall make all Lands, all men obey,
And whereſoe're Thy Name ſhall ſound, (found.
Amids Thy foes, new Subjects of Thy Kingdom ſhall be

V.

That Righteouſneſs Thou lov'ſt ſhall be Thy Crown,
And at Thy Feet Envy and Hate ſhall lie;
The Mighty God, who rais'd Thee up ſo high,
Above Thy Fellows, pour His Unction down,
With greater luſtre make Thy Face to ſhine,
When He the Sacred Oyl ſhall ſhed,
Himſelf, upon Thy Royall Head,
And, to expreſs the Love Divine,
Meekneſs with Majeſty, and to Thy Joys, Thy Peoples joyn.

VI.

They ſhall rejoyce, when from the Iv'ry Throne,
Clad in Thy Robes of State, Thou ſhalt appear,
When all the perfumes, which the Eaſt do's bear,
And the bright Sun or makes, or looks upon,
To Thine their Spirits and richeſt Odours add,
And breathing out their Souls ſhall ſay,
Thou haſt more Sweets, more Charms than they;
Thus near Thee to have come, are glad, (had.
That they may higher ſcents receive thence, than at firſt they

VII.

Daughters of Kings make Thy illuſtrious train,
To do what e're Thy pleaſure ſhall command;
And charm our eyes, but that at Thy right hand
The Queen with hers remands them back again;

Next

Next Thee ſhe ſtands, Her Pall with Gold all wrought,
Where curious Art and Nature ſtrive
Which greater Ornament ſhall give,
Beyond Inventions barren thought, (brought.
Made of the richeſt Spoyls were e're from *Ophirs* treaſure

VIII.

And Thou O Queen, incline Thy willing ear,
Forget Thy Father, and Thy Countrey too;
What was theirs once, is now a Sovereigns due,
Who merits all Thy honour, love, and fear.
The Kings, who ſhall no leſs make Thee to reign,
And to Thy Rule Himſelf ſubmit,
To th'Empire of Thy Eyes, and Wit,
Become their ſlave, and take the Chain,
And what Thy hands preſented Him, to them reſign again.

IX.

Tyre with a Preſent ſhall her daughters ſend,
To ſeek thy favour, and thy love entreat,
'Tis thy Alliance, which ſhall make them great,
And not their own wealth, though it knows no end;
Not that their gifts and ſtore can add to Thine,
The rich embroydery of Thy Veſt,
Where all the Needles art 's expreſt,
To Beauties which are more Divine,
And all within, unſeen by mortal eye, far brighter ſhine.

X.

Thus ſhalt Thou be conducted to the King,
Whil'ſt all the Virgins, who Thy Pomp attend,
In ſhouts to Heav'n their acclamations ſend,
And as they follow to the Palace, ſing,
" Hail Faireſt Queen, forget Thy Fathers land,
" Nor let His Throne diſturb thy mind,
" For Thou inſtead of them ſhalt find
" Children, who with the Soveraign Wand
" More Empires than He Cities govern'd, ſhall the World (command.

XI. My

XI.

My Verſe ſhall praiſe Thee too, and Thy great Name
Shall in its laſting Monument ſurvive,
My Verſe Eternity to Thee ſhall give,
And thus it ſelf perpetuate in Thy Fame:
For when the Age to come by that ſhall know
These wonders, and renew Thy Praiſe,
In Altars which their Zeal ſhall raiſe,
Thou then ſhalt make my Verſe to grow,
And what to Thee it gave, Eternity on that beſtow!

Pſalm XLVI.

Deus noſter Refugium, &c.

I.

A Song for the ſons of Korah.

TO Armies ſome for refuge fly,
Others to Walls, which they muſt firſt defend,
But God's our help, and when to Him we cry,
Or He our troubles ſoon will end,
Or to a City where they come not, us will ſend.

II.

We will not fear, though tempeſts roar,
And one ſtorm mingle Sea, and Earth, and all,
Though reall Mountains, torn from the looſe ſhoar,
To Heav'n be toſt, and Heav'n quite fall,
The God, who is our help, will then be near our call.

III.

Fly ye ſwift winds, tempeſts be gone,
Be ſtill proud Seas, there is no need of you,
We have a ſtream, which though it ſoftly run,
Can more than all your billows do,
Both cleanſe the Holy City, and refreſh it too.

IV.

Slow *Siloah*, which ſo gently glides,
As if 'twere unreſolv'd to go away,
And paſſing where the Moſt High God reſides,
To view the place ſo long do's ſtay,
The enamour'd River one would gueſs forgot its way.

V. It

V.

It Sion views, where God do's dwell,
Sion His Throne, which like the Earth remains;
Heav'n is her guard, and all the Powers of Hell
Shall ne're move her, for there He reigns,
Who is the God o'th' Hills, and layes on Vales His Chains.

VI.

The Heathen Kings began to rage,
And all their ſtrength againſt her did command;
But God Himſelf to ſave her did engage,
Utt'red His Voyce, and ſhew'd His hand,
And though the Earth did melt, Sion unmov'd did ſtand.

VII.

The God of Battles fights for us,
On whom the Hoſts of Heav'n and Earth attend; *Verſus.*
Through Him our arms ſhall be Victorious,
And when our Prayers to Him aſcend,
He that is *Jacobs* God, His *Iſrael* will defend.

VIII.

Come, and behold, what He has done,
The mighty works which His right hand has wrought,
How on their Foes He turn'd deſtruction,
But to His own deliverance brought,
And made them Conquerours, when He for them fought!

IX.

All the World o're He ends all Warrs,
And in their room brings plenty, mirth, and eaſe;
He hides with Laurel the Triumphers ſcarrs,
And all, but in their Pomps, makes ceaſe
The Trumpets noyſe, and turns the broken arms to Peace.

X.

" Be ſtill, ſaid He, and ſee my Power,
" Only be ſtill, that's all you need to do,
" For on your Enemies I'll vengeance ſhower,
" Exalt your heads, but lay theirs low,
" And they as well as you, That I am God, ſhall know!

XI.

Verſus.

The God of Battles fights for us,
On whom the Hoſts of Heaven and Earth attend;
Through Him our Arms ſhall be Victorious,
And when our Prayers to Him aſcend,
He that is *Jacobs* God, His *Iſrael* will defend.

Pſalm

Pſalm XLVII.

Omnes gentes plaudite manibus, &c.

I.

REjoyce O World and you, who dwell therein,
This Solemn day your mirth commands!
Rejoyce, for the great Show will now begin,
And lift your voice up with your hands!
Let them both joyn, whiles you His Praiſes ſing,
Who only is the Univerſal King.

A Pſalm for the Sons of Korah.

Verſus.

II.

Mighty, and terrible, the Lord of all,
His entrance thoſe who will not meet,
Too proud to kiſs his hands, ſhall lower fall,
And yield their necks unto His feet;
So *Jacobs* ſeed He will make glorious,
And what Himſelf has done, aſcribe to Us.

III.

God is gone up, aſcended with a ſhout,
With ſound of Trumpets riſen on high;
And having put His enemies to the rout,
Upon their Trophies up did fly:
Sing praiſe to God, your Praiſes to Him ſing,
Who only is the Univerſall King!

Verſus.

IV.

God only is the Univerſall King;
His Name with underſtanding praiſe!
And in the Services you to Him ſing,
Let that inſpirit all your layes!

The World around His juſt Commands ſhall own,
For Holineſs is the Throne He ſits upon.

V.

See how the Tributary Kings croud in,
And one united People make,
Their Crowns to deck His Victories they bring,
And from His hands all new ones take:
Each in His Temple Homage to Him yields,
And there hang up their Conſecrated Shields.

Psalm XLVIII.

Magnus Dominus, &c.

I.

GReat is our God, and greatly to be prais'd,
Upon that Hill, which He himself has rais'd;
Sion, which He His City made,
Beautifull Sion, whom the World obey'd,
And for whose Peace as for their own all Countreys prayd;
Which on the North *Jeruſalem* do's guard,
Safer than gates moſt ſurely barr'd;
Which on the North do's on *Jeruſalem* ſhine,
So that around it has the Sun, or Naturall, or Divine.

A Pſalm for the Sons of Korah.

II.

Within her Palaces the Lord is known,
For not hers more He counts them, than His own:
The Kings perceiv'd it, marching by,
But thither they no ſooner caſt their eye,
But from the conquering ſight, as ſoon they ſtrove to fly;
Away they hatted thence, but all in vain,
Their fears purſu'd them with freſh pain,
Like Child-bed throes till there is born a Son,
A greater pang ſucceeds, as ſoon as e're the preſent's gone.

III.

In Ships they thought their Spoyls to carry home,
But Thou at Sea their Navy didſt o'recome;
All this, O Lord, we heard before,
And now believe, becauſe we ſee Thy Power,
But who that had ſeen half ſo much, would not do more?
God will eſtabliſh Sion, and command
The Sacred Pile unmov'd to ſtand;
Thither wee'll come for help, in our diſtreſs,
And where he has bid us bleſs him, expect he us ſhould bleſs.

IV. Lord

IV.

Lord, as Thy Name is, ſo ſhall bè Thy Praiſe,
And to adorn it wee'll invent new wayes:
To the wide Earths extreameſt end,
From Eaſt it ſhall unto the Weſt extend,
And when it has fill'd all below, to Heav'n aſcend;
That goodneſs which Thy hand around do's throw,
Like fruitfull ſeed, ſhall upward grow;
Solyma to Thy Courts her gifts ſhall bring,
And all her Cities ſhout forth Acclamations to their King.

V.

Walk about Sion, all her Bulwarks count,
The humble Vallies, and the Holy Mount,
Her lofty Towers, up to the Skie,
To which the Heav'ns deſire to bè more nigh,
And their own heights, to kiſs her ſacred Spires, deny:
Round it again, and her great Wonders ſee,
To tell the Age which is to bee;
And that Her God will Ours till death abide,
And through the Graves dark gloomy way to Heav'n our (paſſage guide.

Pſalm XLIX.

Audite hæc omnes gentes auribus, &c.

A Pſalm for the Sons of Korah.

I.

ATtend, O World, and bid thy Nations hear,
Thoſe, who ly furtheſt off, and thoſe more near,
Both rich, and poor, and high, and low,
My Song no diff'rence makes, and none do's know,
But thoſe who ſerve, and thoſe who rule,
The Souldier, Stateſman, and the Fool,
The young, the old, the great, the ſmall,
It do's without diſtinction call,
And like the grave, alike concerns, and equals All.

II.

With God my Song: His Wiſdom moves the Lyre,
And makes the chords in lofty ſounds conſpire:
With Him will I begin my Song,
His Wiſdom ſhall conduct the ſtrains along,
Shall life, and breath, and motion give,
Make them, and they my Voice to live;
Then the ſtops chang'd, on the ſame ſtring,
I will in mighty Numbers ſing
Triumphant Death, which next Him is the greateſt King.

III.

What profit 's it to hoard up endleſs ſtore
Of wealth for others, and my ſelf be Poor?
Prevent my evil day with Cares,
To leave a Curſe, and ſorrow to my Heirs?
Since he who has moſt chains of Gold,
The Pris'ner life can never hold;
Can never pay a ranſom down
For the fleet Soul away once gone,
And from the grave redeem his Brothers, or his own.

IV.

Death throwes an heavier Chain than that o're all,
And proudeſt Monarchs at His Footſtool fall;
Look how the Wiſe, the Brutiſh dye,
And in one Urn their lots and aſhes lye:
The longeſt livers only have
A tedious journey to the grave;
Whil'ſt moſt a ſhort way thither find,
And have their Paſs-ports ſooner ſign'd,
Whither all come at laſt, and leave their wealth behind.

V.

In vain by Monuments men hope to live,
And their fond Names to Lands and Houſes give;
In vain they huge foundations lay
For Tombs, which have their Fate, as well as they;
No Honours bayl in this arreſt,
But the ſame death waits Man, and Beaſt:
And though enough the Children know
Their Fathers folly, chooſe to go
With them, and count thoſe greater fools, who do not ſo.

VI.

They follow cloſe their ſteps, their ſayings hold,
Like Sheep they follow to th'Eternal fold;
Where till the Morning they are penn'd,
The Morning of that day, which ne're ſhall end;
Which Titles ſhall again renew,
And diff'rences the Grave ne're knew;
From ſome all beauty take away,
In greater luſtre ſome diſplay,
Raiſing them Gold, who buryed were but only Clay.

VII.

Then ſhall I riſe too, and with glory ſhine,
From the Graves power, kept by the power Divine,
It ſhall no longer trouble mee,
Nor know I why the Wiſe ſhould troubled bee,

To

To ſee anothers ſtores encreaſe,
Since they diſturb His preſent eaſe,
And muſt be left all, when he dyes;
Then heavy gold begins to riſe,
And with his breath, away an empty Honour flies.

VIII.

His former pleaſures then avail him not,
But are by him, as he by his forgot:
Nothing remains of all he did,
When with his Fathers, he in night lyes hid;
That Wiſdom only do's abide,
Which for the future did provide:
'Tis Wiſdom ſets the Man on high,
Wiſdom the badge to know him by,
Without which like a Beaſt he lives, and all muſt die.

Pſalm L.

Deus Deorum Dominus, &c.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

I.

'TIs paſt, and by irrevocable doom
Dec eed that all the World to Judgment come;
Out from the Eaſt let the great ſummons go,
Swifter than Morning light,
In it's firſt undiſturb'd, and luſty flight,
When on the Weſtern Hills it haſts to ſhow
It's Conqueſts, and drives thence the Captive Night;
Then let the Weſt to th' voice give ear,
And all the ſcatt'red winds, which ly between,
Be ready on the wing,
And o're the Earth the dreadfull Meſſage bear!
Make the deaf North, and South to hear!
Proclaim it in the open Sky,
That the laſt day is nigh;
A day which none e're yet did ſee,
And which but few, till it comes, believe will bee,
When God the hearts of all ſhall open lay,
And bid the World to make room for the Seſſion, haſt away!

II.

When Sion was the Reſidence Divine,
God empty'd all his glories there;
Sion did with refulgent beauty ſhine,
And only what was lovely durſt appear:
The Air was calm, Heav'n ſeem'd more bright,
As if from thence it had receiv'd new light;
Before hand would officiouſly come down,
And take the forward Sacrifice,
E're it began to riſe,
And with a ſacred flame the Victim crown:
Or if it gath'red in a Cloud,
'Twas but ſome greater Majeſty to ſhroud.

No

No cryes were heard there, or ſad grones,
Nothing that could diſturb the quiet of the place,
But joy and mirth were ſeen in every Face,
And left their traces on the ſtones.
The very walls were glad,
Mourn'd not in breaches, nor in Yawns lookt ſad.
But the bright Liveries of Peace did wear;
The walls look'd gay, the Altars fair,
And with perpetual throngs
Of thoſe who came to worſhip there,
The Courts were ever fill'd with Incenſe, or with Songs.
Nay God Himſelf attention ſeem'd to give,
And held His own the Homage of their Voices to receive.

III.

But now that time is paſt, nor as before,
Will he in love draw neer
But all in Flames appear,
Will in the charming murmurs be no more,
But up Hee'l hitt His voyce, and roar, (devour.
And thoſe flames which the Victim burnt, the Altar ſhall
A tempeſt ſhall before Him ride,
And forward poſt the ſluggiſh winde,
With thouſand Captives running by His ſide,
Of Lands which he has empty made,
Clearing the way for Plagues which come behind,
And of the following Thunder be it ſelf afraid.
Along the Heav'n the Thunder like a Sea ſhall roll,
And make its noyſe be heard to either Pole;
With all the Fears, which horror can invent,
With lightnings, not to purge the Air,
And its decays repair,
But to make greater, and diſturb it, ſent,
To riot there without controll,
And ſynge what it e're long ſhal burn, that beauteous Scroll.

IV.

Then ſhall God come, and with a dreadfull voyce,
Which layes thoſe ſtorms, & checks that Thunders noiſe,
Making the Dead who heard not them awake,
And Heav'n and Earth, and Sea affrighted quake;
When thus He cites them to appear,
And bids them to the Barr draw near,
His Pleaſure, and their Charge to hear,
" Return, Hee'l to them ſay, Return your dead,
" To meet the Souls which from them fled,
" And both be ſentenc'd, for what both together did!
" Into my great Exchequer bring
" The Debtors, whoſe accounts are giv'n in,
" And who ſo many Ages have your Pris'ners been!
" Reſign O Earth, and Skie and Sea your truſt,
" Be ſure no guilty Criminall you hide,
" But that all come, and all be try'd,
" You long enough have unaccounted for their duſt;
" But firſt bring in my Saints, who to my barr appeal,
" To me their ſeveral Names are known,
" And in my book their labours are ſet down,
" How they to my juſt Law did Seal,
" Or with their Sacrifices blood, or with their own.

V.

See how they trembling ſtand,
Receive the charge, and finiſh the Command,
And to the great Tribunall bring the ſhakled band?
The Priſon-gates are open thrown,
And not till now to their Eternall home,
Thoſe who miſtook the grave for it, are truly come;
The Grave, which like an houſe forſook, it ſelf falls down.
With their own bodies all ariſe,
The active duſt begins to heave,
And ask its fellow if it live,
Scarce daring to believe its ears or eyes;

A hollow Voice is heard around,
Of Souls, which to the Bodies call,
Yet wiſh that neither might be found,
And till they come, would have the Mountains on them fall;
The Mountains frighted worſt of all,
Would for themſelves find ſhelter under ground.
The Sea returns her dead, and her's the Sky,
Which now again from thence like Lightning fly,
But down to Hell, and in eternal flames to ly.
The whole World is one mighty Street,
Where Old acquaintance meet,
And though againſt their Wills are forc'd to greet,
Whilſt up on high,
The Judges equall Sentence to declare,
The Saints are to the Bench call'd from the Barr,
And guilty Souls, by their own Witneſs caſt,
Expect to have confirm'd at laſt, (paſt.
That ſentence, which they long before upon themſelves had

VI.

"Attend, O *Iſrael*, to thy God give ear,
('Tis He who ſpeaks, and Him thou ought'ſt to hear)
"I charge thee not for Thy unfrequent Sacrifice,
"Thy ſeldom Off'rings, and Thy bloodleſs Vowes,
"That perfumes do ſo rarely riſe,
"And with their clouds meet, and obſcure the Skies:
"I'll take no Bullock from Thine houſe,
"Nor from Thy fold a rank He-Goat,
"For every Forreſt, and all beaſts of note,
"The great who rule, the leſſer who obey,
"The beaſts of Pleaſure, Service, and of Prey,
"Alike are Mine,
"And all the Hills whereon they feed, as well as they;
"When Thou by a falſe Title fondly call'ſt them Thine.
"They no ſubjection to thee owe,
"But what my pleaſure gave at firſt:
"And when unto Thy Yoak they bow,
"'Tis not from any Power of Thine, but that I'll have it ſo.
"Who

" Who them to ſerve, for Thy Sin only curſt,
" And make them thus their juſt dependance ſhow.
" Nay Birds themſelves, whom I gave wings to fly,
" Mount up to Heav'n, to come more nigh,
" And the ſame Homage beaſts below, they yield on high.

VII.

" If I were hungry, why ſhould I tell Thee,
" When the Earth's fulneſs all belongs to Me?
" Or if I eat, muſt Thou needs with't acquainted be?
" Think'ſt Thou that ſuch groſs meats as theſe,
" Bulls blood, or fleſh my taſte do pleaſe,
" And are fit things my anger to appeaſe?
" No, Wretched Mortal, to the God moſt High
" Firſt pay thy vows, then ſend thy praiſe,
" In thy diſtreſs unto Him cry,
" And, where it may be alwayes warm, an Altar raiſe;
" Within thy heart, where groans, and ſighs,
" May be the daily Sacrifice!
" For in ſuch Off'rings He delights,
" Theſe are His ſolemn and accepted Rites,
" Flames, which to Heav'n will ſurely come, (room!
" And both thy paſſage thither clear, and for thee then make

VIII.

But to the Wicked the Almighty ſayes,
" What haſt thou, wretch, to do with my juſt Wayes?
" To take my Word into thy mouth?
" Expound my Statutes, or declare my Truth?
" As if an Enemy would Trophies to his Conqueror raiſe,
Or I from thee get any Praiſe;
Who Counſel, which thou doſt another give,
Wilt not thy ſelf receive,
And what thou teacheſt, doſt or ſlight, or not believe;
Who when thou ſaw'ſt a Theif, didſt with him ſteal,
His theft didſt or partake in, or conceal;
With baſe Adulterers wert ſo,
" Didſt never uſe thy tongue a wound to heal,

" Bu

"But with it made'ſt a light one two;
"Moſt Enemy to them, who never did thee any wrong,
"And whom thou ought'ſt to bleſs, haſt murder'd with thy tongue.
"I ſaw all this, and held my peace,
"Expecting when thou would'ſt repent,
"But ſilence thou didſt falſly judge conſent,
"Thought'ſt me juſt like thy ſelf, and that ſuch ways as theſe,
"Since they unpuniſht ſcap'd, muſt pleaſe;
"But I'll reprove thee, and they all
"Shall be my Witneſſes, when I to Judgement call;
"Then thou too late ſhalt know,
"This patience from my love did flow,
"And dearly pay both for thy ſin, and my forbearance too.

IX.

"Remember this, you who the Lord forget,
"And yet at laſt, if you are wiſe, return,
"Tempt not thoſe flames, which will break out & burn,
"And make your Judgement like my Patience great!
"Return, e're yet it be too late,
"See how I call, ſee how I wait,
"There's no repenting in a future ſtate;
"Deliverance then you ſhall expect in vain,
"And fruitleſly complain,
"When all your grief ſhall ſerve but to encreaſe your pain;
"Return now, whil'ſt you may, and now receive
"Thoſe Mercies, which I freely offer, freely give,
"And that you may be ever ſo, Now happy live!
"He honours me, who offers praiſe,
"For he exalts mine, and I'll bleſs his Wayes;
"Will be his refuge, till the ſtorm is paſt,
"And make him on a Rock ſtand faſt,
"Secure him here, and to my ſelf will bring him home at laſt.

Pſalm LI.

Miſerere mei Deus ſecundum, &c.

The IV. *Penitential Pſalm of* David, *when* Nathan *the Prophet came to Him, after he had gone in to* Bath-ſheba.

I.

THou, who art full of bounty, and of love,
The Juſt, and yet the Gracious God,
Whoſe Mercy has nor bound, nor Period,
Let my diſtreſs Thy pity move;
Lord, for Thy Mercies ſake blot out my ſin,
Whoſe ſum leſs infinite than that has only been!

II.

To Thee I come, O cleanſe and purge away
That filth, which do's Thy ſight offend,
Receive with favour thoſe requeſts I ſend,
And give Thy anſwer when I pray!
Waſh my foul Soul, that's ſtain'd all o're with ſin,
Without I ſhould be clean, if I were ſo within!

III.

'Tis great, I muſt confeſs, and wondrous foul,
So ugly that its ſhape affrights;
All day it haunts me, with me ſtays whole nights,
And with new horrors fills my Soul:
On me it ſtares, and when I turn aſide,
To ſhun the Fiend, I meet it where I thought to hide.

IV.

Againſt Thee only have I done this thing,
And to Thy Juſt award muſt ſtand;
If now upon me Thou ſhouldſt lay Thy hand,
'Twill not be heavier than my ſin:
Whate're the ſentence be I muſt confeſs,
Though ſharp that, Lord, in Juſtice Thou could'ſt do no leſs.

V. For

V.

For I in ſin was born, in ſin conceiv'd,
Full grown in that, when but a Childe;
My Nature, and my Life are both defil'd,
And Thee by both, Lord, have I griev'd:
Truth in the inward parts is Thy delight,
That I may pleaſe Thee make me know, then do what's right.

VI.

Purge me with Hyſſop, and I ſhall be clean,
Let through my Soul Thy waters flow;
My blackneſs ſhall be chang'd to pureſt Snow,
And all my ſtains no more be ſeen:
The Snow with me compar'd, ſhall ſeem leſs white,
And look as faireſt colours do for want of light.

VII.

No ſooner ſhalt Thou make me hear Thy voice,
But all my pains ſhall flee away;
The bones, which on the rack all broken lay,
Then knit more firmly, ſhall rejoyce:
Lord, as a Sinner look no more on mee,
Or if as ſuch, whom Love has reconcil'd to Thee!

VIII.

Give me an heart Thou canſt ungriev'd behold,
And a right Spirit in me renew;
'Tis full as eaſie, Lord, for Thee to do,
As undertake to mend the old:
Caſt me not from Thy gracious ſight away,
But let Thy Spirit, with mine renew'd thus, ever ſtay!

IX.

Make it my Comforter, with me to 'abide,
And all my Joyes again reſtore;
And that I ne're from Thee may wander more,
As I to others, be my Guide!

Who ſhall by my example learn Thy wayes,
And chang'd, like me, in Songs recount Thy wondrous Praiſe.

X.

Let not the guiltleſs blood, which I have ſhed,
And all its waves upon me roll;
But when thy ſprinkling ſhall make clean my Soul,
Let thy Salvation crown my head:
Then ſhall my Harp of all thy love reherſe,
And thy Salvation be the ſubject of my Verſe.

XI.

Open my mouth, Thy praiſe I'll ſpeak aloud,
For didſt Thou Bulls or Rams deſire,
A cruell Offring, and perpetual fire,
I blood would expiate then with blood:
But God all Sacrifice for that withſtands,
Only a bleeding heart attones for bloody hands.

XII.

Be good to Sion, build her Cities wall,
That all the Vows, which ſhe has made,
With mine, may be upon thy Altar laid,
And Hecatombs before it fall!
No cloudy darkneſs then ſhall veil the Skies,
But day all night break from the Evening Sacrifice.

Psalm LII.

Quid gloriaris in malitia, &c.

I.

INhumane Beast, more treacherous, than strong,
For Treason only makes thee so,
And by perfidiousness Thy Power dos grow,
Why boast'st Thou thus in doing wrong,
And arm'st weak hands with a malicious tongue?
The Almighty Goodness ever dos remain,
More firm, and stable than thy threats are vain.

II.

Sharp as a Lancet, which is newly whet,
Thy tongue dos pierce, and touch the quick,
Wounds mortally, before 'tis felt to prick,
Discovers plots, fram'd by deceit,
In thy designs, and malice only great,
Who sin before the chiefest Good dost love,
And lyes more than the Truth, that's from above.

III.

Bitter, and cruel Words are thy delight,
And all the joy of thy base tongue,
But neither thou, nor it shall prosper long:
For God on thee shall turn its spight,
Destroy thee from this Land, and His own sight;
And in reward for all your bitter fruit,
Both cut thee down, and pluck that up by th'root.

IV.

The Righteous shall behold it, and afraid,
Shrink at thy plagues, but laugh at thee,
And say, when They thy suddain ruine see,
"Lo this Man on his riches staid,
"And sought help from the Gods his gold had made,

A Psalm of David *When* Doeg *the Edomite came and told* Saul *and said unto him* David *is come to the house of* Ahimelech.

" Neglecting Him, who ſhould have been his Truſt,
" For them, who thus deceiving him are juſt.

V.

But like an Olive-tree ſtill freſh, and green,
I in Gods Houſe ſhall ever ſtand,
Planted and watered there by His own hand,
And on my boughs have fruit be ſeen,
Where He may ſhine, and no cloud come between:
On Him I'll wait, whoſe Mercies have no end,
And as they fall, my Praiſes ſhall aſcend.

Another

Another Version of the same:

By *M. M. B.*

I.

MOnster of Men, who canst such mischiefs act,
And proudly triumph in the bloody fact,
Must this thy power declare,
That they, who at *Jehovahs* Altar stood,
The Priests themselves, all stain'd with their own blood,
The guiltless Victims of thy Fury were?
Yet not even this was able to asswage
Thy own curst malice, or thy wicked Masters rage.

II.

But though my ruine thou didst most design,
And that no blood should quench thy thirst but mine,
Know, wretch, that God is good
And has been alwayes so in ages past,
Nor shall Eternity His love exhaust;
Wherefore 'tis not thy force, though like a flood,
Nor all thy secret Plots, which shall avayl,
Unless thou canst against th' Almighty first prevail.

III.

Within thy heart ly hid those poysonous seeds
Of treason, which thy tongue provokes to deeds:
So piercing are thy words
They seem the Razours dulness to upbraid,
As if unfit for action, or afraid,
And have more edge than all my Enemies Swords:
By these thou dost the just ensnare, and slay,
And low as earth, their hopes, and lives together lay.

IV. But

IV.

But who, think'ſt thou, theſe actions will admire,
Since thou 'rt inſpir'd by an infernal fire?
A flame, which ſtrongly moves
To lying miſchiefs, and unjuſt deceit,
And all the falſe delights, which on them wait,
Or ſin preſents to excite and raiſe new loves!
Hence 'tis that Juſtice ſeems ſo mean, and low,
Nor longer fit for great men, than to make them ſo.

V.

Devouring words do thy beſt love command,
And to them thou haſt joyn'd a bloody hand:
But the Almighty God
In thy deſtruction ſhall His Power make known,
Which in eternall torments thou ſhalt own,
When he makes bare His Arm, and ſhakes His Rod,
Removing thee from thy beloved place,
And from the Earth roots out thy trayterous name and race.

VI.

The Righteous, when they ſee the overthrow,
Shall fear His Power, who has brought thee ſo low,
And ſhouting at thy fall,
Cry out, "Lo, where's the man, who fixt his truſt,
"Not in our God, but his own glittering duſt,
"Which, uſeleſs now, can yield no help at all:
"Look how that ſtrength, which he in fraud once plac'd,
"Is by the breath of the Eternall Word defac'd!

VII.

But whil'ſt this wretch deplores his dolorous ſtate,
My God, who on him threw the mighty weight,
Will me aſſign a place,
Within His Courts, where, like an Olive-tree,
With fruit and bloſſoms I ſhall loaded bee,
And feel the kindeſt Influence of His Grace:

'Tis

'Tis in His Mercies I'll for ever truſt,
Whoſe Love, and Wrath thus ſhown, declare that He is juſt.

VIII.

Then will I of ſome nobler ſubject ſing,
And to exalt my God freſh praiſes bring;
Then, like my Sacrifice,
In flames of pureſt Love I'le mount on high,
To Him, who ſav'd me from my Enemy,
And in my paſſage perfume all the Skies
To Heav'n; nor ſhort of His dread Preſence ſtay,
Whil'ſt the admiring Saints riſe up to make me way.

Psalm LIII.

Dixit insipiens in Corde, &c.

I.

A Psalm of David.

"THere is no God, the Fool in's heart do's say,
And that his life may not his heart betray,
He like one, that believes it, Lives;
Doth with blasphemous mouth deny
The very Being of the Deity,
And in his works, That lye
Which he to Man dares not, to Heaven prophanely gives.

II.

From Heav'n th' Almighty God came down to view
What He there saw, and there could punish too;
Yet down He came, and look'd around,
He searcht, if He might any see,
Any of His, lest they should numbred be,
To th' Common Misery,
He search't, but not a Just man in the Number found.

III.

Are they all thus, O God, all gone aside,
As if from Thee they could their follies hide?
Are all thus greedy to devour,
And eat Thy People up, like Bread,
Thankless for that, and not some Judgement dread,
Like those by Quails once fed (showre.
Tempting that Heav'n, which Manna down before did

IV.

Amidst their jollity in fears they were,
Though all around appear'd no cause of fear;
For unawares God smote them all,
Scat'red them by His Mighty hand;

And

And as He there Inviſible did ſtand,
Their Plots did countermand,
And made them by their own deſigns in ſcorn to fall.

V.

From Zion, Lord, may *Iſraels* help appear,
Thence come, ſince all His Confidence is there!
Bring back, their long Captivity,
That *Iſrael* may adore Thy Wayes,
And *Jacob* to Thy Name give all the praiſe;
Together ſtrive to raiſe
Thy Honour, and admire Thee, as Thou ought'ſt to be.

Psalm LIV.

Deus in nomine tuo, &c.

A Psalm of David, *When the* Ziphims *came to* Saul, *and said,* "*Do's not* David *hide himself with us?*

I.

O Thou, who *Israels* Saviour art, be mine,
Be both my Judge, and Advocate,
Appear, e're yet it be too late,
Now make Thy Name, and Glory shine,
And not preserve me only Lord, but make me Thine.

II.

Incline Thine ear to my complaint, and cry!
And since Thou hast commanded me,
In my distress to cry to Thee,
Let not me cry, and Thou not hear,
Then fartheſt of, when Thou hast promis'd to be near.

III.

Strangers, my God, such as Thy Law despise,
And would both That, and me o'rethrow,
Who nor Thee, nor Thy Judgements know,
Oppressors in great Numbers rise,
And shall Thy aids be fewer, than my Enemies.

IV.

But see how gracious the Eternal is,
Who not my Life alone defends,
But to my Helpers succour sends,
And truly is a God in this,
Both my swift prayers to answer, and prevent my Wish.

V.

Nor shall my Enemies unpunish't be,
Their own designs shall vengeance call;
Their mischief fram'd shall on them fall,
And in their ruine I shall see
My eyes delight; thy Wrath on them, and Love to me.

VI. My

VI.

My God has ſcat'red them, and heard my cry;
To Him my chearful praiſe I'le ſing,
To Him my Songs, and Trophies bring,
For though I have the Victory,
'Twas He alone who gain'd it for me, and not I.

Pſalm LV.

Exaudi Deus Orationem, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

LOrd, to my Prayer incline Thine ear,
And turn nor that, nor Thy bright Face away!
Behold the mis'ries, which I bear,
When thoſe, who are its guards, my Crown betray:
In my deſtruction they rejoyce,
Their wrath on me, to Heav'n have ſent their noiſe,
May mine be heard above the tumults of their voice.

II.

Seis'd by this fright, my heart do's quake,
And all the terrors of the grave appear;
Hope, and my Truſt their holds forſake,
And yield the fortreſs to uſurping Fear:
Around I look, but in mine eye
Only deſpair, and grizly horror ly,
And none but Heav'ns great road is clear, if I could fly.

III.

And then I wiſh, that I had wings,
And like a Dove could 'ſcape, and be at reſt,
Beyond the Cares, which trouble Kings,
And have that eaſe they find not, in my breaſt;
How to the Woods then would I fly,
And as I there ſecure, and hidden ly,
See unconcern'd the Winds, and Thunders marching by.

IV.

Divide their Counſels with their tongues;
Theirs, who Thy City fill with violence,
And publiſh on its Walls the wrongs,
Not which they bear, but do juſt Innocence:

Both

Both night and day they it ſurround,
Murders, and Rapes in every ſtreet are found, (ſound.
And with th' Oppreſſors mixt cries of the Oppreſs'd re-

V.

Had all this by an Enemy,
Or one, who only hated me, been done,
I could have born it, and defie
The Treaſon, when the Traytor once is known:
My force to his I would oppoſe,
And to decide our right in battle cloſe,
Or had he been too ſtrong, have fled, and Umpires choſe.

VI.

But it was Thou, my Friend, my Guide,
The happy Partner of my Cares, and Throne,
In whoſe breaſt I could ſafely hide
Thoſe ſecrets I ſcarce truſted in my own;
Who with me to Gods Houſe would go,
And Zeal for that, which I moſt honour'd ſhow,
And like my ſelf, but better, all my thoughts did know.

VII.

But may he now no journey go,
But what's to Hell, and by no hand be ſtaid,
Let Sin, which fills his dwelling now,
His bones, and heart with thouſand plagues invade!
For God himſelf ſhall guide my Way,
To Him at morning, noon, and night I'le pray,
And He ſhall hear me, when I thus crown every day.

VIII.

'Twas He preſerv'd my Soul in Peace,
And gave thoſe Wars, which threatned it, an end;
Made the ſhrill noiſe of Trumpets ceaſe,
And unexpected aids was pleas'd to ſend:
He ſtill ſhall hear me, and once more

Make

Make bare His Arm, and ſhew His mighty Power,
Who is the ſame to ſave now, that He was before.

IX.

But Him they fear not, and miſcall
Their Treaſons, when they proſper, Loyalty;
No croſs event did ever fall,
Which might the Juſtice of their Cauſe deny:
And then afreſh they Cov'nants make,
And their Allegiance for new Oaths forſake,
Which they with caution, only during pleaſure, take.

X.

Murder, and Rapes, Revenge, and War,
Rebellion, and Injuſtice rage within;
Though ſmooth as Oyle their Speeches are,
And like that us'd, to make the Razer keen;
But, Soul, on God Thy burden caſt,
Only believe, and make not too much haſt,
He, who protects Thee Now, will Victory give at laſt.

XI.

God will the Righteous Man defend,
But down to Hell in wrath the Wicked throw;
Blood, and Deceit ſhall haſte his end,
And clear the way, which he to death ſhall go:
His dayes ſhall evil be, and few,
And as they with his crimes to ripeneſs grew,
Both ſhall together fall: He ſaid it, who is True.

Pſalm LVI.

Miſerere mei Deus quoniam, &c.

I.

MErcy, my God, on me Thy Mercy ſhow!
And if thy pleaſure do's, my need ſayes, Now.
Now, when my Foe is ready to devour,
Threatning to do it every hour,
And grows in malice, as he do's in Pow'r.

A Pſalm of David, *When the* Philiſtims *took him in* Gath.

II.

To ſwallow up my Soul they ready are,
And gape to do it, but I am Thy Care;
They needs muſt many be, O Thou Moſt High,
When I have no place where to fly,
But from one to another Enemy.

III.

But when I fear, Thou ſhalt my Refuge be,
That fear ſhall give me wings to mount to Thee;
On Thee I'le truſt, until my Titles try'd,
Reſolving ne're to be deny'd,
Till Thou, who gav'ſt it me, my Right decide.

IV.

On Gods Almighty Word, will I depend;
On God I'le truſt, who certain help will ſend:
There will I reſt, and if my God but ſmile,
Or He theſe doubts will reconcile,
Or make me ſcorn, what Fleſh can do the while.

Verſus.

V.

Me and my words to wreſt they never ceaſe,
And make them moſt offend, when meant to pleaſe:
Their thoughts for evil are againſt me ſet,

And when they are in Counſel met,
Contrive how by my fall they may be great.

VI.

Shall they eſcape unpuniſh't in their wayes,
And in Proſperity ſpend all their dayes?
Lord, in Thine Anger let them be o'rethrown,
Thou need'ſt but only on them frown,
Lower than me, that look will caſt them down!

VII.

Thou all my wand'rings, every pace do'ſt know,
And not'ſt how many ſteps I from Thee go;
See'ſt my tears too, what they were ſhed about,
And in thy bottle they are put,
Whence, with a Sponge, what's in Thy Book blot out?

VIII.

When to my God in my diſtreſs I cry,
My very Prayers make all mine Enemies fly;
My ſighs ſhall backwards turn them, in the Rear
They ſhall a greater Enemy fear,
And in that ſtill voice know that God draws near.

IX.

Verſus. On Gods Almighty Word I will depend,
On God I'le truſt, who certain help will ſend:
There I will reſt, and if my God but ſmile,
Either theſe doubts he'l reconcile,
Or make me ſcorn, what Fleſh can do the while.

X.

Thy Vows are on me, and I'le give Thee praiſe,
The Field is Thine, and Thine ſhall be the Bayes:
Thou haſt preſerv'd my Soul, wilt Thou not bleſs,
My ſliding feet with ſteadineſs?
The greater's done, and wilt not do the leſs?

Pſalm

Pſalm LVII.

Miſerere mei Deus, miſerere, &c.

I.

O Thou on whom my Soul for help relyes,
Let my diſtreſs find pitty in Thine eyes!
Thou art my Truſt, on Thee I ſtay,
Under Thy Wings, let me conceal'd abide,
And till theſe ſtorms are paſt, me hide
Under their ſhade, elſe on them let me fly away!

A Pſalm of David, *When he fled from* Saul *in the Cave.*

II.

To my great Saviour, who above do's reign,
Whoſe Mighty Power do's me, and All ſuſtain,
To Him I'le cry, who down ſhall ſend
From Heav'n, and ſave me by His own right hand
From thoſe, who Him, and me withſtand;
His Truth ſhall ſlay them, and His Mercy me defend.

III.

Among fierce Lions, Lord, hid in their den,
With beaſts more fierce than Lions, Cruel Men,
Whoſe teeth be arrows, and ſharp Spears,
Their tongue a two edg'd Sword, their eyes all fire,
As if in this they did conſpire,
By ſeveral Torments, to create me ſeveral fears:

IV.

With theſe I live, among theſe men I lye,
And hardly for my thoughts gain liberty.
Above the Clouds exalted be

Verſus.

Lord, ſet Thy glory far above the Skies;
And though ſo high I cannot riſe,
From Heav'n do Thou deſcend, when I look up to Thee.

V.

I could not ſcape, they had ſo girt me round,
My very Soul lay proſtrate on the ground;
But, as I look'd, I ſaw them fall,
And though for me they had prepar'd the net,
That I might ſtumble, digg'd the pit,
Into that pit they fell themſelves, their ſnare and all.

VI.

I am reſolv'd, nor will I any more
Diſtruſt my God, as I have done before;
No, I will praiſe Him, and my heart,
Which ha's ſo oft betray'd me into fear,
Its burden in the Song ſhall bear,
And when my Harp begins, ſhall take the higheſt part.

VII.

Awake, my Harp, 'tis time for thee to wake,
Prevent the day, and thy great ſubject take;
Put all thy ſtrings on, ſhew thy skill,
God, and my Soul are ready, be not ſlow,
For if we ſhould before thee go, (Hill!
Thy ſtrings would never half way reach up Heav'ns High

VIII.

We Come, O God, and with us up will raiſe
High as Thy Love and Truth, to Heaven, Thy Praiſe;
The World ſhall hear, what Thou haſt done,
How ſignally Thou haſt appear'd for me,
By Thy great Power haſt ſet me free, (known,
And for His Works praiſe Him, whoſe Name they have not

IX. Then

IX.

Then to the Clouds we will together fly,
And take new Wing to mount to the Moſt High;
Above the Clouds exalted be
Lord, ſet Thy glory far above the Skies;
And if ſo high We cannot riſe,
Deſcend Thy ſelf, and bear us up along with Thee!

Verſus.

Psalm LVIII.

Si vere utiq; justitiam, &c.

A Psalm of David.

I.

ARE you, as by your place you ought to be,
True Judges of the Poor mans wrong?
Or rather do you not his suit prolong,
And then bind o're, when you should set him free?
You would be thought both good, and just,
And if not so, at least Just though severe;
But when you personate it most, (spare;
Your mouth condemns that, which your heart would
For when bribes hold the Scale, the lightest cause most
(weight do's bear.

II.

The Wicked from the womb are gone astray,
Their wand'rings with their life begun,
And will no sooner than their life be done,
Nor seek they, what they know not, the right way:
Under their tongues conceal'd, and close,
A deadlier poyson than the Serpents lyes;
Adders less cautiously expose
Their ears to Charms, than they to hear the Wise,
As deaf to Counsel, as they greedy are of flatteries.

III.

Break out the Lions teeth, nor let them more
The Innocent so proudly tear!
Let the young Lions, Lord, themselves in fear,
Not o're their prey, but torn with famine roar!
And as the Sand, though kind Heav'n pours
The like streams there, as on the fruitful Plain,
To Heav'n returns no thanks in flowers,
But only as it falls, drinks up the rain,
Like rain by Sand drunk up, let them be never rais'd again!

IV. When

IV.

When againſt me they throw their poyſon'd darts,
And in their rage their bows do bend,
Or let them be too weak the ſhafts to ſend?
Or turn the Pykes into the Shooters hearts!
And as a Snail, which leaves behind
A ſilver film, along the way ſhe paſs'd,
But if you follow it you find
Both that, and her in ſlime conclude at laſt,
So let them periſh, and from filthy ſlime, to Nothing waſt!

V.

Like an Abortive, which ne're ſaw the Sun,
But dy'd, e're it had any birth,
Born only that it might be thrown to th' Earth,
Let their Race end, e're it be well begun!
E're briars with the thorn can cloſe,
And in their claſping Arms each other take,
Which grew acquainted as they roſe,
And only forc't by fire, their holds forſake,
Let their ends be as ſuddain, as thoſe their embraces make!

VI.

The Juſt ſhall ſee't, and at the ſight rejoyce,
And in their blood his Garments waſh;
Without fear ſhall this Red Sea view, and paſs,
And with ſuch Acclamations raiſe his voice,
"Lo, for the Juſt what Crown remains!
"And what Reward God do's for Him provide;
"There is a King, who o're all reigns,
"And He with Juſtice ſhall each cauſe decide, (are try'd.
"By whoſe moſt Equal Laws judges themſelves, and Thrones

Psalm LIX.

Eripe me de inimicis meis Deus, &c.

I.

A Psalm of David, *When* Saul *sent, and they watcht the house to kill Him.*

PReserve me, Lord, and by Thy hand o'rethrown,
Let them, who seek my ruine, find their own!
From envious Men my honour save,
And to the cruel make me not a prey!
I never cause of wrath, or malice gave,
That to entrap me thus, they snares should lay,
And what for them I could have spent, my life, betray.

II.

Versus.

Awake, my help, and to my aid come down,
To visit, and destroy, Thou need'st but frown!
Spare none of them, my God, that they,
Like hungry Doggs which have no Carkass found,
At night may, disappointed of their prey,
With howlings only fill the Streets around,
And see the blood they hunted for, in their own wound!

III.

Look, how they belch out poyson, mortal Words,
And how one death attends their tongues, and swords!
"Yet who, say they, What God do's hear?
Even Thou, O Lord, who wilt their threats deride,
And having turn'd upon them their own fear,
In their destruction for my Life provide,
Who only on Thy strength, and bounty have rely'd.

IV.

They shall prevent my wish, and let me see
It granted, e're my Prayers are made to Thee;
Yet at one blow destroy them not,
But let them wander, and feel how they dye;
Least by my self the Mercy be forgo',

And

And without Monument to touch mine eye,
A ſwift Oblivion follow a ſwift Victory.

V.

Let their own Lips, and pride their ruine be;
And take them in the toiles they laid for me!
Upon themſelves their Curſes turn,
And in Thy Wrath, my God, conſume them all!
Under them may they ſee the Furnace burn,
Whil'ſt they in vain for help to Thee will call,
And from their heights into the flames but lower fall!

VI.

Then ſhall they know how far Thy Rule extends,
From Thy Throne Sion, to th'Earths utmoſt ends;
When they to ſhun the light, and day,
Like hungry Dogs, at midnight only found,
Beat up and down in vain to ſeiſe their prey,
With howlings filling all the ſtreets around,
And have no blood but what they draw from their own wound.

Verſus.

VII.

I the meanwhile will of Thy Power reherſe,
And call the Morning up to hear my Verſe;
Of Thee I'le ſing, who heretofore
For my defence appear'dſt both great, and ſtrong,
And for my ſafety haſt new aids in ſtore;
Nor ſhall Eternity it ſelf ſeem long,
When all the while My Strength, and Saviour is my Song.

Psalm LX.

Deus repulisti nos, &c.

A Psalm of David. *To teach When he strove with* Aram Naharaim *and* Aram Zobah, *when* Joab *returned and smote in the Vally of Salt of* Edom. XII. M.

I.

LOrd, Thou hast smote us, turn'd Thy Face aside,
And all thy Mercies dost in fury hide;
Like us Our very Mountains quake,
Return, least We, and They together fall;
For if Thou com'st not to Our Call,
We shall Our Land, that its Foundations will forsake.

II.

Low as the Earth, press'd down with miseries,
As little hope is in our heart, as eyes;
And though, O God, we still are Thine,
And only of the Cup Thou giv'st us, drink,
We cannot of Thy Cov'nant think,
Instead of help, astonishment is in the Wine.

III.

Low as we were, God did His Power display,
And in a moment chas'd our fears away;
Under His Banner *Israel* went,
The Lord of Hosts did on their side appear,
And though their Troops encamp'd in fear,
The God, who led them out, deliv'rance to them sent.

IV.

God did it, that His Glory might be known,
And with what ease He could defend His Own;
He bow'd His Ear, and heard my Cry,
His Promise past, and in it I rejoyce,
Gave me of all the World my Choice,
And on my Gods Almighty Promise I relye.

V. *Sechem*

V.

Sechem is Mine, I will divide its Plain,
And o're the Vale of *Succoth* throw my Chain;
The Tribes of *Iſrael* ſhall obey,
Thoſe, which lye furtheſt of, or nearer ſtand,
Shall yield themſelves to my Command,
Shall ſerve, while *Judah* gives them Laws, and holds the ſway.

VI.

Moab's my Waſh-pot, and ſhall ſue to be
A Vaſſall to my baſeſt drudgery;
Philiſtia ſhall my Chariot meet,
Honour'd enough if ſhe may bear that Yoke,
Proud *Edom* ha's ſo often broke;
And *Edom* ſhall ſubmit her neck, and take my feet.

VII.

But who to *Edom* will direct my Courſe,
And entrance for me into *Bozra* force?
God ſhall direct me to the Town,
God, who of late ha's ſeem'd to diſappear;
And when He comes, knowing He's there,
The Walls, to make Him way, ſhall open, or fall down.

VIII.

Help us, O God, for we in vain implore
A Forraign Aid, which wants our ſuccour more:
Thou art my help, through Thee my head
With Laurel ſhall be crown'd, and in my wayes,
Some Enemies neck the ground ſhall raiſe,
So that my feet ſhall triumph too, and on them tread.

Pſalm LXI.

Exaudi Deus deprecationem, &c.

I.

A Pſalm of David.

HEar me my Saviour, for to Thee I cry,
And let Thy anſwer ſhew that Thou art nigh!
Baniſh'd, forlorn; and under deep ſuſpenſe,
Lord, lead me to ſome higher Rock,
Where I theſe ſtraits may overlook,
And though I come not thither, ſee Thy Temple thence!

II.

Thou haſt my refuge been, Thy Strength my Tower,
And in my weakneſs I have ſeen Thy Power;
And ſhall behold it ſtill, and yet abide,
For all this abſence, on Thy Hill,
And there my preſent Vows fulfill,
Brought on thoſe wings, under whoſe ſhadow now I hide.

III.

I'm confident, for Thou haſt heard my Vows,
And my experience ſpeaks, but what it knows;
For to the Throne my way Thou firſt did'ſt ſhow,
To rule or'e them, who fear Thy Name;
And ſince Thou alwayes art the ſame,
Thou, who haſt made Thy Servant King, wil't keep him ſo.

IV.

His Life Thou wilt prolong to many dayes,
His Seed in th'Age to come, Thy name ſhall praiſe;
Preſerve him, Lord, let Truth and Mercy be
The chief Supporters of his Throne,
By all the Graces waited on,
That He may pay, as well as make His Vows to Thee!

Pſalm

Pſalm LXII.

Nonne Deo ſubjecta erit, &c.

I.

ON God alone my Soul depends,
From Him do's my ſalvation come;
Himſelf is the ſalvation, which He ſends,
And for my Conqueſts His great Arm makes room;
He is my Rock, and ſure defence,
And all that I expect is thence;
There I unmov'd ſhall ſtand, when tempeſts roar,
And Seas, which threaten me, are daſh't againſt the ſhore.

A Pſalm of David,

Verſus.

II.

How long then will you plots deviſe,
Againſt a Man, who is upright?
Upon your ſelves ſhall fall your ſland'rous lyes,
And your own arms againſt you turn the fight.
By your own miſchiefs, you ſhall fall,
Be like a great, but bowing wall,
Whoſe own weight, when too weak to ſtand, 'tis grown,
Do's but with greater violence help to bear it down.

III.

God ha's advanc'd me to the Throne,
Above the malice of their eye;
Thence, if they could, they ſtrive to pull me down,
And undermine, what out of ſhot do's lye:
Deceit, and gall is in their hearts,
And there they dip their poyſon'd darts;
Their hearts they think can by no eye be ſeen,
If once the Viſor of baſe Flatt'ry come between.

Verſus.

IV.

But Thou, my Soul, on God depend!
From Him muſt Thy Salvation come,
Himſelf is the Salvation, which He'l ſend,
And for Thy Conqueſt His great arms make room:
He is my Rock, and ſure defence,
And all that I expect is thence;
There I unmov'd ſhall ſtand, when Tempeſts roar,
And Seas, which threaten me, are daſh'd againſt the ſhore.

V.

In God is all my Hope, and Stay,
The Rock of Ages is my Shield;
By me, O World, to Him direct Thy way,
And like Thy Guide, ſeek Him, who help can yield!
He is Our Hope, when all means fail,
And when none elſe, His hands prevail;
The Poor want help, the Rich are but a Lye,
And to be weigh'd, are lighter both than Vanity.

VI.

Then in Oppreſſion never truſt,
Nor Riches though they be increas'd!
They will deceive you, for they are but duſt,
And the worſt Arms, though fondly judg'd the beſt;
'Twas once ſpoke by th' Almighty's Words,
I heard it twice, *All Power*'s the Lords:
Mercy, O God, do's alſo ſpring from Thee,
And as each Mans Work is, ſo his reward ſhall be.

Psalm LXIII.

Deus, Deus meus, ad te, &c.

A Psalm of David. When he was in the Wilderneß of Judah.

I.

EArly my God, before 'tis Light,
And all the Stars are up, but that which makes the day,
Whil'ſt Heav'n alone with flames is bright,
And all below is hurl'd i'th ſable veil of night,
Which they can neither draw, nor take away;
Early I'le worſhip, and one glance from Thee,
E're 'tis with others day, ſhall make it noon with me.

II.

And as this dry, and thirſty land,
Where the ground ready to expire for want of rain,
Gaping, and out of breath do's ſtand,
And ſhews its very bowels ſhriv'led like its ſand,
And having drunk, gapes for more drink again,
The Wilderneſs and I in this agree,
For as that thirſts for rain, ſo Lord, I thirſt for Thee.

III.

I thirſt Thy glorious power to ſee,
As I have ſeen it in Thy Temple heretofore;
When raviſh't with Thy love to me,
To dye I was content, could I but ſo love Thee,
And ſo to dye, this life would chooſe no more;
Theſe thoughts ſo high my fainting Spirit do raiſe,
That through my lips they force their way in ſongs of praiſe.

IV.

For this I'le bleſs Thee, and on high
To Thy Great Name ſend up my praiſes, whil'ſt I live;

For

For ſince at preſent I enjoy
A mind content, it ſhall prepare for more ſupply,
Though Thou at preſent only that do'ſt give;
Even that ſhall bring my famiſh't Soul more good,
Than what my Body ha's, from moſt delicious food.

V.

Marrow, and Fatneſs it ſhall be,
And all the ſolid meats, which pleaſe, and feed the ſtrong;
For I ſhall come at laſt to Thee,
Who art the Bleſſed End of all Felicity,
And the beſt ſubject of my humble ſong:
And on my bed, when I revolve Thy might,
My Praiſes ſhall, inſtead of Watches, part the night.

VI.

Exil'd, diſtreſs'd, and wond'rous low,
Under Thy wings ſecure I in my trouble lay;
Since I ſo well their covert know,
I'le follow hard, o'retake, and never let Thee go,
Unleſs on them Thou bear me too away;
Then ſhall I be upheld by Thy Right hand,
And on the empty Air, as on a Mountain ſtand.

VII.

Then ſhall my Enemies fall down,
By their own ſwords, and haſting to th'untimely grave,
Reap truly, what themſelves have ſown,
And their vile Carkaſſes to Dogs, and Foxes thrown,
Receive no better Burial than they gave;
Such living Monuments, which ſhall decay,
And be in other Beaſts entomb'd as well as they.

VIII. But

VIII.

But I ſhall in my God rejoyce,
And as He raigns above, be ſtabliſh't in my Throne below;
For I am His, and He my Choice,
And as my heart now praiſes Him, ſo ſhall my voice;
And all who fear Him, and the Wonder know,
In joyous ſhouts, ſhall their long ſilence break,
Whil'ſt my Foes, burſt with envy, want all power to ſpeak.

Pſalm LXIV.

Exaudi Deus orationem, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

LOrd to my voice incline Thine ear,
And ſet me free from danger, and from fear!
Hide me from thoſe, who wicked plots devise,
Are my profeſs'd, yet ſecret Enemies;
Who whet their tongues, inſtead of Swords,
And ſhoot for poyſon'd arrows, bitter Words.

II.

They bend their bow, and out of ſight,
Watch how they unperceiv'd may wound th' Upright;
At him they fearleſs ſhoot, and plot, the while,
If this diſpatch him not, what Engine will;
"Through our diſguiſe what man can ſee,
Or how, ſay they, can we diſcover'd be?

III.

No art they leave untry'd, but round
Seek, and ne'r reſt, till what they ſought is found;
Each ha's his ſeveral way, their heart's ſo deep,
That each, though partners, their own counſel keep:
And dare not one another truſt,
Though all in this agreed againſt the Juſt.

IV.

But God ſhall ſtrike them with a dart,
That ſhall divide between the thoughts, and heart:
Both ſhall be wounded, both together fall,
And their own tongues ſhall give like death to all:
To ſpare their lives no man ſhall pray,
But frighted at their ruine flee away.

V.

By their deſtruction all ſhall fear,
And dread the judgement, which they ſee ſo near;
Shall think, and ſpeak of what the Lord ha's done,
And joy in Him, whoſe Pow'r was thus made known;
The Righteous in Him ſhall rejoyce,
And up to Heav'n in praiſes lift their voice.

Pſalm LXV.

Te decet hymnus Deus!

I.

A Pſalm of David.

PRaiſes for Thee in Sion, Lord, attend,
Sion, the faireſt Stage in Heav'ns great road,
Whence thouſand Praiſes daily do aſcend,
And come in troops to Thy Divine Aboad;
There I my vows will pay,
And with the Convoy they find there, direct their Way.

II.

O Thou, who all times do'ſt th'afflicted hear,
From the Worlds ends all Fleſh ſhall come to Thee!
My ſins I know may juſtly ſtop Thine ear,
And make a greater breach 'twixt Thee and me;
But purge them, Lord, and I
Shall never pray in vain, and Thou be alwayes nigh.

III.

Thrice happy man, on whom Thou wilt beſtow,
That Grace, which of a Slave, ſhall make him Thine;
Thy Friend, who in Thy Houſe Thy love ſhall know,
And ſee Thy Glory as it there do's ſhine;
When He ſhall to thee pray,
Nor Thine own Face, nor his Prayers wilt Thou turn away.

IV.

By fearfull things in Truth, Lord, anſwer us,
Who ſav'ſt Thy People, and do'ſt take their part!
And not theirs only, but propitious
Th'Earths ends have found Thee, & their help Thou art:
The Earths ends to Thee are near,
And on rough Seas, through ſtorms and clouds, Thou prayers (doſt hear.

V. God

V.

God by His ſtrength the Mountains ha's ſet faſt;
Mountains, whoſe heads are rais'd above the Sky;
His Word, not their Foundations, makes them laſt,
Though they as low, as the World's Center lye:
Their tops no ſtorm can ſhake,
Yet at His preſence, like the little Hills they quake.

VI.

The Sea, when up to Heav'n its billows ſwell,
As if it ſcorn'd in its old bounds to ſtay,
He with his girdle binds the mighty Well,
With charge the ſandy Jaylor to obey;
Who, when it heaves, and roars,
Its fury checks, and makes it keep within its ſhores.

VII.

And as tempeſtuous Seas His Word obey,
And at His lowder Call their voice hold ſtill,
The People, a more troub'lous Sea than they,
In all their tumults hearken to His Will;
His Thunder makes them fear,
And thoſe, who get moſt off, yet think they are too near.

VIII.

From the bright Eaſt Thou mak'ſt Thy Sun to go,
Before him creeps in Chains the Captive night,
And in the Weſt, when he from us draws low,
'Tis but to ſpread his Conqueſts, with his Light:
And till he comes again,
Bids the Moon fill his place, and in his ſtead to raign.

IX.

Thou viſiteſt the Earth, and giv'ſt it rain,
Of Thy rich bleſſing it do's freely ſpend;
The Earth returns its thanks to Heav'n again,
In flowers, which thither their ſweet Odours ſend,

As Customs, which they pay
To Thy dread Throne, who dost their Mothers heat allay.

X.

The Flood of God, whose Spring-head's in the clouds,
When on the weary ground it showers distills,
The softned ridge unto its furrow crowds,
And all it's clots the quick'ning moysture fills;
Thou by degrees dost bring
The Tillage on, and Harvest to succeed the Spring.

XI.

Plenty with every shower from Heav'n pours down,
The Earth do's by thy constant bounty grow;
Thy goodness do's the year with blessings crown,
And all Thy steps drop fatness where they go:
They on the Deserts drop,
Whose parched Sands drink deep, of Thy o'reflowing Cup.

XII.

The little Hills drink deep, and look more fair,
The Valleys pledge, till they can drink no more;
The Shepheards, and their flocks both merry are,
And all the Plains with Corn are cover'd o're:
With peace, and fruits abound,
And make the distant Mountains with their Songs resound.

Pſalm LXVI.

Jubilate Deo omnis terra, &c.

I.

REjoyce, O World, and to Thy God ſing praiſe!
Let Seas, and Iſles, and Lands His Name reſound;
Together with His Sun your voices raiſe,
And in Eternal Jubilees go round!
For if that riſe His mighty Power to ſhow,
Muc'h more ſhould you, on whom it ſhines do ſo.

A Pſalm or Song.

Verſus.

II.

Say to the Lord, "How mighty is Thy Power,
"Which even Thy Enemies muſt unforc'd confeſs?
"To th'Earth they bow themſelves, and would fall lower,
"But that inſtead Thou tak'ſt this poor addreſs:
"Th'Earth ſhall worſhip Thee, and their loud fame,
"Shall fill her Trumpet only with Thy Name.

III.

See what He did to raiſe it, how His hand
At once declar'd Him Terrible, and Good!
When raging Seas were turn'd to firm dry land,
And *Iſrael* paſt through th' admiring Flood;
Then 'twas we view'd, and troad His ſecret Wayes,
And roaring Deeps ſtood liſt'ning to His Praiſe.

IV.

He rules o're all, Him Heav'n, and Earth obey,
The Univerſall and Eternall King;
His eyes the Wicked, and the Good ſurvey,
And under chains His Hand the Proud do's bring:
Raiſe not Thy ſelf too high proud duſt, for fear
The Wind which fills, thy ſayles ſhould overbear.

V. Re

Verſus.

V.

Rejoyce ye Nations, and to God ſing praiſe!
Let Seas, and Iſles, and Lands his Name reſound;
Together with His Sun your voices raiſe,
And in Eternal Jubilees go round!
For He from falls our ſliding feet do's ſave,
And with new Life returns us from the grave.

VI.

Like Silver in the Furnace, we were try'd,
And felt unuſual flames rage all about,
But thence, as Silver, throughly purify'd,
We only left our droſs, when we came out;
The purer metall had no baſe alloy,
And all our griefs made way for greater joy.

VII.

Low were we brought, the net upon us caſt,
And on our loyns prodigious weights were laid,
Through Water tryal, and through fire we paſt,
And a deriſion to our foes were made:
But He, who there upheld us by His hand,
Brought us Himſelf, at laſt, to'th' Promis'd Land.

VIII.

With praiſes to Thy Houſe, my King, I'le go,
And make my thanks in clouds of Incenſe riſe;
There ſolemnly I'le pay the willing Vow,
Which my lips off'red in my Miſeries:
Bullocks, and Ramms I'le on Thy Altar lay,
And thence with Flames renew the Waſted day.

IX.

You, who have known th'Almighty, Love, draw near,
And to my Speech your ready minds incline;
Attend to that juſt witneſs, which I bear,
And to your own experiences take Mine!

„ When

" When I in ſighs to God my voyce did raiſe,
" And pray'd in groans, He turn'd them into praiſe.

X.

Had I kept ſome reſerve within my Heart,
In hope to hide it, He had ſtop't His Ear;
But I unbowel'd my moſt ſecret part,
And then He did not only ſee, but hear;
Praiſe Him, who thus His glory did diſplay,
Nor turn'd His own Face, nor my Prayers away!

Psalm LXVII.

Deus misereatur nostri, &c.

I.

A Psalm or Song. SAve us O God, and Thy poor Servants bless!
Thy Goodness and Thy Pow'r declare!
In Mercy help us, in Our great distress,
And We no more will doubt Thy Love or Care!
Let through the World Thy Mighty Name be known,
Versiculus. And what We praise, may the whole Earth with Rev'rence own!

II.

Rejoyce, ye Nations, for your God is here,
Who by His Wisdom rules o're all!
The Kings, and Kingdoms governs, and that fear
They strike in you, He makes on them to fall:
Versiculus. Let through the World His Mighty Name be known,
And what we praise, may the whole Earth with Rev'rence own!

III.

Then shall the Lord our Land both save and bless,
His Goodness, and His Power declare;
And then Our fields shall give their full increase,
And with His blessing look more gay and faire:
Versiculus. The Lord shall bless us, and His Name make known,
And what We praise, the whole Earth shall with Rev'rence own!

Psalm

Pſalm LXVIII.

Exurgat Deus, & diſſipentur, &c.

I.

GRreat Leader of the Sacred Hoſts, ariſe,
And ſcatt'ring Thy Proud Enemies,
Encreaſe Our Triumphs with Thy Victories!
Let thoſe, who hate Thy Name, before it flye,
Like Clouds of Smoke, chas'd by the Wind,
Which vaniſh as they mount on high,
And undiſtinguiſh't from the Common Skie,
No more in ſtrange Fantaſtick figures lye,
But without mark, to know them by,
Leave not the ſmalleſt ſtain behind,
That in the air, one may their empty traces find:
Let their deſtruction ſuddain be,
Sooner than Wax do's melt,
When once the flames are felt,
And in Thine eye may they the fire, which burns them ſee!
But let the Righteous in Thy Pow'r rejoyce,
With Flutes, and Trumpets make a cheerful noiſe,
And the whole Conſort joyn, and perfect with their voice!

A Pſalm of David.

II.

Make God your Song, Ye Juſt, and from His Wayes,
Which are in Heav'n, take theam your Verſe to raiſe!
In Heav'n, where He in glory rides,
And with His rein the Winds, which bear them guides,
And by His Name *Jehovah* celebrate His Praiſe!
Above He rules, but His great Pow'r extends
To what ſoe're is done below,
The Cares of all His Creatures He do's know,
And viſits the wide Earth's extremeſt ends:
Is a kind Father to the Fatherleſs,
The Widdows Counſel, and do's bleſs
Deſparing Nuptials with a large increaſe;

Making dead Wombs His voice to hear,
And her, that barren was, a numerous ſeed to bear:
And when to Him poor Captives cry,
Their tears move pitty in His eye;
And with His Arm He gives them Liberty;
Again returns them to their Land,
Made fruitful by His plenteous rain,
When on the Proud, He throws the Chain,
And turns their Paſtures to a dry, and barren Sand.

III.

Lord, when Thou through the Wilderneſs did'ſt go,
And their great Journeis to thy *Iſrael* ſhow, (Cloud below,
And, though Thou fill'dſt the Heav'ns, confind'ſt Thy ſelf to a
Sinai did at Thy Preſence quake,
The Rocks bow'd down, and the whole Earth did ſhake,
And ſtubborn *Iſrael* in their horrors did partake;
Thou thundred'ſt, and to own Thy Power,
The Heav'ns let fall a mighty ſhower,
With whoſe cool drops Thou did'ſt reſtore
The ſully'd beauties of the ſhriv'led Earth,
Giving its fruits, and flowers new birth,
And made'ſt it fairer, than it was before:
The deſert with Thy bleſſing did abound,
New ſtreams refreſh't the weary ground,
And *Jacob* there a ſafe retreat from bondage found.
There He ſecurely dwelt,
And all th' effects of mighty goodneſs felt:
There for His poor Thou did'ſt prepare,
And of His Armies took'ſt the care,
Still guiding them by Thine own hand, (mis'd Land.
Till by ſafe Conduct Thou hadſt brought them to th' Pro-

IV.

Before the Camp God march't, and Victory
Follow'd Him cloſe, in view of all,
Our Wives, who ſaw the Enemy fall,
To meet our triumphs laid their diſtaffs by,

And

And took the Cymbal, and the Lute,
And ſang to them that praiſe we ſhouted to the Flute.
They ſang of Armies, and of Kings,
How ſoon their troops were put to flight,
E're they had well reſolv'd to fight,
With all the Mirth, which certain conqueſt brings:
Now God abroad did overcome,
And they divided the rich ſpoil at home;
And though amongſt the Pots they long had lain,
Condemn'd to Brickilns, and the Mine,
How all the flames did but their Oar refine,
And made them with more Luſtre ſhine,
When all their former beauties it had firſt reſtor'd again.
Like ſpotleſs Doves in their moſt glorious flight,
Reflecting from their wings the tremb'ling light,
In thouſand colours, which the eye both dazle, and invite.

V.

And ſo look'd *Paleſtine*, when th' Heathen fell,
And ſpoils of Kings were ſcat'red there;
The Land, which was before as dark as Hell,
Receiv'd freſh verdure, and became with Trophies fair:
On high its head did bear,
As if with ſnowy Salmon, 'twould compare:
Baſan's high Hill God did with bleſſings crown,
And on it ſhow'rd ſuch plenty down,
One would have thought that God had choſe it for His own.
But hold, O Hill, raiſe not Thy ſelf too high,
For *Sion* yet ſhall o're Thee reign,
With Her compar'd, Thou muſt fall down again,
And flat as Thine own Vallies lye;
For God in *Sion* to reſide intends,
There muſt His Houſe, and Altar be;
His dwelling place to all Eternity,
And the whole World to Her ſhall bow,
And yield their necks as well as Thou;
To *Sion*, whoſe Vaſt ſway all bounds tranſcends,
Beyond the boundleſs ſpace, where furtheſt Nature ends.

VI.

On Her th'Eternal will erect His Throne,
God, whom the Powers of Heav'n, and Earth obey,
At whoſe dread Preſence *Sinai* fled away,
When thither He to *Iſrael*, all in fire, came down.
Smoke and thick Light'ning did the mountain bound,
With twenty thouſand flaming Chariots girt around,
The Guard Divine, whoſe wheels in Thunder did reſound.
And when He thence aroſe, and up on high
Aſcended with His glorious trains,
He lead Captivity in Chains,
And gifts on men beſtow'd, as well as liberty:
To Traytors pardon granted, and a Land,
Which was the purchaſe of His Own right hand;
And if no more they would rebell,
With promiſe there to make His Court, and ever dwell.
To Him alone be all the Praiſe,
Who thus His Name, and us can raiſe,
And with ten thouſand Bleſſings crowns Our dayes!

VII.

'Tis He, who ſaves us, and to Him belong
The keyes of th'Adamantine Gates of Death:
He opens, and none ſhuts, gives, and recalls Our breath,
Whoſe Name is, *Our Salvation*, *Great* and *Strong*:
Who will the Wicked tumble to the ground,
And make His Soul a paſſage through His Wound.
But to His People ſayes "I will again
"Repeat the Wonders, which I heretofore have ſhown;
"And greater do, than e're I yet have done,
"On *Baſan* get my ſelf a Name,
"Bow down His neck, and raiſe in Mounts the liquid Plain;
"The Sea once more divide, to make you way,
"Now truly Red with purple ſtreams, which flow,
"From your fierce En'mies veins, and my great blow,
"That Sea, as well as *Ægypt's*, trembling ſhall obey,
"And there you ſhall ſecurely paſs,
"And there your feet, and garments waſh;

"Your

" Your very dogs ſhall drink the blood, (Flood.
" And gorg'd, with humane fleſh, ſhall ſport alone the ſcarlet

VIII.

And ſo they did, and then Thy paths, O God, were ſeen,
And all Thy goings, nothing came between;
How Thou didſt both their way, and Armies lead,
Before the Singers went, and then the Flutes,
The Maidens follow'd with their Lutes,
And fearful Women heard ſhrill Trumpets without dread.
" Bleſs ye, ſaid they, the Mighty God!
" Ye ſtreams, which from Old *Jacob's* ſpring proceed,
" The Faithfull *Jacob's* happy ſeed,
" And with you ſtabliſh His Divine Aboad!
" Let little *Benjamin* be there, and there
" The Governours of *Judah*, fam'd for War,
" Whil'ſt Learned *Naphtali*, and *Zabulon*
" For the great day, and ſolemn pomp, compoſe a Song,
" And with their Numbers all the Tribes conduct along!
" Let God Himſelf new ſtrength command,
" And ſince He ha's ſuch wonders done,
" Perfect what is ſo well begun,
" And as we all before His Temple ſtand,
" Thoſe heads, which he ha's ſav'd, exalt with His own hand!

IX.

There, Lord, Our ſpoils to Thee We'll conſecrate,
And Princes thither ſhall their Tribute bring;
And ſwear Alleg'ance to Thee as their King,
Thy Peace, and Friendſhip ſupplicate,
And on their knees receive new Titles to their State;
Thoſe who refuſe, and think their Pow'r ſo great,
That it or can reſiſt, or vye with Thine,
And Heav'n with open blaſphemies dare threat,
Againſt their Spears, Lord, make Thy Light'ning ſhine,
And or o'rethrow, or force them to a baſe retreat!
And to thoſe roaring Bulls preſumptuous noiſe, (voice!
And bleating of their Calves, oppoſe the Thunder of Thy

Till

Till they for pardon ſue, and all ſubmit,
And as Thou on Thy Throne do'ſt ſit,
Their necks and gifts lay humbly at Thy Feet!
Till *Ægypt*, and the *Lybian* Nations come,
And leaving all the Gods they had at home,
In *Sion* only ſeek the True, and Holy One!

X.

Praiſe Him all Kingdoms, and all Lands,
That God, who ha's in Heav'n ſet faſt His Throne,
And all its Armies with His voice commands,
And makes them trembling His Dominion own!
His Mighty Voice abroad He ſends,
That Voice, which talleſt Cedars rends,
And makes His Thunder heard, to th' Worlds utmoſt ends!
Wiſdom, and Strength, and Majeſty,
To *Iſrael's* Strength and Wiſdom give,
Honour, and Praiſe to the Moſt High,
And endleſs Rule to Him, who doth for ever Live!
To Thee, O God moſt Worthy to be prais'd,
And in Thy Temple to be fear'd of all;
Who *Jacob* from the duſt haſt rais'd,
And ſo uphold'ſt, that He ſhall never fall;
Whoſe Sacred, and Eternal Name,
That for Him conquer'd thus, thus overcame,
Can only founded be by an Immortal Fame.

Pſalm LXIX.

Salvum me fac Deus quoniam, &c.

I.

SAve me, O God, for thouſand billows roul,
And mighty Floods come tumb'ling o're my Soul:
Th' unſtable Wave, no certain footing yields,
And when within my depth I reach the ground,
The Quick-ſands draw, and in thoſe wat'ry fields,
Where Mounts of Seas are caſt up, there's no ſtanding found.

A Pſalm of David.

Verſus.

II.

So tir'd I am that I no more can cry,
My Throat i'th' midſt of all theſe Seas is dry;
My eyes, and heart with expectation fail,
Whil'ſt all around I am with foes beſet,
Which daily grow, and as they grow prevail, (great.
More numerous than my hairs, like their own Numbers

III.

Uninjur'd, Lord, they are my Enemies,
And cauſleſly for my deſtruction riſe;
For though from them I never ought did take,
And what I had, was all my own before,
For wrongs ne're done, I ſatisfaction make,
And, as a thief convict, they force me to reſtore.

IV.

All this Thou know'ſt, For what is hid from Thee,
Who doſt my ſecret Sins and Follies ſee?
But with them too my Innocence is known;
For my ſake then let thoſe receive no ſhame,
Who have beſide the guards, which are their own,
(A guiltleſs mind) for their defence Thy Mighty Name!

V.

'Tis true, for that Affection, which I've born
To Thee, I'm made my ſelf the Common ſcorn;
My Brethren as a ſtranger on me look,
And though one blood alike fills all Our veins,
And all our ſtreams we from one Fountain took,
Like ſtreams divided once, we never meet again.

VI.

Yet neither this ſhall make me from Thee turn,
But in a Sacred Flame my Zeal ſhall burn:
I'le ſlight the Scorns, which they have on me thrown,
Though all the tempeſt break upon my head,
And in a thouſand deaths comes pouring down,
For 'tis no more than what againſt Thee firſt was ſaid.

VII.

I wept, and with an holy Diſcipline
Chaſt'ned that Soul, which abſtinence did pine;
In mournful Sackcloth did my beauties hide,
Which from reproach could not ſecure me long,
But thoſe, who ſaw it did my grief deride,
I was the Aged's By-word, and the Drunkard's Song.

VIII.

But all the while to Thee I made my Prayers,
Which even then found admittance to Thine Ears;
Lord, as Thou heard'ſt me then, defend me now!
Now, for Thy Mercy ſake deliver me,
Thou could'ſt not in a fitter time beſtow
Thy Favours, nor could they, I think, more welcome be!

IX.

Save me, My God, for thouſand billows roul,
And mighty Floods come tumb'ling o're my Soul;
Th' unſtable Wave no certain footing yields,
And, where within my depth I touch the ground,

Verſus.

The

The Quickſands draw, and in thoſe wat'ry fields,
Where Mounts of Seas are caſt up, there's no ſtanding found.

X.

From my inſulting Foes deliver me,
Who worſe than all theſe Floods and Quick-ſands be!
Let not their Waves my ſhipwrack't Soul o'reflow,
Nor in their deep Abyſs convey me down;
Let not the ſilent grave Thy anger ſhow,
Nor ſhut me up, where Thy great Name's unknown!

XI.

But for Thy mercy ſake incline Thine ear,
And Thine own Pitty, and compaſſions hear!
Hear me betimes, nor from Thy ſervant hide
Thy glorious ſight, or take Thy hand away,
But ſave Thou Him from his Oppreſſors pride,
Who know'ſt them all, and all the ſnares they for him lay.

XII.

Reproach and ſhame have torn my very heart,
When none of all that ſaw me took my Part,
For ſome kind ſoul I look'd, but all in vain,
No Comforter, or pitty could be found;
But ſuch, who ſtriving to encreaſe my pain,
Gall with my meat, my drink with Vinegar compound.

XIII.

May their own table, Lord, be made a ſnare!
A trap their dainty and luxurious fare!
With conſtant tremb'ling make their loins to ſhake!
And let them ſee no more the joyful light,
But may Thy wrath ſure vengeance on them take,
And cloſe attended be with an Eternal night!

XIV.

Let utter deſolation on them ſeize!
And ſavage beaſts defile their Palaces!

No more for men let them poſſeſſions be,
But dark repairs of Solitude and fears;
For as if all, which I had born from Thee,
Was not enough, to Thy ſharp ſtroke they added theirs.

XV.

Let in repeated Sin their age be ſpent!
And make their crime become their puniſhment!
Let them th' effects of Mercy never feel!
But in Thy Book draw o're their Names a blot!
And when they ſuddenly deſcend to Hell,
Let their Memorial by the Righteous be forgot!

XVI.

But I am poor, my God, and proſtrate lye,
By Thy Salvation to be rear'd on high:
That in my Songs I may Thy Name reherſe,
And up to Heav'n in grateful Anthems riſe;
To Thee, who doſt more kindly take a Verſe,
Than a young Bullocks blood, or horn-hoof'd Sacrifice.

XVII.

The humble ſhall behold it, and rejoyce;
To Thee incline their hearts, and raiſe their voice:
For to the Poor God do's bend down His Ear,
And their requeſts nor ſlights, nor diſregards,
But when to Him they cry, He ſtoops to hear,
And to His Pris'ners gives both freedom, and rewards.

XVIII.

Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea to God ſing praiſe!
And Angels on their Wings His honour raiſe!
For He will *Sion* ſave, her walls rebuild,
And *Iſrael* to their Land again reſtore;
The waſted Cities ſhall with Men be fill'd,
Confirm'd with Charters to their Seed for evermore!

Pſalm

Pſalm LXX.

Deus in adjutorium meum, &c.

A Pſalm of David, *To bring to Remembrance. Verſus.*

I.

MY God, why do's my God thus ever ſtay,
And to my reſcue make no haſt?
My Trouble calls Thee now away,
Let not my help be ſlow, when that comes on ſo faſt!

II.

Now come, and with Thy Preſence, Lord, confound
My proud and cruel Enemy:
Level his greatneſs with the ground,
And when he ſurely thought to conquer, make him fly!

III.

Let him be backward forc't, and for the ſcorn,
He in his malice threw on me,
Let on his head that ſcorn return,
And be Himſelf as low, as he wiſh't I ſhould be!

IV.

Whil'ſt thoſe, who in th'Almighties ſuccours truſt,
In Thee, who their Salvation art,
Rejoyce, becauſe their God is juſt,
And have their mouths as full of praiſes, as their heart.

V.

May I, my God, one of that Number be;
For though I am at preſent low,
Thou know'ſt I ſtill belong to Thee,
And only for my ſins till they are purg'd am ſo.

Verſus.

VI.

Help me, my God, O do not ever ſtay,
But to my reſcue come at laſt!
My troubles call Thee now away,
Let not my help be ſlow, when they come in ſo faſt!

Another

Another Verſion of the ſame, by *M. M. B.*

I.

ALmighty God, whoſe Pow'r is infinite,
Who with a Word did'ſt all things make, (quake,
So great, that when Thou ſpeak'ſt, the Mountains
Let my deliverance alſo ſhew Thy might,
And by its certain ſpeed make that appear more bright!

II.

The Proud, when he is from his greatneſs thrown,
And do's with ſhame, and horror find
Nothing of all his glory left behind,
Who when Thou, Lord, in wrath do'ſt on him frown,
His very Soul is with the heavy weight preſs'd down:

III.

Make his the Portion of my Enemies,
(Who in their curſed rage contrive
To ſlay my Soul, when Thou would'ſt have it live)
That they may ſee by this their ſad ſurpriſe,
It was not only me, but Thee they did deſpiſe!

IV.

Let thoſe, who wiſh my hurt, and would rejoyce,
As ſenſeleſs of my miſery,
Be like to conquer'd troops, which ſcatt'red fly,
And with confuſion tremble at the noiſe,
That's rais'd by their own fear, and mighty Enemies voice!

V.

For a reward let ſuch be driven away;
And quite aſtoniſh'd, may they find
No hopes of comfort to relieve their mind,
Who at my griefs in ſport triumphing ſay,
"This is as we would have it be, Aha! Aha!

VI. But

VI.

But on Thy People make Thy Face to ſhine!
Let them from fears be alwayes free,
(Except it be fears of offending Thee)
The ſacred Flame their heart ſhall ſo refine,
That now their joy ſhall only be that they are Thine!

VII.

Such as to Thy Salvation burn in love,
Let them perpetual praiſes ſing!
And with rejoycing this their Off'ring bring,
With ſuch Expreſſions let them forward move,
"Our God be magnify'd on Earth, and Heav'n above!

VIII.

But I am poor, and needy, much diſtreſs'd;
Wherefore, O Lord, make haſte to me!
For all the Springs of Mercy are in Thee;
And can I want, while I upon Thee reſt,
Whoſe Word alone commands deliv'rance to th'Oppreſt?

IX.

Thou, in whom all my confidence do's lye,
My help and hope in my diſtreſs,
Let not my Miſery make Thy Pow'r be leſs!
On Thee I wait, to Thee, O God, I fly,
Make haſte, and be Thou on the Wing as well as I!

Pſalm LXXI.

In te Domine ſperavi non confundar! &c.

I.

THou art my hope, O God, in whom I truſt,
Let not my Confidence procure me ſhame;
But ſave me in Thy Truth, for Thou art Juſt,
And in my great eſcape conſult Thy Name,
Leſt thoſe, who know Thee not, its care ſhould blame!
To my Complaints, and cryes incline Thine Ear,
And by Thy Help make me aſſur'd that Thou doſt hear!

II.

Be Thou my Rock, where till the Storm is paſt,
Above the Floods I may ſecurely ſtand!
Thy promis'd aids for me ſend out at laſt,
Who art my Rock at Sea, my Fort at Land,
And by Thine ſave me from my Enemies hand!
The bloody hands of fierce and cruel Men,
And all their ſhafts on their own heads return again!

III.

For Thou, O Lord, my ancient hope haſt been,
And from my youth I have Thy Mercies known;
Thy Power was in my firſt conception ſeen,
When from the Womb Thou did'ſt Thy Servant own;
And thence He into Thy great arms was thrown.
Praiſe is the leaſt that I can offer Thee
For all the care, which then, and ſince Thou took'ſt of me

IV.

But, Lord. deſpis'd I'me made the ſcorn of all,
A greater Wonder Now than heretofore;
Yet ſtill Thou art my God, on whom I call,
My Magazeen, where's laid up all my ſtore:
Nor till Thou ſav'ſt me, will I give Thee o're:

And then my Song ſhall glory in Thy Praiſe,
And I'll both honour, and admire Thee all my dayes.

V.

Now that I'm Old, my God, and feeble grown,
And both my eyes, and ſtrength together fail,
Leave me not now, by them to be o'rethrown,
Who with continuall plots my life aſſail,
And or to dye reſolve, or to prevail!
Who ſay, "We'll fight, o'recome, purſue, and take,
"And him, whom God ha's left, Our Slave & Captive make.

VI.

Thou, who all this, and more then this doſt hear,
Make haſte to help me, and no longer ſtay!
Let thoſe, who thought Thee farr off, find Thee near,
When in conſuming flames they melt away,
And to Eternal Wrath are made a prey!
Let ſhame, Reproach and Scorn their Portion be,
And all the ſnares their malice had deſign'd for me!

VII.

Then to Thy Name I'll make new Songs of Praiſe,
By this experience taught to doubt no more;
Recount of Thy great Wonders all my dayes,
And of Thy Righteous Mercies, boundleſs ſtore,
Which I ſufficiently can ne'r adore:
By Thine own Power, I'll of Thy Power rehearſe,
And make Thy Righteouſneſs the ſubject of my Verſe.

VIII.

Thou from my Infancy haſt made me ſee
Thy Wond'rous Works, which I abroad have ſhown,
Now that I'm Old continue them to me,
That I may perfect what I have begun,
And tell Poſterity, what Thou haſt done!
How great Thy Bounty is, How great Thy Love, (above!
Like whom there's none below, like whom there's none

IX. Great,

IX.

Great, and ſore troubles, for Thy hand I've born;
But know Thou wilt reſtore my joyes again:
And when from death Thou ſhalt my Soul return,
Thy Comforts ſhall exceed my preſent pain,
And on my Throne I ſhall be fixt again;
Shall to my Harp of all Thy Favours ſing,
Who art the Holy God, my Hope, and *Iſrael's* King.

X.

The joy that's in my heart, my mouth ſhall ſpeak,
And all my Life be one continu'd Song;
My Soul, whoſe wringing fetters Thou did'ſt break,
Shall find, or make its paſſage by my tongue,
And think no time for Thy great praiſe too long:
For Thou to th'Earth my Enemies haſt thrown,
And in Thy Wrath on them, Thy Care of me made known.

Pſalm LXXII.

Deus Judicium tuum Regi, &c.

A Pſalm for Solomon.

I.

GReat God, Thy Judgements to Our Soveraign give,
And let His Throne like Thine abide!
May the Young Prince before Thee live,
And on His Enemies necks in Triumph ride!
Put on His head Thy Righteous Crown,
And to His Fathers glorys add Thy own!

II.

Then ſhall He judge the People, and diſpenſe
That Juſtice, which He has receiv'd;
To Him the Poor ſhall look, and thence
Have both their miſeries pitty'd, and reliev'd;
The Needys Cauſe He ſhall maintain,
And on their Enemies turn their wrongs again!

III.

So ſhall the barren Cliffs with ſhouts reſound,
And all the little Hills rejoyce;
The Valleys from the lower ground,
Shall thence receive the Image of the Voice;
Sweet Peace on every Hill ſhall raign,
And Juſtice once more guide the humble Plain.

IV.

Whilſt time can meaſure it, His Rule ſhall laſt,
And when even that ſhall be no more;
When Time it ſelf expir'd is caſt
I'th' Urn, that had all duſt but his before,
No Ages left to count it by,
It ſhall be meaſur'd by Eternity.

V.

And as ſoft rains on the mow'd graſs come down,
And give the Meads a ſecond Spring;
As ſhow'rs are to a Land new ſown,
Which ſwell the Seed, and help it forth to bring,
Making the Fields all freſh and gay,
Such ſhall his Gover'ment do, but more than they.

VI.

Peace, and Her fruits ſhall proſper in His dayes,
And under His Auſpicious Raign,
The Palm ſhall flouriſh, and the Bayes,
And Juſtice to the Earth return'd again,
To Heav'n no more be forc't to go,
But with Him keep Her Reſidence below.

VII.

His far ſtretch'd ſway Nature alone can bound,
Which ſhall from Sea to Sea extend,
As far as there is any ground,
And only where the World finds her's, have end:
Then up to Heav'n His Fame ſhall fly,
And fill the Mighty Circle of the Sky.

VIII.

Black *Ethiopia* at His Feet ſhall bow,
Her neck, for Him to tread upon,
Honour'd enough, if thus He ſhow
Acceptance of the Footſtool for His Throne;
Down in the duſt His Foes ſhall lye,
With heads more low, than once their thoughts were high.

IX.

The Weſtern Continent and fartheſt Iſles,
And both the Indies gifts ſhall bring,
To Him they ſhall preſent the ſpoyles
Of Sea and Land, as Univerſal King;

All Kings before Him ſhall bow down,
And do for Theirs, Juſt Homage to His Crown.

X.

Kingdoms Oppreſt, ſhall His Protection crave,
And Needy States unto Him ſue:
Th'Oppreſt He with His Arms ſhall ſave,
And with the Needy His Old League renew:
Redeem their Slaves, defend their Right,
And ſhew their blood, was precious in His ſight!

XI.

Thus ſhall He live and reign, and thus receive
The Tributes which to Him are paid;
Some Myrrh, ſome Frankincenſe ſhall give,
And Gold, which ſhall like Stones be Common made:
And the due Service of each day
Shall be to praiſe that King, for whom we pray.

XII.

Then ſhall th'Earth produce her richeſt ſtore,
And Mountain tops be ſafely plough'd;
Which, though they barren were before,
With *Libanus* ſhall vye and ſhout as loud:
Nor ſhall the City flouriſh leſs
Than Her parch'd Hills, but like the fields encreaſe.

XIII.

And when to God he ſhall reſign His breath,
Yet in His Name He ſtill ſhall live:
Above the Pow'r of Grave, or Death,
And to Immortal Verſe a Subject give:
Which of His Happy Reign ſhall ſing,
And count that Land ſo, which ha's ſuch a King!

XIV.

Bleſs Him, whoſe Word theſe Miracles obey,
And who muſt all theſe gifts beſtow!
To *Iſrael's* God, let *Iſrael* pray,
That from His Spring ſuch ſtreams may ever flow!
For ever bleſs His Holy Name,
Nor bound with leſs than Heav'n His Mighty Fame!

The Prayers of *David* the Son of *Jeſſe* are ended.

The end of the Second Book of Pſalms.

THE THIRD BOOK OF PSALMS.

Psalm LXXIII.

Quam bonus Israel Deus his, &c.

I.

IT is enough, nor will I more distrust,
As I have done, the Almighty Love;
I know Hee's kind, as well as Just,
And by my self this certain Truth can prove,
How cross so 'ere His Wayes may go,
At least seem cross to us below,
Nor Him, nor Them have Israel or the Just found so.

A Psalm of Asaph.

II.

But e're I learn't this Lesson it was long,
And many a weary Stage I went;
My sliding feet were almost gone,
And I at last could hardly yield assent:
Whilst with these narrow steps of mine,
I thought to pace the wayes Divine,
Slipp'ry as glass they were, though they with flowers did (thine.

III.

For when I saw the Wicked's Prosperous State,
And thousand Blessings He enjoyes,
Maintain'd by that, which God do's hate,
In the Worlds glory, and its greatest noyse,

My heart did at His honours riſe,
And though I did the Beaſt deſpiſe,
In all his Trappings, on him look'd with envyous eyes.

IV.

Luſty and ſtrong he laughs at thoſe weak bands,
Which death on all the World do's lay;
And when the reſt of Mankind ſtands
With fear appall'd he dares the evil day;
Troubles, which other Mortals fright,
He boldly challenges to fight,
And makes devouring plagues before him ſcape by flight.

V.

Hence ſprings his pride, with which the Violent
Adorns his neck, as with a Chain,
More for diſgrace than Ornament,
And ſuited to his garments bloody ſtain;
Plump as the grape his face do's ſhine,
With eyes more ſparkling than his Wine,
And to vaſt Wealth he do's unequal wiſhes joyne.

VI.

Diſdainfully he looks on all below,
As worthyer of his ſcorn, than fear;
Him and themſelves He'll make them know,
And high as his proud minde his head do's bear;
But not content his mouth to ſpend,
Making it heard to the Worlds end,
He up on high to Heav'n his blaſphemies do's ſend.

VII.

This as the Righteous ſee, and thence return
Their ſeveral Wayes to think upon,
In bitterneſs of heart they mourn,
And the Lords Councels meaſure by their own:
"How is it poſſible, ſay they,
"That Juſtice thus provok'd can ſtay
"Her hands, and the known Criminal forbear to ſlay?

VIII. Theſe

VIII.

Theſe are the Men, yet being ſo they thrive,
Grow rich and wealthy, dwell at eaſe,
Drones of repute, it'h Worlds great hive,
And feed on the induſtrous Bees increaſe;
Secure thy life from grief, and care,
Calmy, and ſmooth their faces are,
And could you ſee their hearts, no ſtorm came ever there.

IX.

In vain, my heart, to cleanſe Thee have I ſtrove,
And guiltleſs hands have waſh'd in vain;
My Innocence nor can remove,
Nor tell how long I muſt endure my pain:
Then Fare well, helpleſs Innocence,
With ſuch a Friend I can diſpence,
Who makes me ſuffer only with the greater ſence.

X.

But hold, Fond Tongue, conſider who do's hear,
And whom Thy babling do's offend;
A ſeed, who are th' Almighties Care,
And whom in love He do's afflictions ſend:
Therefore to ſearch the Point again,
And how I might the cauſe maintain,
A-new to ſtudy I reſolv'd, but all in vain.

XI.

In vain I try'd, for I ne're found it out,
Till to Thy Temple Lord I went;
Though I ſought for it round about,
Till thither come, I knew not what I meant:
There firſt I underſtood their end,
And what was Thyne thus to contend,
And poyſon'd ſhafts of bleſſings through their hearts to ſend.

XII.

Surely for ruin they were ſet on high,
As men condemn'd, in view of all;
And though the Scaffold touch the ſky,
'Tis but that thence they may bee ſeen to fall:
Down they are fallen, fled away,
As Phantaſms at the approach of day,
Like their own dreams, but more ridiculous are they.

XIII.

What a beaſt was I then, Lord to repine?
A very fool to grieve my heart,
When all this while I have been Thine,
And though unknown ſecur'd my better part:
Thy Right hand has upholden me,
Thy Counſel ſhall my convoy be
Unto that reſt, which I can only have with Thee.

XIV.

Thou art my Portion, and from Thee alone
My Peace, and Happineſs do flow;
In Heav'n beſides Thee I have none,
And Heav'n it ſelf Thy Preſence Lord makes ſo:
And could I hoard up endleſs ſtore
Of that the World as God adore,
Without thy fulneſs, I ſhould empty be, and Poor.

XV.

Dry up then, when you pleaſe, Ye fayling Springs,
Or ſeek ſome other to deceive,
Who reſt on ſuch unſtable things,
With you can quench their flames, and on you live!
For I am only ſick of love,
Nor can your ſtreams my thirſt remove,
For ſtill my fleſh and heart pant for the ſtreams above.

XVI. Con-

XVI.

Confounded be all thoſe, whoſe ſottiſh luſt
To ſenſeleſs Idols bowes them down!
For when they moſt upon them truſt,
Then they moſt ſurely ſhall be overthrown:
For my part, I'll to God draw near,
Make Him, my hope, who is my Fear,
Happy I ſhall hereafter be, contented here.

Pſalm LXXIV.

Ut quid repuliſti in finem, &c.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

I.

Shall We for ever then be caſt off thus,
And will Our God no more remember Us ?
Shall then His flock no longer be His Care,
But more His rage, than once His love they were ?
Forget not, Lord, Thy Purchace, and Thy Choyce,
Sion, which Thou haſt made Thine own,
The Wonders Thou for Her, and Us haſt done,
And let Our Prayers be heard amidſt Our Enemies noyſe!

II.

Ariſe, and to their great deſtruction come,
Who to Thy Temple Gates have brought it home;
Thy Holy Place, and its Divine Receſs,
Inſtead of ſtopping, do's their rage encreaſe:
Thither they break, and thence profanely bear
The Sacred Treaſures of Thy Houſe,
It's Veſſels ſet apart from Common Uſe,
And on Thy Captive Altars their proud Trophys rear.

III.

Our ſad complaints Axes, and Hammars drown,
As if it were ſome grove they would hew down:
And all th' Adornments of Thy Dwelling place,
They or to powder beat, or elſe deface:
And to compleat Our ruin, when no more
The Ax, or weary hand can do,
They fire into Thy Sanctuary throw,
And what Thou ſo didſt conſecrate, with fire devour.

IV. "Them,

IV.

" Them, and their Seed, let Us deſtroy, they ſay,
" And in one ruin with their Temple lay!
" What more accepted Flame to Heaven can riſe,
" Than an whole Synagogue for Sacrifice?
" And they ſhall follow. This We ſee, and hear;
But have no Signes or Prophet more
To tell us when this Tempeſt will be o're,
Or How long, what too long already, we muſt bear.

V.

How long, Dear God, ſhall Our Proud Enemy
Not us alone, but Thy Great Power defy?
Shall his vile mouth for ever thus defame,
Thy Sacred, and Unutterable Name?
Or wilt Thou alwayes thus Thy hand recall,
That Hand where all Our ſuccours lie,
And only lift it from our ſight on high?
Let it return at length, and heavier on them fall!

VI.

Thou heretofore haſt made Thy Strength be known,
And Wonders, which none elſe could do, haſt done;
Dividing by th' Almighty Wand the Flood,
And mad'ſt it truly a Red Sea with blood:
When there the *Chamian* King by Thy Right Hand,
That great Leviathan of the Main,
Sunk in the deep, which caſt Him up again,
That what its glutted Hoſts had left, might feaſt the land.

VII.

'Twas Thou, who mad'ſt the Rock in ſtreames to flow,
And Floods ſtand ſtill, to let Thy Iſrael go;
The day, and night with all its lamps are Thine,
Ligh't from that Sun, which Thou mad'ſt firſt to ſhine;

By

By Thee the bounds of the Round World are caſt,
Both where they ſhall begin, and end,
Summer, and Winter on Thy Word attend,
All for Thy Pleaſure made, and during it ſhall laſt.

VIII.

Thou, who haſt done all this to raiſe Thy Name,
Guard it from thoſe, whoſe lips would blaſt its Fame!
Let not Thy mourning Dove become a prey
To Vulturs, but take wing, and fly away!
Deliver her, and minde Thy ancient Care,
Thy Covenant with Our Fathers made,
For th' Enemy Our very Graves invade,
And where we thought to lie retir'd, their Counſels are!

IX.

Some anſwer to Our Prayers at length return,
Leaſt ſhame confound Us, and we ever mourn!
Ariſe, and Thine Own Cauſe Thy ſelf defend,
And let Thy Enemies Malice have an end!
Forget them not, their blaſphemies, and pride,
Now that their Sin for vengeance cryes;
For they their heads have rais'd above the skies,
And Heav'n, with all its Thunders, to the Aſſault defy'd.

Pſalm

Pſalm LXXV.

Confitebimur Tibi Deus &c.

I.

LOrd We will praiſe Thee, and Our chearful Song
Shall of Thy mighty Name reherſe;
For all the Wonders, which to it belong,
Are truly great, and ſo ſhall make Our verſe:
To it We'll fly, and reſt us there,
Adore its Power, and beg its care,
And make it both the Subject of Our Song, and Prayer.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

II.

"When the Time comes, ſayes God, that I ſhall call
"The World to Judgement, my Right hand
"Alike its Juſtice ſhall diſpence to all,
"And none its equal ſentence ſhall withſtand:
"It ſhall reward, it ſhall chaſtiſe,
"Some lower caſt, and make ſome riſe,
"And as my Hand's impartial, ſo ſhall be my eyes.

God.

III.

"The Earth ſhall melt, and all that in it dwell
"To their firſt nothing turn again;
"By its own weight it long o're this had fell,
"But that its mighty Pillars I ſuſtain:
"Fond Man, then ſaid I, what mean'ſt Thou?
"No more in vain Juſt Heav'n purſue
"Too great to be oppos'd, to be gainſaid too true!

The Pſalmiſt.

IV.

"For ſhame deſiſt, and your weak plots give o're!
"They cannot take Heav'n is ſo High!
"Againſt your maker vilely ſpeak no more,
"For though His Face you ſee not, He ſtands by:

" His breath it is whereby you ſpeak,
" He with one frown your pride can check,
" And though you hold it ne'r ſo ſtiff, bow down your neck.

V.

" The Sun, which every day the World ſurrounds,
(" Father of all the Mines below,)
" And with a careful eye ſurveys his grounds,
" Cannot the Riches, which he makes, beſtow:
" Though he in purple ſet, and riſe,
" And rides in Triumph o're the skies,
" Can give nor wealth, nor honour to his Votaries.

VI.

" His God at will diſpoſes of his gold,
" And all his honours gives away;
" Whilſt his chief Work is only to behold,
" And brighteſt ſhine on them, who ſhare his prey:
" The Poor he rayſes to the Throne,
" And from it throws the Mighty down,
" Is Judge of all, and knows no pleaſure, but His Own.

VII.

" For in His hand there is a dreadful Cup,
" Whoſe ſparkling Wine is red with gore;
" 'Tis large, and fill'd with mixture to the top,
So full the active liquor do's run o're;
" Of it all drink, and when 'tis done,
" The dreggs are for the Wicked wrung,
" But ne'r ſhall quench their thirſt, o. ever cool their tongue.

VIII.

But I to future ages will declare
The praiſes of th' Eternall King;
And ſince ſo Wonderful His glories are,
Of none but Jacobs God the Praiſes ſing:
The Wicked down to Hell Hee'l throw,
The Righteous up to Heaven ſhall grow,
And Heav'n to his exalted head ſhall ſeem but low.

Pſalm

Pſalm LXXVI.

Notus in Judæa Dominus.

I.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

The True, the Only God in Judah reigns,
There is His Temple, there His Court,
To Salem all the Tribes reſort,
And learn to ſing His Name in lofty ſtrains:
No place ſuch tokens of His love do's bear,
His Chariot He has ſet up there,
There broke the Arrows, and there burnt the ſhield & Spear.

II.

Sion, more glorious than the Hills of Bey,
How excellent doſt Thou appear?
How full of Majeſty, and Fear,
When from them the Beſiegers ſteal away?
Away the valiant ran, but knew not why,
Till a dead ſleep ſaid Death was nigh,
And chaining up their hands, ſcarce left them Heels to fly.

III.

At Thy rebuke, O God, aſleep they fell,
The Horſe and chariot were o're took,
The Rider ſtopt at Thy Rebuke,
And bow'd adown to the All-conquering ſpell:
Thou art indeed to be ador'd in fight,
Who thus canſt arm Thy ſelf with light,
But, Lord, what are Thy Hands, if thus Thou kill'ſt at ſight?

IV.

When from above Thou mak'ſt Thy voice be heard,
The Sea ſtands ſtill, and Earth do's ſhake;
Even Heav'n it ſelf unloos'd do's quake,
God thundred from above, and they all fear'd:

The Clouds to make Him way aſunder rent,
An hideous ſhriek the Mountains ſent,
When God, to judge the Meek by them in perſon went.

V.

Nor do theſe only, Lord, Thy Power declare,
But the fierce wrath of Wicked Man,
Which Thou doſt puniſh, or reſtrain,
Whence to get praiſe amongſt thy Wonders are:
Vow to the Lord, and what you vow ſee pai'd!
For Vows are debts, when once they'are made,
And none deſerves your praiſe like Him to whom you prai'd.

VI.

Adore Him, all ye lands, and tongues around,
And to Our God your praiſes ſing!
To Him alone your preſents bring,
And thus with fear ſeek Him, whom Wee have found!
With God the greateſt Kings cannot compare,
They Crowns but at His pleaſure wear,
And when He Frowns, they and their Honours turn to air.

Pſalm LXXVII.

Voce mea ad Dominum, &c.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

I.

IN my great trouble to the Lord I cried,
I cri'd aloud, And He was pleas'd to hear,
And when the night His Face did hide,
With ſtretch'd out hands I felt it, He was near:
I prai'd, and was reſolv'd to pray,
Refus'd all Comfort but my tears,
Whoſe ſtreames I thought my Feavour might allay,
And as they forc't my heart for paſſage, move His Ears.

II.

Sometimes in groans, ſometimes in Words I pray'd,
And fluent as my griefs my ſorrows ſpake;
But ſuddenly my ſpeech was ſtay'd,
And interrupting ſighs its order brake:
And then I could nor ſpeak, nor ſleep,
Thou Lord didſt hold my eyes, and tongue;
Only my mind its even frame did keep,
And with weak hands, and muttering lips became more (ſtrong

III.

Then of Thy Wonders did I meditate,
Our Fathers dayes, and what their age did ſee;
How Thou upheld'ſt the Tottering State,
And in their troubles mad'ſt them truſt in Thee:
Freſh to my mind then came a Song,
Which heretofore I did reherſe,
An Anthem which had been forgotten long,
Where my Soul with me joyn'd, and thus began the Verſe.

IV. "And

IV.

Verſus.

" And can it be that God will thus reject,
" Be always angry, and ne'r pleas'd again,
" Will He His Flock no more protect,
" But let us ever, as this day, complain?
" Has He forgotten to be good,
" Or ſhall His Promiſe ever ceaſe,
" Who has His Pleaſure, or His Power withſtood,
" That where He ſhuts up Warr, He ſhould impriſon Peace?

V.

Antiſtrophe.

" Hold Soul, I ſaid, 'tis Thy infirmity
" Makes Thee thus judge of God, whoſe Will ſhall ſtand
" Immovable, as it is High, (Hand!
" Where Thou Thy wings ſhould'ſt guide, to his right
" Of that think with me, and His Power,
" The Wondrous Works which He has done,
" They ſhall my talk and ſtudy be each hour,
" To ſhew Our children, what Our Fathers Us have ſhown.

VI.

Thy Wayes, O God, are far above my ſight,
And where Thou hid'ſt Thy ſelf in Heav'n, lie hid;
Ther's none like Thee ſo full of might,
Whoſe Power I fear, by what Thy hand once did:
When from above Thou mad'ſt it bare,
Iſrael, and *Joſephs* Seed to ſave,
When their Redemption did Thy ſtrength declare,
And Egypt took the Chain to be her Captives Slave.

VII.

The Waters ſaw Thee, and the Waters fled,
The Depths were troubled, and ran back for fear;
The Clouds rain'd Seas, Heav'n Darkneſs ſpread,
From whence there came a voyce, which rocks did tear;
Th' Earth

Th' Earth trembled, and the Mountains ſhook,
Egypt it ſelf abhor'd the light,
Which from the flaſhes came, and horror ſtrook
More terrible, than when three days they felt their night.

VIII.

Thou for Thy People didſt prepare the way,
And through thoſe Floods a ſafe retreat they have,
Which Thou Thy Glory to diſplay,
Reſolvd'ſt ſhould after be proud Pharaohs grave;
Along they went, by Thy Command,
Who of the Sacred Flock took'ſt Care;
Moſes and *Aaron* only ſhew'd Thy Hand, (were.
For the Great Shepherd Thou, and they Thy Heards-men

Pſalm

Psalm LXXVIII.

Attendite Populus meus, &c.

I.

ISrael, Gods own Inheritance, draw near,
And what He did to make Thee so, now hear!
Of Ages long since past, and armes I sing,
And to Thy dayes their ancient glories bring:
Acts, which with sound belief would never stand,
But that all done by the Almighty Hand;
Our Fathers witness to their Truth did bear,
And what we hear with wonder, saw with fear.
They told them us, that we might publish down,
To Childrens Children, how His Power was known.
Such was His charge, that late Posterity,
And Generations, which should after be,
People as yet unborn, might know His Wayes,
And what they learnt, their children teach His Prayse.
That they in Him their Hope might always place,
His statutes keep, and always seek His Face:
Never forget His Works, but still improve
His former Favours, and His present love:
That like their Fathers they rebel no more,
Unless they'd feel the Wrath their Fathers bore:
Base stubborn Nation, who their God withstood,
Most cross to Him, who always did them good!
His Wrath this kindled first, then made it burn,
Th' enraged fire on Ephraims Tribe did turn.
Ephraim, (which durst the stoutest Foe assail,
And never of the certain conquest fail,
But us'd to Come, and See, and so Prevail,
So terrible His bow, so sure his hand,
Th' unerring shaft did death at will command)
Ephraim turn'd back, but strove in vain to flie,
By His own shafts o'retook, did wounded lie,
Worthy thus signally in Warr to fall,
Whom Peace with all Her Charms could ne'r recall!

The

The law they brake, that Covenant which they took,
And without cauſe that, and their God forſook;
Forgot His Works and their own Worthy Stemm,
Their Fathers Truſt, and what He did for them.
Marvellous things He did in Pharaohs land,
Zoan ſtill witneſs of His Plagues do's ſtand.
When *Iſrael* ſaw His Wonders all about,
How He preſerv'd them there, and brought them out.
When He no Common Road did make them keep,
But like His Own, their wayes were in the Deep.
The Deep amaz'd ſtood up, as they paſs'd o're,
Admir'd their ſuddain fix'd-neſs, and new ſhore:
How in a moment they were rais'd ſo high,
And fell not when they ſaw no ſtorm was nigh.
By day a Cloud did their great journies hide,
At night a Sacred Flame the Hoſt did guide;
Before them paſs'd, and where their paſſage lay,
Not only ſhew'd, but alſo made their Way.
Hard Rocks, as they went by, piere'd through did groan,
That fire, which dri'd the Deep, did melt the ſtone,
Out guſht new ſtreams, ſo conſtant, and ſo ſtrong,
They made their Channels as they ran along.
Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, and tempted Him the more,
Lack'd meat, who only Water begg'd before.
Nor did they cloſely think, but ſpeak their Sins,
And with vile Mouth the Murmurer thus begins;
"Can He give Bread too? ſure if He be God,
"That may as well as ſtreams obey His Rod:
"Let Him now ſtrike more Rocks, and make them Bread,
"That we may hope Our Armies ſhall be fed!
"Nothing but Manna? Can He fleſh provide?
"Here in the deſert let His Power be tri'd!
"And if He do's this, we'll diſtruſt no more,
"But all Our murm'rings, as we ought, give o're.
God heard them from above, and in a flame,
To ſee, and be reveng'd upon them came.
Down came the fire, and like that Mighty Power,
Which gave Commiſſion, did uncheckt devour:

The trembling Camp could not but say 'twas just,
And that no other flame could purge their lust.
Thus were they punish'd for their unbelief,
Who only in a plague knew Fear, or Grief.
They would not trust Him, though they all had seen
How constant to His Word, and them He' had been.
Though from the Clouds, He did their bread command,
And Heav'n did th' Office of a fruitful land:
Whole fourty years, once a day, open stood,
And at their dores they gath'red Angels food;
Made by an Angels hand for them to eat,
But still they discontented would have meat.
And so they shall —— A strong East Wind did blow,
And o're the East th' Allmighty Word did go:
They heard it rustle, but without all fear,
And never dreamt another plague was near.
It blew all night, and at morning along with the day,
Brought shoales of Quales, which round the Army lay.
The Murmurers saw them, but yet scarce believ'd
The Miracle, and wisht they were deceiv'd;
They saw them lie in heaps, the Camp around,
So thick they seem'd a burthen to the ground:
Enough a greater Host than theirs to feed,
Would but th' event like the beginning speed.
But while the flesh was in their Mouths that God,
Who can of every Blessing make a Rod,
Scourg'd them with this, and though they saw it not,
In dressing, Death was truly in the Pot.
And down their stomachs with the Quales it went,
And thence unto the Heart its poysons sent;
So swift, they found it was in vain to flie,
And still eat on that they might sooner die,
The Rebel Princes in that plague did fall,
And God was Gracious not to ruin all.
Yet still they sinn'd, and would not yet believe,
And only, when He slew them thus, would grieve.
Wherefore in vanity their years He spent,
Waiting to see, if thence they would repent;

For

For when He ſlew them they ador'd His Wayes,
And unto God their Rock gave all the praiſe;
Only to flatter Him, for ſtill their heart
Was only conſtant from Him to depart:
Yet He forgave them, and deſtroy'd them not,
And both His anger, and their Sins forgot.
He knew they were but fleſh, a ſuddain Wind,
Which paſſes by, and leaves no trace behind.
How did they tempt Him in the Wilderneſs?
Many their plagues, their Sins were Numberleſs.
When in ſtraight bounds they would that God confine,
Whoſe boundleſs Power beyond all bounds do's ſhine:
And meaſuring by themſelves the Holy One,
Becauſe they ſaw no help, thought there was none.
How little did they mind His Mighty Hand,
Then conquering, when He only bid them ſtand?
What ſigns in Pharaohs coaſt He for them wrought,
And gave deliverance e're He ſcarce was fought?
When with deep gore He ſtain'd the Chryſtal flood,
And Egypt could not drink, though thirſt for blood;
Infinite ſwarms of flies did fill the air,
Through whoſe thick clouds the Sun could ſcarce appear:
Armies of Frogs did the whole land invade:
And active lice of nimble duſt were made:
Then martial Locuſts came, and bore away,
What the Hayl left untoucht, for their rich prey;
For th' Hayl before had torne the ſturdie Oak,
And what ſcap'd that fell by the Thunders ſtroak:
Cattle and Flocks ſmote down together lay,
And ſcattered limbs of Men ſtrew'd every way:
No Common Thunder, 'twas the Prince of th' Air,
With all the powers of Hell were ralli'd there,
God let them looſe, and bid them nothing ſpare:
Murrain on beaſts, Ulcers on men did rage,
An hand unſeen againſt them did engage;
Darkneſs upon their Palaces did reſt,
A too faint Emblem of that in their breaſt.

They would not ſee though God from Heav'n came down,
And killing their Firſt-born choſe *Iſraels* for His Own.
Then like a Flock they were through *Kadeſh* led,
By *Moſes* hand, but God himſelf their Head:
Through Seas He lead them, which more ſcar'd then they,
Roſe up in haſt, and open'd them a way:
But when gone o're, they look'd upon the Main,
Pharaoh lay drown'd, their way was Sea again.
Through thouſand dangers, thouſand Enemies paſt,
To th' Promis'd Canaan they were brought at laſt;
The Heathen conquer'd, He gave them their Land,
Houſes and Towns ſtood ready built to hand.
The Sacred lot did for each Tribe divide,
And what God gave, was not by Man deny'd.
Yet here they ſinn'd and did their God provoke,
And all His laws and their Own Cov'nants broke:
So hard it is to fix a Crooked bow,
And make that ſtrait, which Nature made not ſo.
High places now they ſeek, and ſhadie Groves,
And to foul Idols proſtitute their loves.
This when God heard, and ſaw His laws abus'd
By them, whom He ſo tenderly had us'd,
He *Iſrael* hated, *Shiloh* did forſake,
And left that Ark, which made His Foes to quake;
Who with Triumphant layes did bring it home,
After it had ſo often overcome.
'Tis taken, and the Captive People fall,
And one ſmall fire gives troops a Funerall:
No Marriage Songs are heard in all the Coaſt,
But Amorous Harps are in ſhrill Trumpets loſt:
And every Virgin may before ſhe die,
Unſworn, bewayl her ſad Virginitie;
Wives hear their husbands death without a groan,
And Preiſts unmourn'd for die, now th' Ark is gone.
'Twas then God (like a Gyant rous'd from ſleep,
Whom Wine beyond His hour did Priſ'ner keep,
That ſhouts and fights) fell on and made them flie,
And on their backs reveng'd their curious eye.

The

The Ark returns, but *Shilo* now no more
Shall be its Reſidence, as it was before;
Ephraim to *Judah*, *Shilo* to *Sion* yields,
And to the Sacred Mount, their fruitful fields:
So God would have't, who choſe Himſelf the Place,
Sion, the Habitation of His Grace;
'Tis there He's known, there He His Temple made,
Whoſe ground work ſtable as the Worlds was laid:
Davids deſign, when from the Ewes with young,
By Him he was anointed to the Throne.
His Fathers flocks he carefully did keep,
And therefore made Chief Heardsman of Gods ſheep;
Where all his time he fed them, with ſuch Care,
They never were ſo ſtrong, nor ever lookt ſo fair.

Pſalm

Pſalm LXXIX.

Deus venerunt gentes in, &c.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

I.

LOrd ſee the Miſeries, which we undergo,
And how with us Thy Temple ſuffers too!
Thither at length the Enemy is come,
And Solyma on heaps has layed,
Sion is but one Mighty Tomb,
And the Worlds glory, now the ſcorne of all is made.

II

Thy murd'red Saints in th' fields unburied lie,
A prey to beaſts and fowl, which vengeance crie;
Their blood before was round Jerus'lem ſhed,
Increaſt its brooks, and wait its ſtones,
Yet death cannot ſecure the dead,
But thoſe that took their lives, again expoſe their bones.

III.

Living, or dead one ſhame attends us all;
Nor with leſs rage Our neighbours on us fall:
Their mirth do's only by our pains increaſe,
And ſuch deep wounds their mercies give,
That death it ſelf we think were eaſe,
And our ſlain friends more happy count, than us who live.

IV.

When ſhall Thy wrath and jealouſie expire,
Quench'd by that blood, which now but feeds the fire?
Lord on the heathen pour the tempeſt down,
Whole nations, which ne'r pray to Thee,
Kingdoms, where yet Thy Name's unknown,
And let not what's their due, Thy ſervants Portion be!

V. And

V.

And when their Sins to Thy remembrance come,
Let this be added to compleat the Sum,
That they have waſted Jacob, and Thy land!
But let not Our iniquities,
Our former Sins new load Thy hand,
Leſt when to reſcue us, to ruin Thou ariſe!

VI.

Prevent us, Lord, for we are very low,
And let us now Thy ſtrong Salvation know!
Now ſave us, for the glory of Thy Name,
And for its ſake Our Sins blot out;
Upon Our foes return the ſhame, (doubt!
That though in ſcorn they ask, none may Thy preſence

VII.

Appear, O God, and let us witneſs be
They know, and fear Thy Name as well as we!
Revenge the guiltleſs blood, which they have ſhed,
And hear Our chains, how loud they cry;
Upon the living right the Dead,
And by Thine Arm ſave thoſe, who ſentenc'd are to dy.

VIII.

Reproach, which they deſign'd to caſt on Thee,
And its increaſe their juſt reward ſhall be;
And then Thy People, Lord, Thy ſacred Fold,
Shall make the Plains with joy to ring,
The Lambs ſhall all Thy Acts be told,
And their Great Shepherds praiſe, both learn, and ever ſing.

Psalm LXXX.

Qui regis Israel intende, &c.

I.

A Psalm of Asaph.

GReat Shepherd of the Hebrew Race,
Whose numerous Flock all *Israel* was,
For Thou dist guide them with Thy Hand,
They knew Thy Voyce and follow'd Thee,
Th' Invisible between the Cherubins did see,
And thence receive th' Oraculous command;
Between the Cherubins again appear,
And give Our chains Thine eye, and prayers Thine ear!

II.

Shew us Thy Glory, Lord, once more,
As thou didst *Ephraim* heretofore;
When all the Tribes from bondage led,
Thy Presence chas'd their Enemies,
For if again Thou make Thy Ark, and strength to rise,
Ours shall flie too, as theirs before Thee fled:
Versiculus. Turn us again and cause Thy Face to shine,
We shall be sav'd, and all the praise be Thine!

III.

How long wilt Thou be angry thus
Both with Our Prayers, Great God, and us?
Thou know'st how tears have been our food,
The mixture of Our meat and drink,
Whilst Our insulting Neighbours laugh in scorn, to think
That when those streams shall cease, the next is blood:
Versiculus. But turn us, Lord, and cause Thy Face to shine,
We shall be sav'd and all the praise be Thine!

IV. A

IV.

A Vine God into *Canaan* brought,
And having thrown the Heathen out,
A proper ſoyl did for it find;
From *Ægypt* He the plant did bring,
Where it was bruis'd, and torn when it began to ſpring,
By men trod down, and broken by the Wind:
But when it could not there ſecurely ſtand,
In *Canaan* it took root, and fill'd the Land.

V.

The Sun-burnt Hills it cloath'd around,
Their heads were with it cool'd, and crownd;
Above the Hills its branch did riſe,
And vy'd with talleſt Cedars there,
As gay it look't, and full as high its top did bear,
And its rich cluſters touch'd the neighbouring Skies:
With one it laid hold of the Weſtern Strand,
And touch't the River with its other hand.

VI.

But why haſt Thou her hedge broke down?
And her encloſures open thrown;
So that the ſtranger who rides by,
Though nothing there he ha's to do,
Comes rudely in, and tears both fruit, and branches too:
Thither the Wild Bore from the Wood do's fly,
And after bids his fellow beaſts to haſte,
To a Vineyard, which they may more ſafely waſte.

VII.

Return, O God, and on us ſhine,
From Heav'n look down, and ſee Thy Vine!
This Vineyard, which Thy right hand made,
By thus tranſplanting fair, and ſtrong,
And under which it ſpred, and flouriſh't ha's thus long,
For if Thou frown 'twill be to th' Common laid:

'Tis burn't already, but may yet bear fruit,
If though the branch be gone, Thou ſpare the root.

VIII.

May Thy right hand preſerve Our King!
And to an end His troubles bring!
Let Him again be great, and ſtrong!
As by Thy help He was before,
And then nor He, nor we ſhall ever leave Thee more,
But freely joyn in one Eternal Song!
Turn us, O Lord, and cauſe Thy Face to ſhine,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and all the praiſe be Thine!

Verſiculus.

Pſalm LXXXI.

Exultate Deo Adjutori.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

I.

TO God our ſtrength let *Iſrael* ſing,
Triumphant Songs to Our Victorious King!
Awake the Harp, the Pſaltery, and Flute,
And fill the Air, with an harmonious noiſe,
Call in the Sackbutt, Cornet, and the Lute,
And as He rais'd His hand for you, t'Him lift your voice?

II.

In the New Moon the Trumpets blow,
His antient Law makes it your duty Now;
When He at firſt ordain'd this ſolemn day,
And bid Our Fathers keep the Pompous Feaſt;
Iſrael, and *Judah* did His word obey,
And thus His praiſes duly ſang, who gave them Reſt.

III.

'Twas then when *Iſrael* left that Land,
Whoſe Language they could never underſtand:
A ſpeech as barbarous as its Nations were;
"When from the weights and pots I ſet them free
"From cruel tasks, ſayes God, no more to bear
"*Ægyptian* burdens, but my light ones, and ſerve me.

IV.

"I ſaw their trouble, heard their Cry,
"And my quick Hand took Light'ning from my eye;
"From Heav'n I thund'red, made my voice be heard,
"And there I prov'd, and there I *Iſrael* try'd;
"But whom at thund'ring *Sinai Iſrael* fear'd,
"*Iſrael* at *Meribah* with murmurings deny'd.

V.

" Yet to my Law again give ear,
" Once more I'le publiſh it if Thou wilt hear!
" No other God but Me, ſhalt Thou adore,
" For I alone am God, and none beſide,
" I broke the Chains, which you in *Ægypt* bore, (wide
" And now can fill your mouths, though op'ned ne're ſo

VI.

" But all in vain, they would not hear,
" And though I bow'd mine down, deny'd their Ear;
" So up I gave them to their looſe deſires,
" Their brutiſh Luſts, and no deſtruction ſent,
" No flames but what were kind'led by thoſe fires, (ment.
" That what they made their choice, might be their puniſh-

VII.

" O had they heard Me! and been wiſe,
" Thoſe Wayes to follow, which they did deſpiſe;
" To Victory their Armies I have led,
" My Hand their Enemies ſhould have o'rethrown,
" And forc't to yield their necks, but on their head
" Had put a never fading and Eternal Crown.

VIII.

" Plenty and Peace ſhould all Their dayes
" Have ſhew'd freſh Palms, and Roſes in their Wayes;
" And open'd all the Treaſures of the Field;
" Even I my ſelf new Miracles would ſhow,
" Not water only the pierc'd Rock ſhould yield,
" But living Honey from the Flinty Hive ſhould flow.

Pſalm LXXXII.

Deus ſtetit in Synagoga, &c.

I.

YOu Judges of the World, and Gods below,
Who at your pleaſure ſentence all,
And never think to whom that Power you owe,
By whoſe Decree your ſelves muſt ſtand or fall,
The Mighty God do's all your Counſels view,
And as you others judge, He judges you.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

II.

He ſees how partially you ſentence paſs;
And will you alwayes wrong your truſt?
By looking through a falſe, and flattering glaſs,
Acquit the Wicked, and condemn the Juſt?
In your own ſcales thoſe riſe, and theſe ſink low,
But whom their virtue weighs down, you keep ſo.

III.

Rather defend the Poor, and Fatherleſs,
And hearken to the Orphans cry,
Inſtead of helping, do not more oppreſs,
Leaſt God himſelf beſtow what you deny!
Deliverance for the Needy Soul command;
And give them not your Ear alone, but hand!

IV.

But all in vain, their duty they'll not know,
Nor what they might will underſtand;
Hating the day, in darkneſs love to go,
And bring to ruine, with themſelves, their Land;
If its Foundations ſhake, and totter thus,
No wonder if the World be ruinous.

V.

Y'are Gods, I ſaid, and Sons of the Moſt High;
His Child'ren, who in Heav'n do's reign;
Who therefore cloath'd you thus with Majeſty,
That, among Men, you ſhould His Pow'r maintain:
Y'are Gods, but muſt to death your Scepters bow,
Nor of your Titles will the grave allow.

VI.

Immortall only is the God above,
That equall Judge, and glorious King;
Like whom none is ſo juſt, or full of Love,
Who to the Barr ſhall every ſecret bring:
Ariſe, O God, The World to Judgement call,
No Judge ſo fit as Thou, who'art Lord of All.

Pſalm LXXXIII.

Deus quis ſimilis erit tibi? ne taceas, &c.

I.

ENough, My God, Thou haſt been ſtill,
Now give the Word, and raiſe Thy Voice;
Their Ears, with the amazing Thunder fill,
Who think they have o'recome Thine with their noiſe!
See how they riſe, and lift their heads on high,
Make tumults, and deep plots contrive,
To ruine thoſe Thou hid'ſt to ſave alive,
And not Heav'ns ſeed alone, but Heav'n it ſelf defie!

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

II.

"Come, ſay they, on them let us fall,
"We are too eaſie thus to ſpare;
"Let the whole Nation periſh, Name and all,
"And make Our purple with their blood more fair!
The Motion all embrace, and to the Al-arm,
With one conſent together come
Some Troops from *Edom*, and from *Moab* ſome,
All whom or rapine can perſwade, or envy arm.

III.

With them are joyn'd the *Iſhmaelites*,
Ammon, and *Amaleck*, and *Tyre*,
The bold *Aſſyrian* in the Quarrell fights,
And executes the Treaſons they conſpire:
But let them plot, and fight, and conquer'd fly,
By their own fears like *Midian* fall;
Let *Jabyn's* Fate, and *Siſera's* wait them all,
And by a Womans hand, firſt routed be, then dye!

IV.

At *Kiſons* Brook the Army fell,
And with their ſlaughter ſtain'd the Flood;
The torrent did with crimſon waters ſwell,
And Earth's great body had true veins of blood:
Endors fat fields became more freſh and gay,
And its crown'd head aloft did bear,
Proud of the *Canaanitiſh* Spoils, and there,
In living Monuments of grace, th'Unburied lay.

V.

Orel, and *Zeb* Thy hand did feel,
And could not ſave their lives by flight;
Zeba, and *Salmana* ſcap'd not his ſteel,
Who fought Thine, and whoſe Battles Thou didſt fight:
So let them fly, and ſo be overthrown,
They who have ſaid, "Come let's oppreſs
"The Holy Seed, Our Fathers Lands poſſeſs,
"And what from us they took, make once again our own.

VI.

But like a wheel, Lord, turn them round,
And giddy made, lend them no ſtay!
Then with a whirlwind ſnatch them from the ground,
And havin; rais'd it, blow the duſt away!
Make them a Wood on fire, chac'd by the Wind,
Whoſe Flame above the Hills do's riſe,
Leaping from tree to tree, and grows as 't flies
Before purſuing ſtorms, which follow cloſe behind.

VII.

Be Thou that Wind, and make them fear!
Till every Face, with dread, and ſhame;
Till they to expiate their ſin draw near
And what before they curſt, adore Thy Name!
That when the World their change, or ruine ſee,
It may look higher, and above,
Find the Firſt Cauſe, at whoſe great Will they move,
And know One God rules Heav'n & Earth, & Thou art He.

Pſalm

Psalm LXXXIV.

Quàm dilecta Tabernacula tua, &c.

I.

TRriumphant General of the Sacred Hoſt,
Whom all the ſtrength of Heav'n and Earth obey,
Who haſt a Thund'ring Legion in each Coaſt,
And Mighty Armies liſted, and in pay;
How fearfull art Thou in their head above,
Yet in Thy Temple, Lord, how full of Love?

A Song for the Sons of Corah. *Verſus.*

II.

So lovely is Thy Temple, and ſo fair,
So like Thy ſelf, that with deſire I faint;
My heart and fleſh cry out to ſee Thee there,
And could bear any thing but this reſtraint:
My Soul do's on its old Remembrance feed,
And new deſires by my long abſence breed.

III.

The Sparrows there have found themſelves a neſt,
And there their untun'd notes the Swallows ſing;
A place where undiſturb'd they all may reſt,
And have ſome gift, which they to Thee may bring:
Their young ones, which they on Thy Altar lay,
And may not I as happy be as they?

IV.

Thrice happy Man, who in Thy Houſe reſides!
For He Thy glorious Name ſhall ever praiſe;
For whoſe neceſſities my God provides!
And is the Faithfull Guide of all his Wayes!
Though through the Vale of *Baca* he do's go,
My King, who guides his Way, will bleſs it too.

V.

That thirſty Vale, where ſcorching drought do's reign,
Shall in New ſtreams, and Rivers overflow,
Their tears ſhall help to water the ſad Plain,
And make the Mulberies more fruitfull grow:
See how in troops they march, till all at length
To *Sion* come, and there renew their ſtrength!

VI.

Verſus.

Triumphant Generall of the Sacred Hoſt,
Whom all the Pow'rs of Heav'n, and Earth obey,
Who haſt a Thund'ring Legion in each Coaſt,
And mighty Armies liſted, and in pay,
Let not the noiſe of War ſo fill Thine Ear,
But that Thy Love through it my Prayers may hear!

VII.

Great God of Battles, Thou who art my Shield,
Jacob's ſtrong God, on Thy Anointed ſhine!
If Thou encamp'ſt, I'me ſure to gain the field,
And overcome, becauſe the Victʼry's Thine:
I long to ſee Thy Glory as before,
And by this Abſence learn to prize it more.

VIII.

For one day in Thy Temple to attend,
Before an age of Pleaſure I preferr;
And might I in that Place my Life but ſpend,
The meaneſt Office is advancement there:
There ſhould I count I had more honour won,
Charg'd with a Dore, than here to wear a Crown.

IX.

My God would there upon His Servant ſhine,
And when that Sun is or too hot, or bright,
Become a ſhield againſt the rayes Divine,
And on Himſelf reflect the glorious light:

Himſelf

Himſelf would interpoſe, and be my Screen,
And nothing but Himſelf ſhould come between.

X.

Grace Now, hereafter Glory will He give;
Nothing that's good, will He from His with-hold;
He only looks they ſhould uprightly live,
And for returns expect a thouſand fold:
Lord, ſince to Thine All for the Beſt ſhall be,
Not only give, but chooſe what's fit for me!

XI.

Triumphant General of the Sacred Hoſt,
Whom all the Pow'rs of Heav'n, and Earth obey,
Who haſt a Thund'ring Legion in each Coaſt,
And Mighty Armies lifted, and in pay,
Bleſt is that Man, who on Thy Pow'r do's truſt,
Others may only conquer, but he muſt.

Psalm LXXXV.

Benedixisti Domine terram, &c.

A Psalm for the Sons of Corah.

I.

AT length, O God, Thy People are return'd,
And now Thy Land enjoyes her Peace;
For emptiness before she mourn'd,
And that her rest produc'd no rich encrease:
Israel to His inheritance is Come,
And *Jacob* from Captivity brought home.

II.

Thou hast their sins forgiven, and past by;
Those sins with which they stain'd Thy Land,
And having hid them from Thine eye,
Unless it were to help, with-held'st Thy hand:
Thy wrath, whereby they were consum'd before,
Chang'd all to Love, ha's flames, but burns no more.

III.

Great God, who hast been so propitious,
And made Thine anger thus to cease,
As Thou hast turn'd Thy self, turn us,
And let this Truce conclude in Happy Peace!
A Peace, which none may dare to violate,
And from this very day let it bear date!

IV.

Will God be alwayes angry, ever chide
With them, who daily seek His Face?
And though a while He turn aside,
Shall not one look revive us, and Our Race?
Shew us Thy Love, and Thy Salvation grant,
Our fulness shall exceed Our former Want.

V. Atten-

V.

Attentively what God ſhall ſpeak I'll hear,
And liſten what He'll pleaſe to ſay;
'Tis juſt His Saints incline their Ear,
To that which none can claim ſo much as They:
Peace to His People, and His Saints He'll ſpeak,
If they by Sin do not their Cov'nants break.

VI.

To ſuch His help is nigh, and power's at hand,
And thoſe, who fear Him, He will love:
His Glory ſhall o're flow Our land,
And Truth and Mercy kiſs here, as above;
Mercy and Truth never to part ſhall meet,
And Peace Her old friend Equity ſhall greet.

VII.

Truth from the Earth ſhall ſpring, (the beſt increaſe
Our land e're hop'd for, or did yield)
And as it grows up, Righteouſneſs,
The fruit of Heav'n, ſhall meet that of the Field;
Juſtice, which has the Earth ſo long forſook,
Shall dwell, where ſhe of late durſt hardly look.

VIII.

A thouſand Bleſſings God to theſe ſhall joyn,
And only of All Goods the Beſt;
The generous Olive, and the Vine,
And recompence with fruit their former reſt;
Righteouſneſs here ſhall make her conſtant ſtay,
Nor go to Heav'n, till ſhe prepare Our Way.

Pſalm LXXXVI.

Inclina Domine aurem tuam, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

O Thou, who doſt th' Afflicted hear,
From Heav'n, O God, bow down Thine Eare!
Never ſuch need as Now,
Never was I ſo low,
Or Thou, though never out of call, leſs near!

II.

Preſerve the Soul, which Thee adores,
And out that Soul unto Thee poures!
Thy Servant truſts in Thee,
In vain let it not bee,
But let Thy Son, O God, break through theſe ſhowers!

III.

Be Merciful to Me, O Lord,
For I depend upon Thy Word;
To Thee alone I cry,
To Thee for help I fly,
Rejoyce Thy Servants Soul, and help afford!

IV.

I know, O Lord, that Thou art Good,
Thy Mercy is a plenteous Flood;
The dead Thou mak'ſt to live,
And ſinners doſt forgive,
May not Thy Pow'r be by my Sin withſtood!

V.

But to that Prayer, O God, attend,
Which from unfeigned lips I ſend!

When

When troubles compaſs mee,
Then will I call on Thee,
For Thou wilt to thoſe troubles put an end.

VI.

I knew, Lord, Thou wilt anſwer Mee,
And that none elſe can do but Thee;
Amongſt the Gods there's none,
That one can truſt upon,
Nor can their Works to Thine compared be!

VII.

Therefore to Thee all lands ſhall come,
And to Thy glorious Name fall down;
For Thou doſt wondrous things,
And art above their Kings,
Art God alone, and all muſt waite thy doom.

VIII.

Teach me the way, where I ſhould go,
The Way of Truth unto me ſhow!
To that unite my heart,
That it may never ſtart
From Thee, Lord, as 'tis wont with me to do!

IX.

Then will I praiſes to Thee ſing,
And to Thee all my ſervice bring;
Thy Word for ever more,
Shall ſtill ſupply new ſtore,
Nor will I ever end, when I begin.

X

Thy Mercy to me, Lord, is great,
For me from Hell it free has ſet;
That Hell, which lies ſo low,
Where I did haſt to go,
And didſt not Thou reſtrain me ſhould do yet.

XI. The

XI.

The Proud O God againſt me riſe,
And I have many Enemies;
But be not Thou my Foe,
I fear not what they do,
Who never have ſet Thee before their eyes!

XII.

For of Compaſſion Thou art full,
Though I am heartleſs, Lord, and dull,
Gracious, Long-ſuffering
Whoſe Truth and Mercie Spring,
And with their Streams o're flow my very Soul.

XIII.

Dear God, at length unto me turn,
Look, how I for Thy abſence mourn!
Srengthen Thy ſervant Lord,
According to Thy Word,
To Thy Hand-maid, and Thy Hand-maids Son return!

XIV.

Shew me ſome token of Thy love,
That ſhame may in my Enemies move!
Make haſt to ſuccour me,
And comfort bring with Thee,
And of Thy ſervant, thus, my God approve.

Pſalm LXXXVII.

Fundamenta ejus in montibus, &c.

I.

A Pſalm for the Sons of Korah,

TWas God himſelf the ground ſurvey'd,
Compaſs'd the Mountains round about,
Among the Mountains choſe This out,
In Holy Sion His Foundation lay'd,
And for His ſervice took the Place His Pleaſure made.

II.

Glorious City, Sacred Place,
Where God Himſelf delights to be,
Glorious things are told of Thee,
How much Thou doſt all Cities elſe ſurpaſs,
And how the Worlds Great God, Thy Mighty Founder was.

III.

Philiſtia to the Lord is known,
He reckons up, who was born there;
But none with Sion may compare,
Nor *Ethiopia*, *Tyre*, nor *Babylon*,
For *Sion* God above all lov'd, and made His Own.

IV.

God has eſtabliſht *Sion* faſt,
Himſelf is both Her Towers, and Wall;
Such and ſo ſtrong as ne're ſhall fall,
Such and ſo ſtrong, as none ſhall ever waſte,
Till He, who was their Builder, throw them down at laſt.

And when the Grand Inqueſt is made,
And God ſhall write the Nations down,
Firſt beginning with His Own,
" This Man was born at *Sion*, 't ſhall be ſai'd,
" And for a Bearing to His other Honours lai'd.

VI.

" From *Sion* ſprings His Pedigree,
" I both His Name and Office know,
" What place He ſerv'd me in below,
" But by His Birth place He ſhall numbred bee.
Where e're mine was, let me, O Lord, belong to Thee!

Pſalm

Pſalm LXXXVIII.

Domine Deus ſalutis meæ, &c.

I.

GReat God, whence my Salvation comes alone,
And who that Great Salvation art
Thou day and night haſt heard me groan,
O, let Thine Ears at length affect Thine heart!
To Thee I pray, let my Prayer come to Thee,
Or if that cannot reach ſo high, ſtoop Thou to me!

A Pſalm of Heman *the* Ezrahite.

II.

Hear me, my God for I am wondrous low,
And to the grave my life draws nigh;
Loaded with cares my Soul do's go,
And in the Pit is readie down to lie:
Already I am numbred with the Dead,
And that ſmall ſtrength I had (Weakneſs at beſt) is fled.

III.

Free as the Dead, and like one long ſince ſlain,
Who is forgotten in the Grave,
And never ſhall return again,
Or, but upon his Tomb, Memoriall have;
Low in the Pit I'm lai'd down in the Deep,
And its rough waves my head do under water keep.

IV.

Far from me Thou haſt put my Neareſt Friends,
Who as forſaken look on me;
Becauſe my God no ſuccour ſends,
They think me hated, or unknown to Thee:

As in a Peſt-houſe quite given o're I'm laid,
And thoſe, who pitty me, are of my Sores afraid.

V.

My eyes with teares o'recome yet look to Thee,
And for Thy help I daily cry:
When at night I cannot ſee,
With ſtretcht out armes I feel if Thou art nigh:
"Wilt Thou, ſay I to th' Dead Thy wonders ſhow,
"Let me but ſee them, Lord, and Thou do'ſt truly ſo!

VI.

"Shall the Dead riſe, and praiſe Thee, or Thy love,
"Be in the Land of Darkneſs ſeen?
"Shall in the Grave Thy Praiſe improve,
"Sung there, where ſilence has for ever been?
"Where dark oblivion uncontroll'd do's reign,
"And diſmal Horror riots o're the empty Plain?

VII.

And then again I new Petitions make,
And would prevent Thee with my Prayer;
With Thee the Morning do's partake,
And with my tears inſtead of dew looks fair:
But thou withdraw'ſt Thy ſelf, and out of ſight,
Hid'ſt in thick Clouds that Face, which gives me all my light.

VIII.

From my youth up I have Thy Terrors felt,
Ready with grief and pain to die;
Thy Wrath like fire my Soul do's melt,
And quite conſumes, what it ſhould purifie;
Or like a troubled Sea do's o're me roll,
And thus by ſeveral Deaths, or burns, or drowns my Soul.

IX. Far

IX.

Far from me Thou haſt put my Neareſt Friend,
Whom Thou at firſt to me didſt give;
(Through Death Our Friendſhip cannot end,
For in the ſad Survivour it ſhall live.)
My Dear Acquaintance in the grave is laid, (made.
And Two, whom God made One, Death again Two has

P. M. O. C.

Pſalm LXXXIX.

Miſericordias Domini in æternum, &c.

A Pſalm of Ethan *the* Ezrahite.

IN flowing Numbers I reſolve to ſing
The Truth, and Mercies of th' Eternal King:
That late poſterity His love may know,
Both what He did, and what He's ſworn to do;
That Faithfullneſs, which He has ſaid ſhall ſtand,
Like Heav'n firſt made, and ſtabliſht by His hand;
When thus He ſpake, "I have to David paſt
"My Word, and with an Oath have bound it faſt,
"Saying, Thy ſeed I'll bleſs, upon Thy Throne,
"And make its rule Eternal like my own.
Angels for this Thy Wonders muſt declare,
Such praiſes too ſublime for Mortals are,
Who only can below admire Thy love,
Not joyn with, but attend the Quire above;
For who in Heav'n with Thee can be compar'd,
Whom all adore, as Thou by all art fear'd?
Or who among the mighty Sons of Earth,
Is like to Thee, who gav'ſt their Mother Birth?
Before whoſe Throne Bleſt Saints, and Angels bow,
And caſt thoſe Crowns, which to Thy hand they owe.
Whoſe great Commands the Heavenly Hoſt obey,
And execute the charge, which Thou doſt lay.
So Juſt, ſo True, ſo full of Majeſty,
Lord, like Thy ſelf Thou art, and none like Thee.
The Sea when it to Heav'n in ſtorms do's riſe,
At Thy Rebuke in Humble Vallies lies.
Aſunder Thou didſt break the threatning Wave,
And in its bowels mad'ſt Proud *Pharaohs* grave.
The Heav'n with all its glorious Flames are Thine,
And with reflection from Thine eye they ſhine.
The Earth, and all the ſtores the Earth containes,
Of Thy firſt fulneſs are the Mighty Dreins.

Thou

Thou bid'ſt it ſtand unmov'd above the Flood,
And ſaw'ſt, what er'e Thy hand had done was good.
The North and South and all its coaſts around,
Thou for Thy Pleaſure firſt did'ſt make, and bound.
Tabor, and *Hermon* in Thy Name rejoyce,
And up to Thee the Vallies raiſe their Voice.
No Pow'r can Thy All-conqu'ring Arm with-ſtand,
So ſtrong is that, ſo high is Thy Right Hand.
Juſtice, and Faithfulneſs uphold Thy Throne,
Mercie and Truth's the Baſe it reſts upon.
A thouſand Graces round about Thee flie,
And take new life and vigor from Thine eye.
Thrice happy land, whoſe Sovereign Lord Thou art,
Who hear Thy Law, and to it yield their heart!
Who in Thy gracious Preſence ever dwell,
And all the ſtories of Thy Power can tell!
Who have Thee for the ſubject of their Verſe,
And every day can of Thy Truth reherſe!
Thine, Lord, who art their ſtrength, their Fort and Tower,
And on their heads the Anointing Oyl doſt poure.
Thou art Our God, and we Thy Praiſe will ſing,
Who in Thy ſtead o're us mad'ſt *David* King.
(For thus His Will God to His Prophet told,
And in a Viſion made Him it behold,
Saying,) "I ſearcht the People all around,
And now to my Own Heart a Man have found:
David, on whom the Burden ſhall be laid,
"Of ruling *Iſrael*, and their King be made.
"I have anointed him, with Him my Hand
"Shall both to conquer be, and to command.
"I from Conſpiracies his Crown will guard,
"And all his gates ſhall be moſt ſurely barr'd.
"Before His Face his Enemies ſhall fall,
"And unto me in vain for ſuccour call.
"For down I'll tread them, but his head will raiſe,
"And with my Truth and Love make plain His Wayes.
"His Empire to the River ſhall extend,
"And only where the Earth finds hers, have end.

"All

" All Lands, and Seas to him ſhall tribute yield,
" And of his conqueſts be the fruitful field.
" By Name of Father to Him I'll be known,
" Of God, and Rock, and he ſhall be My Son.
" My Firſt-born, higher than the Kings of th' Earth,
" With Rule, and Subjects worthy of his Birth.
" My Oath and Covenant ſhall with him ſtand faſt,
" And I'll that Promiſe keep, which I have paſt.
" Nor ſhall it be confin'd to him alone,
" But his ſeed too ſhall have their Fathers Throne.
" Which as the dayes of Heav'n ſhall conſtant be,
" And know no bounds but vaſt Eternity.
" If they my Statutes, and my Laws forſake,
" And break the Covenant, which this day I make,
" Then I their Sins will viſit with a Rod,
" But never ceaſe to be their King, and God.
" My Mercie and my Truth will ne're remove,
" Nor take away, though I may hide, My love.
" My Promiſe, and my Vow I'll never break,
" Nor change the Word, which once my Mouth did ſpeak.
" For by my ſelf I once to *David* ſwore,
" And by My Holineſs confirme't once more.
" His ſeed and Throne like Heav'n ſhall conſtant be,
" And know no bounds but Vaſt Eternity.
" Witneſs ye Heav'ns, which in my ſight remain,
" And you, bright ſtars, that in your Courſes reign;
" Both Sun and Moon againſt Me Witneſs be,
" If Time it ſelf endures ſo long as He!
This Thou haſt ſaid, O God, and thus haſt ſworn,
How comes it then His Kingdome is all torn?
That Thou haſt caſt off, and abhor'd Thy King,
As if he never had anointed been?
Made voi'd Thy Cov'nant, and to th' Earth flung down
(Snatcht from His Royal Head) the Sacred Crown?
Deſtroi'd his Pallace, and his ramparts broke,
And on his neck and *Sions* lai'd the yoak?
No more that *Sion*, which ſhe was of old,
Who in her hands the reins of th' Earth did hold;

Queen

Queen of all Cities, Glory of the World,
But in one ruine, with her Captives hurl'd;
Diſmantled, ſack'd, with rubbiſh hid all o're,
And now their ſcorn, whoſe fear ſhe was before.
Our Sov'reign too Himſelf is forc'd to fly,
Deſpoil'd of all the Robes of Majeſty.
Whil'ſt his ſtrong Enemies, by Thee made ſo,
Load him with fetters, and in Triumphs go.
In vain He conqueſt from his Sword expects,
When God the threat'ned head from harm protects.
And when it ſhould moſt execution do,
Turns it on him, whoſe hand did make thee blow.
And back he yields, and all his Glories ceaſe,
And with Him, fall Proſperity, and Peace.
I'th' mid'ſt of 's dayes he do's untimely fall;
By an inglorious Death, and Funeral.
Shall it be ever thus, and will Thine eyes,
Thoſe Mis'ries, which they ſee us bear, deſpiſe?
For ever ſhall Thy Wrath devour like fire,
And in it's flames Thy ancient Love expire?
Remember, Lord, the Number of our dayes,
How few they are to celebrate Thy Praiſe!
Nor let it be in vain Thou life did'ſt give,
But whil'ſt we have it, let us truly Live!
For no man long his ranſom'd head can ſave
From death, or the inexorable grave:
Where then are all Thy former Mercies, Lord,
And Oaths, whereby Thou did'ſt confirm Thy Word?
Behold our wrongs, and that reproach we bear,
For making Thee Our Truſt, Thy Word Our care!
And what malignities Men on Thee throw,
Becauſe *Meſſiah's* Coming is ſo ſlow!
But We believe, and in His day rejoyce,
And whom We look for haſten with our voice.

Amen, and Amen.

The End of the Third Book of Pſalms.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF PSALMS.

Pſalm XC.

Domine Refugium factus es, &c.

I.

LOrd, We have been Thy ancient Care,
And Thy experienc'd helps all times have known;
Though Time it ſelf to Thee no Age do's bear,
And in compariſon, would ſeem but Young:
For e're Thy Fertile Word, had made the Earth,
And the World travail'd with the Mountains birth,
Thy Days, Lord, with Thy Being firſt begun,
With that which no Beginning had,
And when an end of all things ſhall be made,
Only with that, which has no end, ſhall they be done.

A Prayer of Moſes the Man of God.

II.

Such is Thy Care, and ſuch Thy Age,
Whil'ſt on Thy breath, Poor Man hangs all his truſt,
And ſoon ha's run his laſt, and longeſt ſtage,
If whence He roſe Thou ſentence him to Duſt:
That fond thing life, which he by years do's count,
(Should to a Thouſand Suns the ſumm amount,
And all to come,) to Thee as yeſterday,
When it is paſt and gone appears,
So looks the numerous train of coming years,
Or as a Watch, which on Sleeps Wings ha's flown away.

III.

In times ſwift torrent down they roll,
Whoſe ſtream no ſluces ſpend, or banks can ſtay;
In vain by Art, we would its courſe controll,
And ſtop that Flood, which ſhall bear all away:
Like a fleet aiery dream, Our Age do's fly,
Which ſprings from Fancy, and deludes the eye:
Like Flowers, which in the Morning gay and fine,
Riſe with the Sun and mount their heads,
But Noon once paſt, look down upon their Beds,
And tow'rd the Earth, their grave with him at night decline.

IV.

Our very pleaſures haſte our end,
And with ten thouſand ſnares beſet us round;
But when to theſe Thou doſt Thy Armies ſend,
What ſcarce was felt, now gives a Mortal Wound:
Sickneſs and pains, the dire effects of Sin,
(Which makes their way,) at the wide breach ruſh in:
Our ſecret ſins before Thee open lye,
And this Juſt puniſhment we bear,
The Tale of Life is done, e're we're aware,
And thoſe Thy wrath conſum'd, in Thy diſpleaſure dye.

V. Our

V.

Our Life to ſeventy years we count,
And that he's Old, who thither do's arrive;
But if through Strength it ſhould to Fourſcore mount,
Age is a Sickneſs, and 'tis Death to live:
The ſwift wing'd years will ſoon be numb'red o're,
And overtake their fellows gone before;
Which though we ſee, and know, and each day hear,
As unconcern'd we ſtill look on,
Till in the Common ruine we fall down,
And find too late Thy Wrath is equal to Our Fear.

VI.

May We at laſt True Wiſdom gain!
And having ſeen how much of life is ſpent,
And how uncertain's all that do's remain,
Be on Eternity and Heav'n intent!
Return, O Lord, for we have born Thy hand,
And Now expecting the dread Sentence ſtand!
Repent Thee then, Lo, how Thy Servants bow,
And to Thee all their ſins confeſs,
Which more by tears than Words they would expreſs;
And ſhall Thy Servants, Lord, repent, and wilt not Thou?

VII.

For all that we have undergone,
Thoſe years of our few dayes in troubles paſt,
Now make Thy Mercy and Thy Pow'r be known,
And let the Joy we wait for come at laſt!
Let it proportion to our ſorrows bear,
As conſtant in its courſe, as e're they were!
Let us behold the beams of Love, and Grace,
Making our darkneſs diſappear,
And having made Our Heav'n with glory clear,
Their kindeſt Influence, Lord, beſtow upon our Race!

VIII.

Let us uninterrupted ſee
On all Our wayes Thy choiceſt bleſſings ſhine!
Make thoſe our guides to bring us up to Thee,
And with Thy Holy Flame our droſs refine!
To Thee we look and Heav'n eſteem Our Home,
But only through Thy Strength can thither come;
Thy Hand alone Our journeys muſt direct,
First ſhew, then lead us in the Way,
Uphold us that we never fall, or ſtray,
And what Ours cannot, let Thy Hand for us effect.

Pſalm

Psalm XCI.

Qui habitat in Adjutorio. &c.

I.

HE, who do's with th'Almighty God reſide,
And in His ſecret place abide,
Under thoſe feathers ſafe ſhall lye,
With which he thither firſt did flye,
Where trouble dares not come near the Moſt High.

A Pſalm of David. *Gr.* Ανεπιγραφος *apud Heb.*

II.

Thither I'll fly, my God, I'll thither come,
No other place ſhall be my Home;
Thy Pow'r I will my Bulwark call,
My Fortreſs, and my Brazen Wall,
Which ſhall unmov'd remain, though Heav'n ſhould fall.

III.

Then fear not, Soul, for Thou preſerv'd ſhalt be,
From all the Snares deſign'd for Thee;
The Plague that All-conſuming ill,
Which do's the Air with Poyſons fill,
Near Thee ſhall loſe its force, and ceaſe to kill.

IV.

For as the Eagles wings protect her young,
Till they have pinnions of their own,
Under God's wings ſhalt Thou abide,
And either there ſecurely hide,
Or from Thy Fears away upon them ride.

V.

His Truth ſhall be Thy Battle-Ax, and Shield,
Both to maintain, and get the field;

Neither

Neither the Terrors of the Night,
Nor dangers of the Mid-day light,
Unſeen ſhall touch, or ſeen ſhall thee affright.

VI.

The Peſtilence, which in thick darkneſs walks,
And in the empty City ſtalks,
The Sword, which on whole Lands do's prey,
And to bear witneſs calls the day,
When Thou appear'ſt, ſhall turn another way.

VII.

On Thy left hand it ſhall a thouſand ſmite,
And kill ten thouſand on Thy right;
But nigher ſhall not come to Thee,
Only Thine eyes with joy ſhall ſee,
What the Rewards of all the wicked be.

VIII.

Becauſe Thou to my Rock for help did'ſt fly,
Above Thy fears, to the Moſt High,
There ſhall no evil Thee befall,
Near Thee ſhall come no Plague at all,
Who art beyond their reach, and lowdeſt call.

IX.

Around in Bands His Angels ſhall attend,
And guard Thee to Thy Journeys end;
To lead Thee ſome, and ſome to ſtrow
Thoſe wayes with flowers, which others ſhow,
And make the paths all ſmooth, where Thou ſhalt go.

X.

Thou on the Baſilisks proud neck ſhalt tread,
The Lion ſhall bow down his head;
With them ſhall conquer'd Dragons meet,
And humbly ſtooping at Thy Feet,
Their Captive Chains unto each other greet.

XI.

"To Me, saies God, he look'd, and therefore I
"Will where he look'd set him on high;
"I was the Object of his Love,
"For as his Prayers did upward move,
"'Twas that they sounded in my ears above.

XII.

"To Me in all his troubles shall he cry,
"I'le answer him, and speedily:
"Will bring him out with songs of praise,
"Give him long life, and happy daies,
"And after crown him with Eternal Bayes.

Psalm XCII.

Bonum est confiteri Dominum, &c.

A Psalm for the Sabbath-day.

I.

WHat Saints in Heav'n and Angels do,
I'le count my Duty, and my Honour too:
Morning and Night, Great God, to raise
My Song as high as Thou hast set Thy Praise;
With all the Numbers Musick can invent,
My Voice, and Harp, and Ten-string'd Instrument,
That what from Thee first came, may back to Thee be sent.

II.

Thou hast deserv'd it, and my Song
Shall tell abroad, what Thy great hand ha's done;
And in Thy wondrous Works I will rejoyce,
And with the lofty subject fill my voice;
But Lord, what Verse can with thy Power compare,
And shew Thy thoughts, or what Thy Counsels are,
Which Fools despise, and none can as they ought declare?

III.

For when like Grass the wicked spring,
And prosper for a season in their sin,
'Tis that like Grass they may be mown,
And dung that Field, which they before did crown;
Thou, who on high dost all their malice see,
And that less mine, than they were foes to Thee,
Hast thus design'd, that their eternal fall should be.

IV.

But Thou on high shalt raise my head,
And on it make the Sacred Oyl be shed;
And raise it as the Unicorn,
To guard his Empire, lifts his Sovereign Horn:

And

And then upon my bloody Enemies
My ears ſhall have their wiſh, and then my eyes.
Without regret their miſery ſhall ſee, and hear their cryes.

V.

Then like the Palm the Juſt ſhall grow,
And as if under weights, more beauteous ſhow;
Like Cedars ſhall be ever green,
The World's renown, as they the Woods have been;
His hand, which planted them, ſhall make them thrive,
The Sacred Earth new roots and ſap ſhall give,
Both in His Courts to flouriſh, and in His Houſe to live.

VI.

There ſhall they live, and have a Spring,
As conſtant as the ſoil they're planted in;
Age ſhall but render them more fair,
More gay and fruitful than in youth they were;
That all the World Thy Power, O God, may know,
And to Thy Kingdom's Righteous Scepter bow,
Who mak'ſt the Green Tree wither, and the Dry to grow.

Pſalm XCIII.

Dominus regnavit, decorem, &c.

I.

SUbmit your Crowns, O Kings, for God do's reign,
And ha's Himſelf put on His Crown;
Throw at His Feet your Scepters down,
And pardon by your quick ſubmiſſion gain!
Unto your ſelves aſcribe His Power no more,
But what He firſt gave you, to him again reſtore!

II.

Girt round with Majeſty the Lord do's reign,
His Kingdom is the World He made,
And on ſuch ſure Foundations laid,
That like his Word it ſhall unmov'd remain;
'Tis there he rules, but Heav'n is fit alone
For our beſt Wiſhes, ſince He there ha's ſet His Throne.

III.

There as He ſits, the Floods would to Him riſe,
Their threatning heads on high they bear;
But hopeleſs ever to come near,
Roar, and ſend up their clamours to the skyes;
Above He hears, and ſcorns them, ſtills their noiſe,
And in their loudeſt roaring, makes them hear His voice.

IV.

All things obey His Will, whoſe Law's ſo ſure,
That all things by it firmly ſtand;
From Nothing that did firſt command
Their Beings, and now makes them to endure:
Thy Power, O God, do's reach us every where,
But in Thy Temple do's Thy Holineſs appear.

Pſalm

Pſalm XCIV.

Deus ultionum Dominus, &c.

I.

Judge of the Univerſe, Great Lord of All,
Equal Diſpoſer of Rewards, and Puniſhments,
Ariſe, and to Thy Barr, the Nations call,
Both for their Actions to be judg'd, and their intents!
Ariſe, Great Judge, that by Thy Juſt Decree,
As are the Proud Man's Merits, his Reward may be!

II.

How long, my God, ſhall He unpuniſht go,
And then moſt proſper, when he moſt do's Thee offend?
Speaking hard things of what he do's not know,
And make to patient Heav'n his blaſphemies aſcend?
To Heav'n he raiſes his exalted Crown,
And under-foot Heaven's Holy ſeed the while treads down.

III.

A Widdow now, and then a Stranger ſlayes,
And with theirs drinks the blood of th'murd'red Fatherleſs;
Ha's ſeveral baits to throw for ſeveral preys,
And ſeveral ſnares, which he can unſuſpected dreſs,
So cloſe, he ſaith, and from ſuſpition free,
That *Jacob*'s God, though He ſtood by, ſhould never ſee.

IV.

Canſt thou be then ſo brutiſh and unwiſe,
Fond Man, to think He ſees not, or not hears,
Who made at firſt the light, and gave Thee eyes,
And form'd for ſounds the ſubtil windings of thy ears?
Or can the World's juſt Ruler partial be,
Or God Himſelf know nothing, who at firſt taught thee?

V.

He knows the Heart, and the moſt ſecret thought,
How vain are Our deſires, Our hatred, love, and fears;
And happy Man, who ha's the skill been taught,
To know Himſelf, though he with chaſtening learn't, & tears!
In trouble God will give him reſt, and peace,
And by the wicked's fall his glory ſhall increaſe.

VI.

For the Wiſe God will not His choice forſake,
Nor His inheritance to ſtrangers ever leave;
Juſtice, and Right again the Chair ſhall take,
And injur'd Innocence then clear'd its Crown receive:
Never to be oppreſt, or ſuffer more,
But have rewards above the wrongs it felt before.

VII.

"But whence, ſaid I, ſhall come my preſent aid,
"Or who againſt my foes my Title will defend?
Hadſt not Thou, Lord, my help, and ſhield been made,
The grave e're this had put to that, and me an end:
But when I ſlipt, Thy Mercies me ſuſtain'd,
And in the tumults of my thoughts Thy Comforts reign'd

VIII.

"For can God, ſaid I, or the Holy One,
"Be joyn'd with them, who ſet up miſchief by a Law?
"Shall Juſtice, and Oppreſſion ſhare the Throne?
"Or rapine to its party conquer'd virtue draw,
"Againſt the Juſt together to conſpire,
"And doom the Innocent, and guilty to one fire?

IX.

But God's my [h]elp; the Rock whereto I fly,
My Fortreſs, and [h]igh Tower, where darts in vain are ſent,
Their feathers cannot bear them up ſo high,
But on the Caſter they ſhall turn in puniſhment:
And falling thus in wrath be ſo hurl'd down,
That wounded, every man ſhall ſay, the Dart's his Own.

Pſalm

Psalm XCV.

Venite exultemus Domino, &c.

I.

COme! let us ſing unto the Lord,
And all His deeds with thankfulneſs record!
Unto Our God, Come, let us ſing,
And to His Courts with ſhouts Our Preſents bring!
He is Our Rock to Him Our Verſe we'll raiſe, (Praiſe.
And He, who heard Our Prayers, ſhall now attend Our

II.

Great is Our God, and rules o're all,
Above all gods, who at His Footſtool fall;
The Earth is His, and all its Deeps,
His Word the Hills on their Foundation keeps;
He made the Sea, and bounded it with Sand,
And bid the heavy earth above the waters ſtand.

III.

Come! let us worſhip and fall down,
And as we ought, Our Great Creator own!
He is Our God, His Flock we are,
The Sheep of 's hand, the People of his Court;
Look, how He calls, look, how He bends His ear,
Thus by inclining His, to ſee if Ours will hear!

IV.

To day let's hear, nor be like them,
Who in the deſert did His Power contemn!
That hardened there did God provoke,
And though He ſtill kept His, their Covenant's broke!
"'Twas then, ſaies God, they prov'd and tempted me,
"When all around I had my Wonders made them ſee.

V. "Forty

V.

" Forty years long their ſins I bore,
" And from deſtroying them as long forbore;
" Fond People, ſaid I, thus to ſtray,
" And when I ſhew'd it, not to know my way!
" Therefore in wrath I did againſt them ſwear,
" Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, they never ſhould come there.

Pſalm

Pſalm XCVI.

Cantate Domino Canticum, &c.

I.

NEw Songs of Praiſe to the Almighty ſing,
And to Him let the World their Offerings bring!
Sing to Our God, and bleſs His Holy Name,
From day to day His Acts declare,
How wondrous, and how great they are,
And let the Nations joyn to celebrate His Fame.

II.

Great is the Lord, and worthy of all Praiſe,
Above the Trophys we can to Him raiſe!
No Pow'r like His we can adore, or fear,
For thoſe to whom the Gentiles bow,
Are Idols, and an empty ſhow,
But He made Heav'n, and all the Hoſts, which ſerve Him there.

III.

Honour and Majeſty attend His Throne,
Beauty, and Strength His Temple's built upon;
Therefore to Him alone ye People bow,
His Praiſe with daily thanks renew,
Reſtore to Him, what is His due,
And at His Altar pay, what there you firſt did vow!

IV.

Let the Earth tremble, and its Kingdoms fear,
And all unto the Mighty Word give ear;
Among the Heathen ſay, *That God do's reign,*
Who made the World, and bid it ſtand,
Till He ſhall judge it, whoſe Command
To its firſt Nothing ſhall return it back again.

V.

Be glad, O Heav'ns, and Thou O Earth rejoyce,
And to your Conſort take the Seas Deep Voice!
Let the huge Sea in dancing billows riſe,
And though confin'd within its Shore,
By Sands which barr the Mighty Door,
Send up to Heav'n its ſhouts, and force the yielding Skyes!

VI.

Let joyfull Songs be heard in every Plain,
And Hills reflect the Voices Face again!
Then let the Trees, the Glories of the Wood,
In mutual Murmurs all conſpire,
And joyn with Birds to fill the Quire,
As if like Men they Parts, and Muſick underſtood!

VII.

At their Own Numbers let them come away,
And where their God ſhall paſs, lead on the way;
He comes! But who His Preſence can abide,
That the Great Judge of all ſhall be,
Yet who would not His Entrance ſee,
When He with equal Juſtice, ſhall each cauſe decide?

Psalm XCVII.

Dominus regnavit, exultet Terra, &c.

THe Lord do's reign, let the whole Earth rejoyce,
The Isles be glad, and lift on high their voice;
Louder than Seas, which all around them roar,
And with their shouts shake Heav'n, and rend the Shore!
In the thick darkness God His Glory shrouds,
And o're His Brightness throws a veil of clouds:
Justice and Righteousness uphold His Throne,
And their firm Basis it do's rest upon.
In vain for Him their Toils His Enemies lay,
That Fire consumes them, which prepares His Way.
For on the Nations He His Lightning threw,
And o're the World the swift-wing'd Terrour flew.
The Earth beheld it, and began to fear,
The Hills complain'd, that Heav'n approach'd too near;
And melted with the heat, like Wax, flow'd down,
Whilst in the Plains ran streams of burning Stone.
At the Almighty Presence they did flow,
Whose breath the Fire His eye had made did blow.
The Heav'ns His Justice, and His Power declare,
And to His Truth the Earth do's witness bear.
May then all perish, who to Idols bow,
And boast of Gods, which they make only so!
Worship Him, all ye Gods, Angels fall down,
And at His Feet cast every One His Crown!
Sion with joy shall hear, *Jerusalem*
Shall send her Daughters to improve the Theam;
For He above all Gods is rais'd so high,
To Him we only by Our Praise can fly.
Praise Him, ye Righteous, who advanc't above,
Would have you thus express, and send your Love!
Your Love upon Himself alone bestow,
And Hatred only to what's evil show.

So with deliverance He ſhall ſurely come,
And having here preſerv'd you, take you home.
To Heav'n, in whoſe large fields refined Light,
Sown for the Juſt, looks againſt Harveſt white.
Harveſts, which as they reap, the Righteous ſing,
And with Eternal ſhoutings carry in;
Be glad, ye Righteous, and in God rejoyce,
For what His hands have done deſerves your Voice!

Pſalm

Pſalm XCVIII.

Cantate Domino Canticum novum, &c.

A Pſalm.

I.

NEw Songs of Praiſe to the Almighty ſing,
Triumphall Songs to our Victorious King:
Whoſe own right Hand ha's got Him Victory,
And for us mighty Wonders done,
Has mighty En'mies overthrown,
And by its Holineſs has made the Wicked flye!

II.

The Lord ha's ſav'd us, and His Power diſplay'd,
His Righteouſneſs made all the World afraid;
Th'amazed World ſtood, and admir'd His hand,
And when poor Iſrael ſeem'd to be
Hopeleſs of ever getting free,
Wondred how He could then ſuch miracles command.

III.

Praiſe Him, O World, and fear His Mighty Name,
From whence all that at which Thou wondreſt came!
Call all Thy forces up the Song to raiſe,
With Trumpets, and with Harps rejoice,
The Sackbut, Clarion, and the voice,
And with ſhrill Cornets up to Heav'n ſend all Thy praiſe!

IV.

Let the Sea roar, and all that dwells therein
Joyn in His praiſe, when thus the Shores begin!
Let the Floods too their parts in anſwering bear,
Lift up their heads, and clap their hands,
Riſe, and look o're their bounding ſands, (there!
And ſee what's done at Land, though they cannot come

V.

Let them ſee how the Mountains, glad as they,
Look from their tops, when God will come away!
He comes! But who His Preſence can abide,
That the Great Judge of all ſhall be;
Yet who would not His entrance ſee,
When He with equall Juſtice ſhall each cauſe decide?

Pſalm

Pſalm XCIX.

Dominus regnavit, irascantur, &c.

I.

THE Lord do's reign, let the Earth fear,
And tremble, till its old Foundations ſhake!
For though Mount Sion He His Court do's make,
His Empire reaches every where;
Let the whole World before His Name fall low, *Verſiculus.*
For it is Holy, and moſt rais'd when they do ſo!

II.

He Righteouſneſs and Truth do's love,
Is the Kings ſtrength, as they His glory are;
Jacob His Judgements had, and was His Care;
Exalt our God, who reigns above,
The Holy God, and at His Footſtool bow, *Verſus.*
For then you raiſe Him moſt, when there you fall moſt low!

III.

Moſes, and *Aaron*, and the Quire
Of Prieſts, which alwayes in His Court attend,
Samuel, with thoſe whoſe praiſes there aſcend,
And from His Altar have their fire,
In their diſtreſs, when they did to Him fly,
He, who their troubles ſaw, as freely heard their cry.

IV.

He heard them, and that very Flame,
Which to His Preſence did their Prayers conveigh,
No leſs for His return prepar'd the way,
Which through the Cloudy Pillar came;
He anſwer'd them, and as He heard forgave,
And though reveng'd the ſin, yet did the ſinner ſave.

V. Thus

V.

Thus He of old their Faith did prove,
And unſeen by them, through the darkneſs ſaw
How they obſerv'd His Word, and kept His Law:
Exalt our God, who reigns above,
Verſus. The Holy God, and in His Temple bow,
For then you raiſe Him moſt, when there you fall moſt low!

Pſalm

Pſalm C.

Jubilate Deo omnis terra!

I.

YOu, who throughout the World that Power adore,
Which firſt made it, and then made you,
Give to the Lord, what is His due,
And what Man ha's uſurpt, His Praiſe reſtore!

II.

'Tis God alone, who by His Word made All,
And by His Word that All ſuſtains;
And Nothing by the Wonder gains,
Except to ſave and hear us when we call.

III.

We are His People, He Our Maker is,
Our Shepheard He, and we His ſheep,
Whom He ſecure do's ever keep,
And praiſe is all that He expects for this.

IV.

Approach His Courts, and enter them with praiſe,
And of His Mighty Power rehearſe!
Make that the ſubject of your Verſe,
And up to Heav'n with it His Goodneſs raiſe!

V.

Who moſt ſhalt bleſs Him, let's together ſtrive!
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
His Truth for ever ſhall endure,
What can we leſs, when He ſo much do's give?

Pſalm CI.

Miſericordiam & Juſtitiam, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

I Will of Judgement, and of mercy ſing,
The greateſt Praiſes of the greateſt King,
And ſince mine's nothing worth, His own unto Him bring.

II.

'Twas He diſcover'd to me firſt the Way,
I'll follow where He ſhew'd the paſſage lay;
O, come, and lead me, Lord, that I may never ſtray!

III.

With my integrity I'll never part,
But be my Seed's as Thou my Pattern art,
And as Thy Way is perfect, ſo ſhall be my Heart.

IV.

No wicked thing will I with pleaſure ſee,
My Innocent eyes no more ſhall guilty be,
Or look ſo low, ſince they have once been rais'd to Thee.

V.

I'll hate the work of him, who turns aſide,
His way from life, and happineſs lyes wide,
And as he ſhuns me, from him I my face will hide.

VI.

The Privy ſlanderer I will ore'throw,
Reject the Proud, nor with the froward go,
Their great heights, when they fall, ſhall make them ſink more low.

VII.

VII.

But he in mine ſhall be, as in Thy ſight,
Whoſe heart, and wayes Thy Laws have made upright,
To Thee a Servant, but my Friend and chief delight.

VIII.

He in my houſe ſhall dwell, but never there
Shall the deceitful, or falſe Man appear;
Deſtruction cannot be far of, when they are near.

IX.

Early I will deſtroy them, and my hand
Shall cut them off, and guiltleſs make the Land,
And on their ſpoils, Gods City ſhall triumphing ſtand!

Pſalm CII.

Domine exaudi orationem, &c.

The V Penitential Pſal.

A Prayer of the Afflicted when he is overwhelmed and poures out his complaint before the Lord.

I.

MY deareſt God, let my Pray'r come to Thee,
Nor at my ſighes, and cry offended be!
Dart through theſe pitchy clouds one ray Divine,
And make Thy glorious Face appear;
If Thou art pleas'd again to ſhine,
I will no longer fear,
But hope that He, who ſees my Pain, will bend His ear.

II.

But hear me then, and anſwer ſpeedily
'Ere 'tis too late, and I no more can cry!
For as dry wood do's in the fornace burn,
And vaniſhes in ſmoak away,
So all my ſtrength to ſmoak do's turn,
And feels its own decay,
Whil'ſt on my bones, and heart a fire unſeen do's prey.

III.

So fierce it rages, that I quite forget,
Through pain, and grief my very bread to eat;
The tears I ſhed do but the flame encreaſe,
My bones, and fleſh become more dry;
And all the while I held my peace,
Leſs burnt, then now I cry;
And graſs the Sun ha's toucht, is not ſo ſcorch't as I.

IV.

And as the ſolitary Pelican,
And widdow'd Turtle for their mates complain;

Juſt

Juſt like the Owle, which do's in deſarts dwell,
Hating, and hated of the light,
That to the Rocks her moans do's tell,
So ſhun I every ſight
By day, and weary with my mournfull cryes the night.

V.

Both night, and day I'm made the common ſcorn,
And thoſe, who hate me, are againſt me ſworn;
Aſhes and Tears have been my meat, and drink,
Whil'ſt I continually did grieve,
Of Thy Juſt wrath, and hand to think,
What mortal wounds they give,
Lifting me up a greater fall but to receive.

VI.

And as the ſhaddow with the Sun declines,
And diſappears, when that no longer ſhines:
As with the Summer heat flowers pine away;
So paſs my years e're well begun:
But an Eternal Now do's ſtay
On Thyne, ne're to be done,
When thouſand Ages ſhall their ſeveral Race have run.

VII.

The mis'ries of Thy Sion Thou haſt ſeen,
How great Her Sorrows, what her Cares have been;
To ſave Thy Sion, Lord, at length ariſe!
Her mighty Jubilee is come,
And now her very duſt we prize,
Her rubbiſh and Her lome,
And humbly begg Thou would'ſt return her captives home!

VIII.

So ſhall the heathen fear Thy Holy Name,
And all their Kings Thy Kingdomes rule proclaim:

When thus again Thou Sion ſhalt rebuild,
And in Thy glory there appear,
When all Her Courts with Vowes are fill'd,
And Thou inclin'ſt Thine Ear,
The Prayer of the Forſaken, and their groans to hear.

IX.

For the next age this ſtory we'll record,
That they, as well as We, may praiſe the Lord,
Who from the height of Heav'n, His Throne, look'd down,
And did from thence the Earth behold,
Thence heard the dying Pris'ners grone,
Saw Juſtice chain'd with gold,
And ſav'd both Her, and them, for bribes unjuſtly ſold.

X.

He ſav'd them, that they might His Power declare,
And tell in Sion, what his Praiſes are;
When all the Nations there ſhall gath'red be,
And to the Sacred Mount aſcend;
When the whole World His Power ſhall ſee,
And all its Kings contend,
Who ſhall the loweſt ſtoop, or richeſt preſents ſend.

XI.

O might I live to ſee that happy day,
And not be cut off in the middle way!
"My God, what are my years to Thee, ſaid I?
"Or what my age compar'd with Thine,
"If e're my Noon is reach't I dye?
"For Thee no Times confine,
"Nor ages meaſure out Thy Dayes, as hours do mine.

XII.

Of old Thou haſt the Earth's Foundations laid,
And on Thy Word the Heav'ns all times have ſtaid;

Thy

Thy Word ſhall make them both fall down again;
Be like a Garment thrown aſide,
A Veſt with ſome great rent, or ſtain;
And all their Ancient pride
Or ſhall deſtroy, or under Formes more glorious hide.

XIII.

But Thou the ſame, which Thou haſt alwayes been,
Shalt never end, as Thou did'ſt ne're begin;
When Time itſelf ſhall dye, and be no more:
And as Thou art, O God, like Thee,
(Excepting what Thou wert before)
Thy Servants Seed ſhall be,
And have for them, and theirs a Poſt-Eternity.

Pſalm CIII.

Benedic anima mea Domino, &c.

A Pſalm of David. *Verſiculus.*

I.

ARiſe my Soul, and to th'Almighty King,
Sprightly, and cheerful Hallelujahs ſing!
Call all thy Forces up, thy Love, thy Fear,
And every part compleatly fill,
Be ſure no Idle Paſſion, Soul, be there,
But to them joyn thy Judgement, Fancy, and thy Will!
With every ſence, and every power rejoice,
And add to all a well tun'd voice;
Verſiculus. Thus riſe, my Soul, and to th'Almighty King,
Sprightly, and cheerfull Hallelujahs ſing!

II.

Let thy Song be of what thy ſelf ha's known,
And to the Worlds experience bring Thine own!
Sing of His Name, who caſt thy ſins away,
And made them all forgotten be,
And though His hand awhile upon thee lay,
'Twas only that reſtor'd thou might'ſt His Bounty ſee;
Who beyond Hope thy life from death did ſave,
When all had doom'd it to the grave;
And for thoſe thorny cares, which girt it round,
Thy head with love, and tender mercies, crown'd.

III.

He Thy Old Age do's with new favours bleſs,
And as thy years His kindneſſes increaſe;
Thy years have not the Symptomes of decay;
For all the Eagle ſtill grows young,
And moulting her old plumes again looks gay,
As youthfull as ſhe ever was, and full as ſtrong,

After

After her prey as luſtily can fly,
As e're thee did, and ſoar as high,
He like the Eagles do's Thy youth renew,
And gives Thee both its ſtrength, and beauty too.

IV.

Thoſe whom the Wicked with oppreſſion grieve,
The Lord do's or avenge, or elſe relieve.
Thus unto *Moſes* He His Way made known,
And helpleſs *Iſrael* this did ſee,
When from the cruel chains, which kept them down,
But farr more cruel Maſters, He firſt ſet them free:
'Tis not a little thing His wrath will move,
Inflame His rage, or quench His love;
Nor for Our Sins will He for ever chide,
But ſeeks them rather, than his Face to hide.

V.

Such are His Mercies, when we muſt confeſs
Our Sins might juſtly make their number leſs,
And him a ſharper ſentence to have paſt;
But when to be put farr from Thee,
Behind Thy back we fear'd, Lord, to be caſt,
Our Sins were only ſet, where we deſerv'd to be:
And this alone for Thy dear Mercies ſake,
Without the leaſt claim we could make,
To which Our good no more proportion beares,
Than the ſmall point of Earth to Heaven's vaſt Sphears.

VI.

How could it elſe be that they durſt appear,
Whoſe guilt had added horror to their fear?
Love made Him break the knott, and ſet Our Sins
As far from us, but from Him more,
Than the bright Eaſt, where the young Sun begins
To take his Journy, is from the Weſt where he gives o're:
The moſt indulgent Fathers tender Love
Is hate, compar'd to His above;

For none ſo well as He, who made, can ſpare,
Who both knows whence we came, and what we are.

VII.

From Earth Our mean Original we have,
A part of what muſt be e're long Our grave:
Frail Mortal Man, whoſe dayes are like the graſs,
A Short-liv'd flower, which ſtands a while,
But like thoſe bluſtering ſtorms, that o're it paſs,
Flies with them, and is gon e're it began to ſmile:
But to Eternity Gods Love extends,
And all the bleſſings which He ſends,
To Childrens Children, and their Seed endure,
To them, who keep it, like His Cov'nant ſure,

VIII.

Above the Heav'n God has prepar'd His Throne,
Heav'n's but the Cloth of State He treads upon;
There do's He rule, and Sovereign Laws diſpence,
And Kingdoms where He pleaſe, beſtow,
Scepters, and Crowns are all receiv'd from thence,
And Kings to Him their Thrones, as well as Beings ow:
The Angels are his Miniſters of State,
And to obſerve His Pleaſure wayt;
Bleſs Him ye Angels, who in ſtrength excell,
And what His Will is, you who do it, tell!

IX.

You hear the Words, which from His Mouth do flow,
And having hear'd, ſtrait to perform them go,
As ſwift, as you are ready at His call,
Praiſe Him, who made your place ſo high,
And let weak Mortals, who did lower fall,
To whom you oft are ſent, on your wings upward fly!
Praiſe Him His Works, 'tis all that you can do,
For Him, who did ſo much for you!
Verſiculus. Praiſe Him, my Soul, and to th' Almighty King,
Sprightly, and cheerfull Hallelujahs ſing!

Pſalm.

Pſalm CIV.

Benedic anima mea Domino, &c.

I.

ARiſe, My Soul, and to th' Almighty King,
Sprightly, and cheerful Hallelujahs ſing! *Verſiculus.*
To God, who o're all gods renown'd,
With Majeſty, and Glory crown'd,
Lets Thee His prayſe reſound;
And though Thy flame can never equal riſe
Unto His height, accepts Thy Sacrifice!
'Tis He, who with Eternal Light
Obſcures Himſelf, as we are hid in night;
Who in the cleareſt beams do's cover
A more ſublime, and piercing ray,
Making Our Heav'n, and Common day,
But like a Curtain to be ſhifted over;
Who, as He is, to Bleſſed Souls is ſeen,
In glories farr above the Sky,
Without the help of ſight, or ey,
The only meanes we ſee Him by,
Who alwayes ſee Him with the Veil of Heav'n between.

II.

The Waters are to God as ground,
Who in their floods has His foundations lay'd,
Has all their Ebbs, and Flowings ſtay'd,
And in their depth a bottom found;
Waters are ſolid, when He layes the Beams
Of His Chambers in their ſwifteſt ſtreames;
He makes the Clouds His Chariots, Clouds which are
Envy'd by Angels wayting there, (bea.
That when they go before, the Clouds their God ſhould
Th' ambitious Winds aſide their bluſt'ring lay,
And ſtrew their downy Feathers in His way;

The Heav'nly Hoſt before Him run,
Swift as the Air they tread upon;
Flames of fire His way prepare,
So bright, and yet ſo terrible His Servants are.

III.

Below the Center of the Mighty Deep,
Where undiſturb'd the Aged Waters keep,
And in Eternal Calms ly faſt aſleep,
There God the Piles for this huge World has lay'd,
And on their firm ſupporters bid it ſtand
Immoveable, unmov'd it reſts at His command,
And one Vaſt Iſland of th' whole Earth is made.
The Sea about it hov'ring ſtood,
As though it knew not what to do,
Would have ſome ſhoare, yet would be wider too,
At laſt became a Mantle to the World,
And o're its ſhoulders hurld,
Let its head ſtand ſecure above the Flood:
Secure it ſtands by the Almighty Word,
By Him, who ſpake it, the Eternal Lord:
The Deep is to its ſervice held,
Both to enrich, and to defend,
And though ſome times to Hills the ſtrugling Billows Sweld,
Higher than ſteepeſt Hills, to Heav'n their rage extend,
Let Him but ſpeak, away they fly,
Affrighted at his Thunders noyſe,
Roaring Seas hearken to a Louder voyce,
And huſht into a Calm with murmuring dy.

IV.

Thou gates, and barrs haſt to the Ocean plac'd,
Thus far to go, and at this bound,
Since move it muſt, again go round,
One foot beyond it cannot waſt;

No

No, though it ſome, and the next wave
Preſs'd forward by a greater force,
That by an inexhauſted ſource,
Threatning to make the Earth one watry grave;
Let thouſands then on one another croud,
And of their Empire proud,
Exalt their Thrones above the Land,
When here Thy Hand
Moves a retreat, Hills into plains are toſt,
And mounts of Seas in humble Vallies loſt:
To their own place they go, their rage give o're,
And ſilent as they were before,
Only with trembling pay their Tribute to the ſhore.

V.

The other ſprings, thoſe many veines
Which thou haſt ſcattred here, and there,
Over the Earth freſh nutriment prepare,
And in perpetual Circulation.
Into the Sea their mighty Ciſtern run,
Whence they refunded are again,
With new ſupply
Alwayes to flow, and ne're be dry;
And in their ſtreames have ſtore of drink to give
The Beaſts, which in the deſart Live.
There the wild Aſſes their hot thirſt allay,
By them the Fowles of Heav'n delighted ſtay,
Making by every Rivers ſide
Sure habitations for their young,
Where all the Quire intend their Song,
And tune their notes to th' bubling of the tyde:
The craggy rocks, which have not equal need,
Thou doſt by other Conduits feed,
Rayning down ſhowers; and with his dew
God do's the dry'd up moyſture of the Hills renew.

VI.

He the whole Earth do's ſatisfie, and food
For all that live do's from its bowels bring,
Cauſing the herbs to grow, and graſs to ſpring,
(Roots of all ſorts, which have the Name of Good)
And from this Common Parent gives us Life & Lively-hood.
No ſhort allowance, and what may ſuffice
Barely to keep up Life, but great Varieties;
Wine that makes glad the heart, and gives
New Spirits, and loſt powers retrives;
The grape with which a nobler dy
Staines all our cares, and makes them undiſtinguiſt ly;
And Oyl to make Our faces ſhine,
And be without as gay, as we are ſmooth within;
Bread, Wine, and Oyl without all meaſure
Th' Earth brings from her never failing Treaſure.

VII.

Such is Our Mother Earth, on whoſe fair brow
The tall, and long-liv'd Cedars grow,
Trees which are full of Sap, whoſe heads defy
The Heav'ns, and near-approaching ſky:
Cedars the glory of all Woods, and King of Trees;
In whoſe fair boughes the Eagle has her neſt,
And undiſturb'd can reſt,
None but the Sun her Airy Sees,
When in his purer flames ſhe tryes
How her young brood can dare the Light,
And had they wings, in his beames directly riſe,
Able to blind anothers ſight,
And hazard more their plumes than eyes;
The Stork a Story Lower takes her place,
And for an houſe the Firr-tree has,
Till an appointed Time
Recall her to ſome other Clime;
Whilſt underneath the craggy cliſt
A Refuge for the Goat is left;

And

And weaker Conys by Gods Providence,
Have from ſtrong rocks, more than their heels, a ſure defence.

VIII.

I'th' Sky above the Power of God is ſeen,
Whether we view one ſingle light,
The Empreſs of the ſilent night,
Or thoſe innumerable flames between,
Which Heav'n in one continu'd flame unite;
The Moon, whether a World, or Star,
Or only as we judge the other Luminaries are,
For times and ſeaſons ſet, to tell the day,
Now it muſt ſpring, now it muſt poſt away;
The Sun no leſs the minute knows,
When to ſet, and when to riſe,
When to withdraw, and when to cheer Our eyes,
Giving by his retreat the darkneſs way
To rule the Night, as he doth guide the day.
Then from their denns the Savage Beaſts walk out,
Fierce Lions roar, and for their prey beat all about;
Till at Cock-Crow,
Lions that men, and weapons ſcorn,
Alarm'd at the approach of Morn,
Through ſome undiſcover'd Plain,
Steal to their Caves again;
And or for Work, or Pleaſure leave the day to Man.

IX.

Eternal Minde, ſhould we each Act of Thine
Recount, and mention every thing,
At which of Thy Great works ſhould we begin?
Or what Almighty Numbers can confine
The Love, and Providence Divine?
Thy Works are like Thy Self ſublime, and high,
The Power and Wiſdom of the Deity,

More

More numerous than the ſand,
Embracing in its Armes the Sea,
Though every ſand ſhould reckoned be,
And all in one long row like Cyphers ſtand,
The Sea at head, for a great figure to command.
I'th' Sea His mighty aids appear,
In all the Armes and armies there,
The Gyant and the Pigmee fry,
Which in the Sounds, and Shallows ly,
And at His will or fight, or fly,
Where Great Leviathan Leads up the Vann,
Leviathan whom He made to play
In that great Waſte, in that great Waſte bear ſway.
Scorning the rage of ſilly Man,
Leviathan, whom Seas, as He do's Thee obey.

X.

There go the Ships thoſe floting Iſles,
Proud with the Lands, and Oceans ſpoiles,
Advancing to Our Shore
The Silver Mine, and Golden Oare,
And in their paſſage through the deep their God adore.
On Him all Creatures wayt,
And at that Common Table, which His hands have ſpred
With Providence, and plenty, all are fed;
A Table to which none can ever come too late.
Thou feed'ſt the Wicked, and the Good,
To Thee they look, Thou giv'ſt them food;
From Thine Own ſelf art full, and ne're drawn dry,
Canſt all alone, as thou doſt all ſupply;
Hide but Thy Face and then this World
Has Horror and confuſion o're it hurld;
They dye, and haſten to their duſt,
They dye, and make one Common ruſt,
In which when they have Ages buried lain,
Thy Spirit beſtows another birth,
Breath's a new life, new ſtocks the Earth,
And to the World, the World returns again.

XI.

XI.

So ſhall alternate life, and death
Make way for them, who muſt hereafter live;
Leave one and give another breath,
And from its Fate the Aged World reprieve:
Till God enough have liv'd ſhall ſee,
Till for His Glory God command an end to be.
'Tis Come—See how the Earth do's ſhake,
The Rocks bow down, and Mountains quake,
See how the Hills, all ſet on fire,
Are beacons to each other made,
One Hill is of another Hill afrai'd,
And melted in the All-conſuming Flame expire.
Where are they? Juſt ſo ſhall the Sinner dy,
Juſt ſo conſum'd; ever conſuming ly.

XII.

I the meanwhile will to my God ſing praiſe,
Unſearchable in all His Wayes;
My Meditation of Him ſhall be ſweet,
And with my Praiſe I will His Wonders meet:
His who can Phœnexes from Our cold Aſhes raiſe.
'Tis God alone, whoſe Mighty Power
Shall, when the Wicked be no more,
Refine His Choſen by theſe flames,
Give then new and better Names,
And make them farr more glorious than they were before!

Ariſe, my Soul, and to th' Almighty King,
Sprightly, and Cheerful Hallelujahs ſing! *Verſeulus.*

Pſalm CV.

Confitemini Domino, & invocate, &c.

GIve thanks unto Our God, and let your Verſe
Both of His wondrous Acts and praiſe reherſe!
Let them give life, and Numbers to your Song,
And count the Glorys, which to Him belong!
All you who fear His Name in it rejoice,
And ſhew your heart is cheerful by your voice!
Seek ye the Lord, and ſeek His Mighty Power,
And never, till you ſee His Face, give o're!
Remember all the Wonders He has done,
The Words He ſpake, the Signes His hand has ſhone!
You, who of *Abraham*, the Almighties Friend,
And of His choſen *Jacobs* Seed deſcend!
He is the Lord His Judgements are abroad,
And all the World by them ſhall fear Our God;
The Word He paſt is ever in His mind,
To thouſand Ages, which are yet behind:
The Faithful Cov'nant He with *Abraham* made,
And unto *Iſaac* with an Oath conveigh'd,
Confirm'd it then to *Jacob* for a Law,
From when now *Iſrael* their beſt Title draw,
Saying,
" To thee I'll *Canaan* give, that Happy land,
" And where Thou ſojourn'ſt now, Thou ſhalt command.
He ſaid it when they were in number few,
Hardly a Number, were but only two;
Two, who were one, and ſtrangers, forc'd to flee
Thoſe Kingdoms, which their own ſhould after bee.

Yet

Yet then He ſuffered none to do them wrong,
Reprov'd Kings for them as they paſs'd along;
" No hurt to my Annoynted, ſaid He, do,
" Nor vex my Prophets, leaſt it fall on you.
Then on the Land He for a dearth did call,
To break that ſtaff, whoſe prop before was ſmall.
The ſtaff of bread that they again might hold,
He that muſt ſell them bread, was by them ſold.
Sold for a Slave, and that, in Priſon caſt,
Where his bruis'd feet in fetters were kept faſt.
But that He bore; the ſmart t' his Soul did paſs,
When he remembred by whoſe means it was.
Till the Word came, *Joſeph*, good Word for Thee,
Which prov'd Thee guiltleſs and which made Thee free.
The King in haſte to looſe the Pris'ner ſent,
And though the Meſſengers too ſlowly went;
Made Him high Steward of his houſe, with Power
Greater than ever ſubject had before;
His Realms ſubmitted to his ruling hand,
And that his will for Sovereign Law ſhould ſtand.
Whether his Princes he in Chains would lay,
Or teach her wiſe Men how they ſhould obey;
Pull down, ſet up, controll things as he pleaſe,
Be King in all except the Name, and Eaſe.
'Twas then that *Iſrael* into Egypt came,
And *Jacob* ſojourn'd in the Land of Ham,
Where He increas'd, and did a Nation grow,
More numerous than the ſlaves, which kept them ſo.
And by Gods bleſſing did ſo propagate,
That whom their Enemies could not hurt, they hate,
New taskes impoſe, and harder bonds contrive,
And plott their death whom He had ſay'd ſhould live.
Hence as Embaſſadors, before He went,
Moſes and *Aaron* He to Egypt ſent,
To make His wonders in their land be known,
Who were, and had ſo many of their own.

He to thick darkneſs turn'd their Noon day Light,
And made them feel, as well as ſee their night,
The Rivers did with Purple Streams abound,
And the true dye in every Fiſh was found.
The Land did princely Frogs unnumbred breed,
Which lay with Nobles, and with Kings did feed.
He ſpake the Word, and there came Hoſts of Flyes,
Lice reign'd below, and they uſurpt the skyes:
He gave them hail for rain, and fire for dew,
Both to o'rethrow, and to conſume them too:
Smote all their vines, and with the Fatal Stroke,
What hail and Lightning ſpar'd, the Thunder broke:
Then came up armed Locuſts, and their train,
In ſuch great bands ne're to be ſeen again,
And what was left by all the plagues before,
Swept clean away and the whole Land run o're.
At laſt th' Almighty, when this would not do,
Came down Himſelf and Egypts First-born ſlew.
And for the Time that *Iſrael* there did ſtay,
They pay'd themſelves, before they went away;
Took with them Egypts Silver, and its Gold,
By great, as it was Lent them, and untold;
Away they went more Luſty and more Strong,
Than when at firſt they came, Thouſands for One.
And when they went, Egypt rejoyc'd to hear
Their parting whom She always ſaw with fear.
Thus freed a Cloud did their great journy ſhow,
And in the Cloud which lead their way, they go.
A Cloud by day when all Heav'n elſe was bright,
But that obſcur'd a dancing Flame by night:
And as they paſs'd, and murmur'd there for meat,
He gave them Quayles, and Angels bread to eat:
Open'd the Rock which kept the Waters in,
And turn'd its flinty bowels to a ſpring;
A ſpring whoſe ſtreams in Rivers did run o're,
And follow'd cloſe the Camp which marcht before.

His

His ſervant *Abraham* to His Minde did come,
His Cov'nant, what it was, and made with whom;
So He their Hoſts did out of Bondage bring,
Whilſt by the Way they did His Praiſes ſing;
Brought them to Labours which were not their own,
And Loaded Harveſts, that they had not ſown;
To Canaan, thence to be remov'd no more,
But hold of Him, who was their Lord before;
Keeping ſuch Lawes, ſuch ſervices to do,
As by His Covenants He had bound them to.

Hallelujah.

Pſalm

Psalm CVI.

Confitemini Domino quoniam, &c.

Halleluj ah.

SIng to the Lord, for He alone is Good,
His mercies ſure, for ever ſo have ſtood!
But who their Verſe can to His Glory raiſe,
Or as His Acts deſerve, ſhew forth His Praiſe?
Thrice happy they, who His Commandments Love,
And by their Conſtancy their ſervice prove!
On me, unworthy wretch, O God, look down,
And grant thoſe favours, which Thou ſhewſt Thine Own!
That I may taſt how good 'tis to be Thine,
And in the Underſong to bleſs Thee join!

Lord, we have ſinn'd, we, and Our Fathers too,
And what they vilely did, as vilely do.
In Egypt they could not Thy Wonders ſee,
As if its night had drawn a veile o're Thee;
They minded not the ſignes Thou there didſt ſhow,
And thence but to provoke Thee more did go;
Provoke Thee at the ſea, the Red ſea, where
Thou brought'ſt them down, to make Thy hand appear.
Yet then God ſav'd them for His own Names ſake,
That like their ſins His Power He known might make.
He ſtroke the Sea, the Sea aſunder broke,
Its Chriſtall could not bear th' Almighty ſtroke.
And as it broken there in peices lay,
Gods ſecret path was *Iſraels* Great High Way.
Through which, as through the Wilderneſs they paſs,
Only theſe ſands were wall'd about with glaſs.
Thus from their Enemies He ſet them free,
Whilſt the admiring waves ſtood up to ſee.
But when the ſacred Army was gon o're,
The ſeas no longer own'd their new made ſhore;

But o're it leapt, as friends return'd to greet
And in their old embraces haſt to meet;
Th' Egyptian Troops, which ſcattred lay between,
And thought to tell at home what they had ſeen,
Swift as that thought were buried in the waves,
And not one left to ſhew their empty Graves.

Then *Iſrael* fear'd His Word, and ſang His Praiſe,
But ſoon forgot that, and His Wondrous wayes.
Did in the Wilderneſs His Power diſtruſt,
And for full Tables in the Deſert luſt.
He gave it them, but therewith leaneſs ſent,
Into their very Souls the Poyſon went.

Next againſt *Moſes* they in tumults riſe,
And *Aaron* the Almightys choyce deſpiſe:
But God Himſelf from Heaven His Choice approv'd,
And from His ſight the Murmurers remov'd.
The Sea before, the Earth do's now obey,
And frighted at His preſence ran away:
Looſned its hold, and as apart it fell,
Let *Dathan* and *Abiran* quick to Hell.
And thoſe, who to the Prieſthood did aſpire,
And offred Incenſe, were conſum'd by Fire.

At Horeb they had griev'd him long before,
When there they did their molten god adore.
At Horeb where they that great Voice did hear,
Which fill'd the moſt rebellious breaſt with fear,
And ſtrook the Soul, as it ſurpriz'd the Eare.
Thus to an Ox their glory they compare,
And theſe, cry they, "Thy Gods O *Iſrael* are.
Not becauſe they the true one did not know,
But their old love to Egypt thus would ſhow;
Forgetting what in Egypt He had done,
Both for their Nations honour and His own.
And all His Wonders in the Mighty Deep,
Making a Cauſey there, that they their way might keep.

Wherefore

Wherefore about deſtroying them He ſpake,
And that He *Moſes* a great Name would make;
Moſes, who in the breach before Him ſtood,
And would have given His Own to ſave their blood.

That paſs'd; the Happy Canaan they contemn,
But more the God, who promis'd it to them.
To Egypt they again had rather go,
Than ſerve new Maſters whom they did not know.
Therefore in wrath He rais'd His vengefull Hand,
To Strike, and ſwear they ſhould not ſee the Land;
And that all thoſe, who fell not by His own,
Should by their En'mies ſwords be overthrown.

Sure they will try it, and to Peor turn'd,
Before dumb Idols ate, and Incenſe burn'd;
Thus were they only conſtant in their ſin,
And knew no meaſure till the Plague brake in.
Had ſome new folly to enflame His Ire,
And ſet the Mine He lay'd ſo deep a fire;
Till Phineas ſtood up, and with dextrous skill,
Three En'mies at one happy blow did kill,
Zimri, and *Cosbi* and the Plague did ſtay,
Which weltring in their gore, and breathleſs lay.
An Act, whoſe Memory God Himſelf would ſave,
And for reward to His Houſe the Prieſt-hood gave.

Another time at Meriba they ſtrove,
And their meek Guide did with their murmurings prove.
Full ill it went with *Moſes* for their ſake,
Who unadvis'dly in His Paſſion ſpake,
And with them both in ſin, and judgement did partake.
The Nations, of which God in charge did give
Should be deſtroy'd, they were reſolv'd ſhould live;
And come to Canaan, to preſerve their ſeed,
Were mingled with them, and did by them breed.
Learn'd all their works, their Idols did adore,
Curs'd to Them now, though for their ſakes before:

Idols,

Idols, that Devils were, yet unto whom
All ſmear'd they in their Childrens blood muſt come.
No other Sacrifice but that will pleaſe;
Nor any blood, but the Innocent appeaſe;
Their childrens blood, with which their Gods were ſtain'd,
They and their Gods, and with their own the land.
Thus juſtly plagu'd for their impiety,
That Gods of their own making ſhould ſo cruel bee!

This blew the Heav'nly wrath up to a Flame,
Turn'd love to hatred, Mercy rage became;
Up to the Heathen He His People gave,
And *Iſrael* in His own land was a ſlave;
Thoſe, who moſt hated them, for Lords did reign,
And thoſe they conquer'd, conquer'd them again:
When God delivered them, they yet ſinn'd more,
Tempting new plagues they never felt before;
Yet to their cry He gently bow'd His Ear,
And though they would not Him, their grones did hear.
According to His Cov'nant Mercy ſent,
And taught them by His oft, once to Repent;
Made their proud Lords reſent their Miſeries,
And ſhew leſs cruel hands, and more indulgent eyes.

Save us O God, and bring Thy Captives home,
That we with prayſe may to Thy Temple come!
To *Iſraels* King let thanks be ever pay'd,
And let *Amen* by all the World be ſay'd!

Hallelujah.

The end of the Fourth Book of Pſalms.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF PSALMS.

Pſalm CVII.

Confitemini Domino quoniam, &c.

Chorus Omnium.

ALL you, who on th' Almighty Love depend,
And by His liberal hand improve,
Let with your voice your thanks aſcend,
And here begin, what you ſhall do above!
His Mercy like His Truth is ever ſure,
And ſo your Praiſe ſhould be, as conſtant, and as pure.

Chorus Omnium.

Verſus I.

Let His Redeem'd ſay ſo, that *Iſrael*, whom
Their Enemys Captive led, but He brought home!
Then brought them home, when from the fartheſt Eaſt
They were diſpers'd, and ſcattred to the Weſt;
When North and South their weary ſteps did know,
But they, nor where they went, nor where to go;

Verſus I.

Now in the Desart an untrodden way,
Where they could hardly pass, yet durst not stay;
Where they no City found, and none to tell
Which road to take, or in what Place to dwell;
Hungry and thirsty, doubtful in their mind,
Scarce knowing what they sought, or what they'd wish to find.

Chorus Minor.

Chorus Minor.

Then to the Lord in their distress they cry'd,
They cry'd aloud, and He did hear;
And though His Face He seem'd to hide,
By His great Hand declar'd that He was near;
For when in vain they had look'd round about,
And saw no help, tow'rds Him they look'd, & were brought out.

Versus Respondens.

Versus Respondens.

He led them forth Himself by the right way,
Their passage made, as their great journey lay:
And City founded for them, and did tell
Not only where, but made them in it dwell.

Chorus Omnium.

Chorus O.

Let all the Earth th' Eternal Bounty praise,
And talk of all that He has done:
How Truth and Mercy are His wayes
To the whole World, as well as to His Own;
For to the longing Soul He grants His Will,
And with that Goodness, which He is, do's th' hungry fill.

Versus II.

Versus II.

Those who in darkness, and in Horror sit,
And so near death, 'tis in the shade of it;
Bound in Affliction, and in heavy chaines,
In prison, where there noyse, and silence reignes,
Feeling their sins in all they suffer there,
Whose weight more rings than th' Irons, which they bear,
Their hearts sink lower than their bodies ly,
And there's as little hope, as in their eye.

Chorus M.

Chorus M.

Then to the Lord in their diſtreſs they cry'd, *Chorus M.*
They cry'd aloud, and he did hear;
And though His Face He ſeem'd to hide,
By His great hand declar'd that He was near;
For when in vain they had look'd all about, (out.
And ſaw no help, tow'rds Him they look'd, & were brought

Verſus Reſp.

He broke their Chains aſunder, ſett them free, *Verſus R.*
And made their Irons a new Bearing be;
From darkneſs freed them, where they once did ſit,
Not from Death only, but the ſhade of it.

Chorus Omnium.

Let all the Earth th' Eternal Bounty praiſe, *Chorus O.*
And talk of all that He has done;
How Truth and Mercy are His Wayes
To the whole World, as well as to His Own!
For gates of Bars againſt Him could not ſtand,
But open fell, Iron prov'd ſtubble to His Hand.

Verſus III.

Thoſe Fooliſh ſinners, who in ſottiſh Love *Verſus* III.
Conſume their Age, neglecting that above,
Are juſtly puniſh'd for their fond diſdain,
And have for all their love, no love again:
How do they pine away, and loath their meat,
Feeding their paſſion more, the leſs they eat?
To ſullen rocks lament, as if the grones
Which tear their breaſts, would pierce the ſenſleſs ſtones.
But all in vain, thoſe meanes but fruitleſs prove,
One Death alone can end their Lives, and Love.

Chorus M.

Chorus M.

Chorus M.

Then to the Lord, in their diſtreſs they cry'd
They cry'd aloud, and he did hear;
And though His Face He ſeem'd to hide.
By His great hand declar'd that He was near:
For when in vain they had look'd all about, (out.
And ſaw no help, tow'rds Him they look'd, & were brought

Verſus Reſp.

Verſus R.

He ſent His Word which did refine their love,
No more on Earth, but plac'd it all above;
'Twas a diſeaſe no longer, knew no pain,
But for the love it gave, had love again.

Chorus Omnium.

Chorus O.

Let all the Earth th' Almighty Bounty praiſe,
And talk of all that He has done;
How Truth, and Mercy are His Wayes
To the whole World, as well as to His Own!
And let all thoſe, who by His Goodneſs live,
Tho hearts He thus has chang'd an Offering to Him give!

Verſus IV.

Verſus IV.

They who into the Sea in Ships go down,
And ſeek by Wayes they know not, lands unknown,
Who make the untrac'd Ocean be their Road,
Which with their keels they tear, and burdens load,
They in the Deep His dreadfull Wonders ſee,
(Of which themſelves as great as any bee)
How He commands the ſtormes, and do's unbinde
The airy fetters of the ſtrugling Winde;
Out they all tumble and the rough Sea invade,
Which now their ſcorn, as much as ſport is made:
To Heav'n hift up its floods, as if to call
Help thence, but e're 'tis come, down let them fall,
Low as their depth, whiles the ſcar'd paſſingers
Look every wave ſhould drown them, and their fears;

Stagger

Stagger like drunken Men, reel to, and fro,
Their feet leſs ſteady than their Veſſels go;
And in their teeth the Winds their ſighs do ſend,
Making them e're the ſtorms, at their Witts end.

Chorus M.

Then to the Lord, in their diſtreſs they cry'd, *Chorus M.*
They cry'd aloud, and He did hear;
His Face the Tempeſt could not hide,
Nor raging Seas or dull, or ſtop His Eare:
For when in vain they had look'd round about, *Cont.*
And ſaw no help, tow'rds Him they look'd & were brought

Verſus Reſp.

He bid the Sea be calm, the Winds be ſtill, *Verſus R.*
And only with brisk gales their canvaſs fill;
Then brought them ſmooth and calmy as the Sea,
To the wiſh'd Haven, where they long'd to be.

Chorus Omnium.

Let all the Earth th' Eternal Bounty praiſe, *Chorus O.*
And talk of all that He has done;
How Truth, and Mercy are His Wayes
To the whole World, as well as to His Own!
And let all thoſe, who on the Seas have been,
Sing in His Church His praiſe, and tell what they have ſeen.

Verſus.

When for their ſin God do's chaſtize a land,
Their ſprings He turnes into a Parched ſand; *Verſus.*
A Wilderneſs, which drinks their Rivers up,
And not a Roſe budd yields to crown the Cup;
But barren as the ſalt, which is ſown there,
Nor herb for man, nor graſs for beaſt do's bear.

Reſp.

The Wilderneſs He turns into a Pool,
And fills the parched ſand, with ſprings brim full; *Reſp.*

There

Resp:
There for the hungry Soul provides His meat,
And for the Colonys He leads, a ſeat:
With corn they ſow their fields, new Vineyards plant,
And neither Citizens, nor Cities want;
He bleſſes them, and makes them ſo increaſe,
Their very Cattle feel the fruits of Peace.

Verſus.

Verſus.
Again to puniſh them they are brought low,
That hand deſtroys them, which firſt made them grow;
For He on mighty Kings contempt do's lay,
And thoſe, who His forſake, loſe their own way.

Resp.

Resp.
But He the Poor from trouble ſets on high,
Whence He may ſee His long Poſterity.

Chorus Omnium.

Chorus O.
Let all the Righteous in their God rejoice,
But the Unjuſt, with envy break!
Thoſe ſhew their triumph by their voice,
While theſe have neither Will, nor power to ſpeak!
Thrice happy Man, who treaſuring in his minde
Theſe ſeveral Mercies, ſome one for his Uſe can finde.

Pſalm

Pſalm CVIII.

Paratum eſt Cor meum, &c.

I.

IT is reſolv'd, nor will I any more
Diſtruſt my God, as I have done before;
No! I will praiſe Him, and my heart,
Which has ſo oft betray'd me into fear,
Its burden in the ſong ſhall bear,
And, when my Harp begins, ſhall ſing the higheſt Part.

A Pſalm of David.

II.

Awake, my Harp, 'tis time for thee to'awake,
Prevent the day, and Thy great ſubject take!
Put all Thy ſtrings on, ſhew Thy skill;
God and my ſoul are ready, be not ſlow,
For if we ſhould before Thee go, (Hill.
Thy ſtrings would never half way reach up Heav'ns high

III.

We come, O God, and with us up will raiſe,
High as Thy Love, and Truth, to Heav'n Thy praiſe.
The World ſhall hear what Thou haſt done,
How ſignally Thou haſt appear'd for me,
By Thy great Power haſt ſet me free, (known.
And for Thy works praiſe Him, whoſe Name they have not

IV.

Then with Thy Mercy to the Clouds we'll flie,
And take new wing to mount to the Moſt High:
Above the Clouds exalted be,
Lord ſet Thy glory far above the skies.
And if ſo high we cannot riſe,
From Heav'n do Thou deſcend, when we look up to Thee,

V.

Deſcend, and by the way Thy Name make known,
What Thou wilt do, by what Thy hand has done;
Hear me —— My God has hear'd my Cry,
Has paſt His Word, and in it I rejoice,
Has given me of all lands my Choice,
And on my Gods Almighty promiſe I rely.

VI.

Sechem is Mine, I will divide its Plain,
And o're the Vale of *Succoth* throw my Chain;
The Tribes of *Iſrael* ſhall obey,
Thoſe which ly fartheſt off, or nearer ſtand,
Shall yield themſelves to my Command,
Shall ſerve, whilſt *Judah* gives them lawes, & holds the ſway.

VII.

Moab's my Waſh pot, and ſhall ſue to be
A Vaſſal to my baſeſt drudgery;
Philiſtia ſhall my Chariot meet,
Honourd enough, if ſhe may bear the yoke
Proud *Edom* has ſo often broke,
And *Edom* ſhall ſubmit her neck and take my Feet.

VIII.

But who to *Edom* will direct my courſe,
And entrance for Me into *Bozra* force?
God ſhall direct me to the Town;
God, who of late has ſeem'd to diſappear,
And when He comes, viewing Him there,
The Walls to make Him Way ſhall open, or fall down.

IX.

Help us O God, for we in vain implore,
A forreign aid, which wants Our ſuccour more!
Thou art my help, through Thee my head
With Laurel ſhall be crown'd, and in my Wayes
Some Enemies necks the ground ſhall raiſe,
So that my feet ſhall triumph too, and on them tread.

Pſalm

Psalm CIX.

Deus laudem meam ne tacueris, &c.

I.

Guard of my Life, and God of all my Praiſe,
Who ſee'ſt the Outrage off'red me,
Thy ſelf, and Power for my juſt ſentence raiſe,
Nor let the wrongs I bear reflect on Thee!
Thou hear'ſt what cruel Words the wicked ſpeak,
Let not them only, and not Thou Thy Silence break!

A Pſalm of David.

II.

With words of hatred I am girt around,
And from all parts they with me fight:
So hard, that I am all but one great wound,
And the whole cauſe I give them is my Right,
With prayers for them their malice would reprove,
But thoſe with Scorn, with hatred they reward my Love.

III.

Let him ſome Tyrant ſerve, be made a Slave;
And Satan place at his right hand;
No other pitty find than what he gave,
And at his Enemies tribunal ſtand!
Let him be judg'd, condemn'd, and all his prayers
Be made in vain to deaf, or elſe to ſtubborn eares!

IV.

Let ſuddain death his wretched life attend,
His office to another give!
Let on his wife and ſeed the curſe deſcend,
They Fatherleſs and ſhe a Widdow live!
Let them be vagabonds, and begg their bread,
And have have no certain place to hide, or reſt their head?

V.

Let the Extortioner catch all he has,
And ſtrangers to his labours come!
Let him find none, who will reſent his caſe,
But with new miſeries encreaſe the ſumm!
None who will to him any Mercy ſhow,
Or on his Fatherleſs one friendly look beſtow!

VI.

Let them be all cut off, and their curſt Name
In the next age be quite forgot!
Or if they be remembred, let their ſhame
On their Atchievments be a conſtant blot!
Let his fore-Fathers Sins be in Thine ey,
And all his Mothers luſts afreſh for vengeance cry!

VII.

Let ſilence or reproach upon him reſt,
And as it ne're was in his minde,
Either to favour, or relieve th' oppreſt,
Neither relieſe, nor favour let him find!
But as the Needy he with wrongs perſu'd,
On his own head, Let them be all again renew'd!

VIII.

As he Lov'd curſing, let him ſtill be curſt!
And hated bleſſing ſeek in vain!
With envy, which firſt ſwel'd him, let him burſt,
And then like water, on him turn' it again;
Like Oyle let it to' his very marrow pierce,
And like thoſe flames, which boyle it be, but far more fierce!

IX.

Give him no other garment for his pride,
Than this, with which he was array'd;
Cloſe with his girdle let his loines be ty'd,
To all a terror, of himſelf afraid!

And

And executed by the hand Divine,
Let this his ruine be, who only plotted mine!

X.

But, Lord my God, for thine own great Names ſake,
And for Thy Mercy reſcue me!
Thou, who the poor mans cauſe do'ſt undertake,
As ready to aſſiſt the helpleſs be!
Look how I ſtooping go, and bow'd to th' ground,
But there no herb can find to eaſe, or heal my wound!

XI.

My dayes, and age are like a ſhaddow gon,
That when the Sun withdraws is loſt;
And as the locuſt driven up and down,
From field, to field, from land to land I'm toſt:
My knees and fleſh of ſtrength through faſting fayl,
And thoſe, who wounded me with ſcornes, my life aſſail.

XII.

But, Lord my God, for Thine Own great Names ſake,
And for Thy Mercy reſcue me!
That all may know the care Thou' art pleas'd to take,
And in my ſure deliverance honour Thee!
Bleſs Thou, and let them curſe, confound their noiſe,
And make them all aſham'd, whilſt I in Thee rejoyce!

XIII.

Shame, and confuſion to my Enemies,
Let it their Veſt and Portion be!
Whilſt I to Heaven in tuneful Numbers riſe,
And tell abroad what God has done for me!
How from Oppeſſion he the Poor did ſave,
And what his judges had deny'd, juſt ſentence gave!

Psalm CX.

Dixit Dominus Domino meo, &c.

A Psalm of David.

I.

THE Lord said to my Lord,
The Mighty God to the Eternal Word,
" Sit Thou at my Right hand,
" Till I Thine Enemies command
" To be the Foot-stool to Thy Throne,
" And freely yield their necks for Thee to tread upon!

II.

Sion's that glorious Throne.
Whence with disdain Thy foes Thou look'st upon,
Thence Thou around shalt reign,
And by Thy Power new subjects gain;
Thy Enemies shall They obey,
And once return'd, none shall more Loyall be than they.

III.

And as the Summer Sun,
When Winters past, and all its rage is done,
Do's every Morning view
His way all strew'd with pearly dew,
Whose Numbers cannot reck'ned be,
'Tis a faint Emblem of Thy long Posterity.

IV.

His Oath God will not break,
But King and Priest Thou'art like *Melchisedec*:
The Lord at Thy Right hand
Shall let no Proud Usurper stand,
But Kings shall bow, and in Thy Train,
Be captive led, whilst there's made Trophies of the slain.

V. He

V.

He the Great Head ſhall wound,
When it ſhall Queeen of all the World be crown'd:
Drink of the brook i'th' way,
And follow, till He gives the day;
But when His Croſs ſhall death ſtrike Dead,
Th' Eternal God Himſelf ſhall raiſe, and crown His head.

Pſalm

Pſalm CXI.

Confitebor tibi Domine, &c.

I.

Halleluiah. WIth my whole heart I'll praiſe the Lord, (Word,
And where He choſe to honour it, exalt His
In the Aſſemblies of the juſt,
There will I all His noble Works diſcloſe,
His Famous Acts, ſought out of thoſe,
Who them their pleaſure make, and Him their Truſt.

II.

His glorious Works are great, and high,
No more to be conceiv'd than ſeen by mortal eye,
And ſhall for ever ſo remain.
Eternity it ſelf is ſcarce enough
To praiſe His Mercy, and His Love,
And what we now unknown admire, make plain.

III.

He for His People did provide,
And never broke His Word, or Covenant deni'd;
They ſaw His Signes beheld His hand,
How for their ſake He made His power appear,
Prepar'd them conqueſts by the fear,
Which He ſent firſt into their Enemies land,

IV.

Juſtice, and Truth are all His Wayes,
And on Eternal Faithfulneſs His Promiſe ſtaies:
Beyond all ages they ſhall laſt,
And when Old Time it ſelf away ſhall flee,
Remain as firm as now they bee,
And on their own great Baſis fixt, ſtand faſt.

V. Deliverance

V.

Deliverance He for *Iſrael* wrought,
And to ſave them His greateſt plagues on Egypt brought:
'Twas then they ſaw He was the ſame,
Which to their Fathers He was wont to be;
When He ſo ſtrangely ſet them free,
The Holy God, and Reverend is His Name.

VI.

To worſhip Him true Wiſdom is,
And to obſerve His Laws the only way to bliſs:
No guide to knowledge like His fear,
For all beſide, what e're they may pretend,
Through a bad way reach a worſe end,
But His Praiſe ever laſts, and every where.

Pſalm CXII.

Beatus Vir qui timet, &c.

I.

Halleluiah. THat Man is truly bleſt, who feares the Lord,
And with delight His Præcepts hears,
Who therefore loves, becauſe He fears,
Loves, and yet trembles at the Sacred Word:
His ſeed upon the Earth renown'd ſhall be,
And he himſelf bleſt in his ſeed ſhall ſee:
Riches and Wealth, a full encreaſe,
No fear of ever being Poor,
Deſires contented, and a laſting Peace,
Alwayes unto his houſe are ſure,
And ever conſtant, as his Righteouſneſs endure.

II.

Clear day at night do's on the Juſt ariſe,
Some gleames His Spirit to ſuſtain,
Some cheerful hopes amids his pain,
And what he gave, he finds in others eyes:
That mercy which inclin'd His heart to lend,
In all his wants ſupplies do's ever ſend,
His works with Prudence manag'd are,
Nothing his foot ſhall ever move;
Both of his wayes and him God takes the Care,
And though he may his Servant prove,
He will reward his Righteouſneſs, and Crown his love.

III.

How do the wicked tremble, when the Juſt
Secure in all his Fears is made?
I'th' midſt of fears is not afraid,
But has his heart as fixed as his Truſt?

Fix'd

Fix'd on his God, nothing ſhall make him fear,
Though all around he ſhould ſee ruine near:
For, lo, even then his juſt deſire
Shall be fulfill'd on' his Enemies,
When in their own wild flames they all expire,
And he behold the ſacrifice
To Heav'n in fire, and clouds of pitchy ſmoak ariſe.

IV.

His armes ſhall be, what he has given away,
Or lent at any time the poor,
Whoſe Memory ever ſhall endure,
And with no fretting ruſt of age decay:
How he with Honour gain'd the Victory,
On Heav'ns Arch ſhall with' his Name be grav'd on high.
Whereas it ſtand in ſight of all,
The Wicked at it ſhall repine,
Shall ſee it fix'd, when they muſt lower fall:
And thoſe, who did before combine
Againſt him, from their depth ſhall ſee it brighter ſhine.

Pſalm CXIII.

Laudate pueri Dominum, &c.

I.

Halleluiah.

PRaiſe Him, ye Servants of the Heav'nly King,
And to His Name your gratefull Praiſes ſing:
That Name, which is ſo full of Power,
And from Eternity was ſo,
Let the whole World before it bow,
And to Eternity that Name adore!
Praiſe Him, for ſince at firſt the World He made,
'Tis fit this Chief-Rent to Him, ſhould by All be pai'd!

II.

Above the Heav'ns He God o're all do's reign,
Nor can the Heav'n of Heav'ns His power contain:
His glory, farr above the ſky,
Exceeds the Compaſs of frail ſight,
Inviſible by Mortal light,
(Thoſe too weak means we view his greatneſs by)
Our eys to Him we ne're can hope to raiſe, (praiſe
For they'll come ſhort, but we may reach Him with our

III.

Above He dwels, yet ſometimes do's He bend,
And ſtoop to hear the praiſe we upward ſend.
Humbling Himſelf ſometimes to ſee
Thoſe beauties, which in the Heav'ns are,
And at this diſtance look ſo fair,
Which of his Word the great Creation be;
Nay lower, to the Earth He oft draws near, (there
And with His Preſence makes it Heav'n, when He comes

IV. In

IV.

In Heav'n and Earth all things obey His Will,
And though to them it be unknown, fulfill:
At pleasure He bestows the Crown,
Honour and Wealth are in His hand,
And to the poor He gives Command,
Exalting him, but throws the Mighty down:
Makes barren wombes with joy their fruit to bear,
And that which as the grave was deaf, His voice to hear.

Psalm CXIV.

In exitu Israel de Egypto, &c.

I.

WHen *Israel* had thrown off th' Egyptian yoke,
And all the Chains of servitude,
A speech like them, who us'd it, rude,
And had their tongues unloos'd, and fetters broke;
Th' Almighty Power, who did that Wonder show,
Conducting by His mighty hand
His People to the Promis'd land,
Did greater Wonders do,
Not only told them whether, but which way to go.

II.

The Sea farr off the Marching Camp beheld,
Saw how the Sacred Fire made way,
Yet knew not where their journy lay,
And to look round in higher billows swel'd:
But when to' its shore it saw the Host draw nigh,
The mighty Sea began to fear,
And backward bid its floods to bear,
And those, which could not fly,
Stand up in ranks, and let the *Israelites* pass by.

III.

Jordan fell back, and to his Spring did hast;
Alarum'd at His scare'd Floods retreat,
The Aged Spring lost all his heat,
And boil'd no more, but fainting swoon'd at last:
The mountaines saw the flood, and they ran too;
The little Hills, for Company,
Follow'd to see the Mountains flee,
Like frighted Lambs, which go
(Though unpersu'd) those wayes their trembling Mothers show.

IV. What

IV.

What ail'd the Sea, that it ſhould backward ſtart?
Or what made frighted *Jordans* Spring
Swoone and keep all his waters in,
Like ſpirits ſcarce able to ſecure the Heart?
Why ran the Hills? Why did the mountains fly?
Tremble, O Earth, Thy God is near,
God, who can make deaf Rocks to hear,
And when Thy Springs are dry,
From out their flinty Bowels fetch a new ſupply!

Pſalm

Pſalm CXV.

Non nobis Domine, Non nobis, &c.

I.

NOT unto us, Lord, not to us,
But to Thy Name give all the praiſe!
Thou Worthy art to be exalted thus,
For Truth and Mercy are Thy Wayes:
Why ſhould the World deride Our truſt,
And ask, "Where is the God whereof you boaſt?
Our God in Heav'n do's reign, and what's His Will,
Both Heav'n, and Earth obey, and Seas fulfill.

II.

The Heathen Idols rule not ſo,
Nor by their own power can they ſtand;
Themſelves do not their mean Original know,
Not how made Gods, nor by what hand;
And though their Votaries them adore,
They are the ſame vile clay they were before;
Or if of Gold, debas'd, and more can do
I'th' Ingot, e're it's a God, then once made ſo.

III.

'T has mouth indeed, and eyes, and eares,
And the fain'd organs of quick ſenſe,
But the dull thing nor ſpeakes, nor ſees, nor hears:
And what good can be look'd for thence?
'T has feet, 'tis true, and golden hands,
That ne're gave bribe, but to receive them ſtands:
And noſe, that though the flames to it aſpire,
Cannot the Incenſe ſmell, nor ſcent the Fire.

IV. Then

IV.

They and their Framers are alike,
And neither ſenſe, nor reaſon have;
But if they 'are gods, let's ſee them any ſtrike,
Or from the curſe their makers ſave!
Blind Deities, but blinder they,
Who knowing it, to their own work will pray!
Or think the ſtock, which do's its titles ow
To them, can any thing they want beſtow.

V.

But on Thy God, O *Iſrael* truſt!
He only is Thy help, and ſhield,
O houſe of *Aaron* flee to Him that's Juſt!
For He is Thine, and help will yield.
All you, who fear th' Almighty Lord,
Upon Him truſt, and flee unto His Word!
For He's your help, and He will be your ſhield,
And though you flee, it is to gain the field!

VI.

The Lord has mindful of us been,
And He will all Our joyes reſtore;
The houſe of *Iſrael* have His bleſſing ſeen,
And He will bleſs them more and more:
The houſe of *Aaron* He will bleſs,
And all who fear Him ſhall by' His love encreaſe:
'Twixt rich, and poor He do's no difference know,
But by His bleſſing both in numbers grow.

VII.

Bleſs'd of that God, who all things made,
Both Earth, and Sea and glorious Heaven:
High Heav'n's His ſeat, and of Him is afraid,
But He to Man the Earth has given:
'Tis there that we admire His Wayes,
Before the grave ſhut us up, and His Praiſe;
There will we bleſs the God, in whom we live,
And as He life to us, Him praiſes give.

Pſalm CXVI.

Dilexi quoniam exaudivit, &c.

I.

I Love Thee, Lord, with my whole heart,
For Thou doſt my petitions hear;
Becauſe Thou to me haſt inclin'd Thine ear.
And thus propitious to Thy ſervant art,
With new requeſts I'll ever prove Thee,
And ſhew by that I love Thee

II.

The pains of death enclos'd me round,
Grief held my heart, and teares my eyes;
My grave ſtood open, and death thence did riſe,
Trouble and Horror, on all ſides I found;
Death it ſelf waited underneath,
Above the pains of Death.

III.

Yet to the Lord I cry'd, and ſaid,
" My God Thy help I now implore,
" Deliver me, as Thou haſt done before,
" When in my trouble I unto Thee pray'd!
Though I deſerv'd to be deni'd,
Yet to the Lord I cry'd.

IV.

To wrath He's ſlow, abounds in love,
Our ſins moſt ready to forgive;
The Innocent upon His bounty live,
In Him they live, who reigns their God above:
He help'd me, when I was brought low,
For He to wrath is ſlow.

V. Then

V.

Then to Thy reſt, my Soul, return!
For God has kindly dealt with Thee;
Thy feet from ſliding, life from death ſet free,
Nor ſhall Thy failing eyes in ſorrow mourn.
Thy dayes to praiſe Him are increas'd,
Return, Soul, to Thy reſt!

VI.

Lord, I believe, and therefore ſpeak,
I knew I ſhould Thy Mercy praiſe;
Though when afflicted, and in rugged wayes,
One ſorrow did my heart and ſilence break:
Then I all fleſh the ly did give,
And yet, Lord, I believe.

VII.

What ſhall I bring and yield the Lord,
For all His Favours ſhown to me?
A thankful heart my ſacrifice ſhall be. *Verſus.*
I'll praiſe Him, and rely upon His Word.
New ſongs of thanks, I'll to Him ſing,
And this at leaſt will bring.

VIII.

My Vowes, which in diſtreſs I made,
Before His People will I pay:
His People ſhall rejoice that ſolemn day,
Whilſt thoſe, who are His En'mies be afraid:
When He His plagues upon them throws,
And do's accept My Vowes.

IX.

Dear in His ſight His ſervants are,
He will Himſelf repay their wrong;
Though in forbearing He may ſeem too long,
It is more deep to ſtrike, and not to ſpare:

Nor is the death of the upright,
Leſs pretious, in His ſight.

X.

Lord, I am Thine, and thine will be,
Thy Handmaids Son, whom Thou did'ſt ſave;
My God Himſelf a ranſome for me gave,
And to a nobler ſervice ſet me free:
Thou brake'ſt my bonds. and made'ſt me mine,
And now, Lord, I am Thine.

XI.

Verſus.

This will I bring, and yield the Lord,
For all His Favours ſhown to me,
A thankful heart my ſacrifice ſhall be,
I'll praiſe Him, and rely upon His Word:
New ſongs of thanks I'll to Him ſing,
And this at leaſt will bring.

XII.

My Vowes, which in diſtreſs I made,
Before His People will I pay:
His People ſhall rejoice that ſolemn day,
And where I made them, there ſhall ſee them paid:
Within the Courts of the Lord's Houſe,
There will I pay my Vowes.

Hallelujah

Pſalm

Psalm CXVII.

Laudate Dominum Omnes, &c.

I.

ALL you, who to the Lord, your Beings ow,
All Nations, with His bleſſings crown'd,
All people through the World renown'd,
Sing praiſes to that God, who made you ſo!

II.

To God, whoſe Mercy do's to all extend,
Is great to us, and good to you,
And with His Truth do's ſtill renew,
But like Himſelf, knowes neither bound nor end!

Hallelujah.

Pſalm

Psalm CXVIII.

Confitemini Domino quoniam, &c.

I.

The People. TO God's Almighty Name ſing praiſe,
And you, who know how good He is,
Reſign to Him, what's truely His,
Verſus. And Arches of His own great Mercies raiſe!
For like His Word they have been ſure,
And to Eternity endure!

II.

Iſrael, the great Jehova's choice,
Who all His fearful Works have ſeen,
Who His great Care have alwayes been,
Let *Iſrael* now confeſs with thankful voice,
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
Verſiculus. And to Eternity endure!

III.

Let thoſe, who by their place attend,
And at His Altar daily wait,
Their own experiences relate,
Sing as they ſee the ſacred flame aſcend,
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
Verſiculus. And to Eternity endure.

IV.

And to advance the Bleſſed King,
Let all the Righteous with them join,
And in a ſervice thus Divine,
Bear their part too, and in the *Chorus* ſing,
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
Verſiculus. And to Eternity endure!

V. To

V.

To God on high for help I cri'd, *The King.*
Who from His Temple anſwer'd me,
Both heard my prayers and ſet me free,
The Lord of Hoſt Himſelf was on my ſide;
I will not fear, what man can do,
Since I've a God to flee unto.

VI.

With thoſe, who help'd me, He was ſeen,
His Preſence brought my greateſt aid,
Nothing ſhall make me now afraid,
He'll be my ſword, who has my Buckler been:
And when my Foes ſhall be o'rethrowne,
I'll boaſt of what His hand has done.

VII.

Thoſe, who their Care on God do caſt,
And know no other will but His,
Of ſure recruits ſhall never miſs,
But as a Rock, i'th' midſt of ſtormes, ſtand faſt;
On God 'tis more ſecure to truſt,
Than man, who muſt return to duſt. *Verſiculus.*

VIII.

He never yet did any fail,
Moſt ſure, when moſt reli'd upon;
And though His Power ſubſcribes to none,
He lets weak prayers o're Heav'n, and Him prevail:
On God 'tis more ſecure to truſt,
Than Princes, who muſt turn to duſt. *Verſiculus.*

IX.

Let Barbarous Nations girt me round,
And for my ruine all engage,
My truſt is plac'd above their rage,
And ſtands unſhaken on the higher ground;

For

For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,
Versiculus And in His Name destroy them all.

X.

Round let them compass me, and round,
And for my ruine all engage,
My Trust is plac'd above their rage,
And stands unshaken, on the higher ground;
For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,
Vers. And in His Name destroy them all.

XI.

Let them like Bees about me swarm,
And all to be my death engage,
Like fire in Thornes or stubble rage,
My head shall be defended by this Charm,
For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,
Vers. And in His Name destroy them all.

XII.

The bloody Man thrust at me hard,
And hop'd at length to see me fall,
But when I on the Lord did call,
That sword brought death to him, which me had spar'd:
God, who's my strength shall be my song,
And whom I call'd, I'll stay upon.

XIII.

The voice of Triumph, and of praise,
The just mans mouth do's ever fill,
His voice is like his trumpet shrill,
When up to Heav'n Thy Victories he do's raise:
'Twas thou the Conquest did obtain,
Versiculus. And Thy Right hand the day did gain.

XIV. The

XIV.

The Lords right hand did mighty things,
No power before His power could ſtand;
For when He made bare His Right hand,
Armies before Him fled, and Potent Kings;
'Twas That the Conqueſt did obtain,
And His Right hand the day did gain, *Verſiculus.*

XV.

Empty Thy Quiver, Death, elſe where,
Be gon, and pierce ſome ſofter heart,
For I defie Thy ſharpeſt dart,
Am both above Thy malice, and Thy fear!
I know I ſhall not dy, but live,
And praiſe Him, who my Life did give.

XVI.

Low as the duſt I was brought down,
To the dark Suburbs of the grave,
But He was pleas'd my life to ſave,
And what He up had rais'd, my Head did crown:
Open the Gates of Righteouſneſs,
For, lo, I am return'd in Peace!

XVII.

Bleſt gates of the Divine aboad,
Which to the Holy Place let in,
Where all the juſt their Offrings bring,
And haſte into the Preſence of their God:
There, Lord, I'll praiſes ſing to Thee,
For Thou haſt bow'd Thine eare to mee.

XVIII.

The ſtone the Build'rs did refuſe, *Prieſts.*
Had often tri'd, oft thrown away,
Is now the Mighty Fabricks ſtay,
God choſe it for the Nobleſt place, and uſe;

This is His doing, and when thus
God builds, His Work is marvellous.

XIX.

This is the day, which He has made,
Hoſanna's now befit our voice;
Come, let us in Our God rejoice,
And in the day which He has made, be glad!
That He Proſperity may ſend,
And to Our troubles put an end.

XX.

Sacred Embaſſador of God,
Who hither in His Name do's come,
We in His Temple make Thee room,
And bleſs Our King from His Divine abode!
He is Our Saviour, Come away!
The Victims at the Altar ſtay.

XXI.

Bind them with cords, and tye them faſt,
To th' Altars horns, and make them bleed,
Then let the Flame upon them feed,
And in thick clouds to Heav'n aſcend at laſt!
King. My God I will ſing praiſe to Thee,
Who art my God, and ſong ſhalt be.

XXII.

To God's Almightie Name ſing praiſe,
And you, who know how Good He is,
Reſign to Him, what 's truly His,
Verſus. And Arches of His Own great Mercies raiſe!
For like His Word they have been ſure,
And to Eternity endure!

Pſalm CXIX.

Beati immaculati in via, &c.

Aleph. I. I.*Part.*

THrice happy Men, who pure, and undefil'd,
By the great Rule direct their Way;
Walk where that points, and never go aſtray,
But to Gods Law ſincere obedience yield;
Who ſearch for that with their whole heart,
And keep His Teſtimonies as their better part!

II.

To no iniquity they turn aſide,
So plain His Wayes before them ly;
And if through ignorance they ſtep awry,
His ſpirit, which guides, will hold them when they ſlide:
That I Thy Præcepts, Lord, fulfill,
Is Thy deſire, and Mine, but firſt to know Thy Will.

III.

Teach me Thy Will, the Way where I ſhould go,
How I Thy Statutes may obſerve;
Order my paths, that I may never ſwerve,
And what's Thy Righteous Pleaſure to me ſhow!
That ſhame may bluſh to follow me,
Who Thy Commands purſue, and follow none but Thee!

IV.

And when Thy Judgements I ſhall thus be taught,
With upright heart, I'll ſing Thy Praiſe;
The dull thing I as yet can hardly raiſe,
So low with former griefs it has been brought:
Then all Thy Statutes I'll obey,
And Thou with me for ever ſhalt delight to ſtay.

II. Part.

Beth.

In quo corriget, &c.

I.

BUT how ſhall Youth this Wiſdom, Lord, attain,
Unbridled Youth to chooſe His Way?
Youth that perſues new follies every day,
Will in Thy Word find both a bit, and rein:
With all my heart I have ſought Thee,
That I ne're ſtray, make Thy Commandments known to me.

II.

Within my Heart Thy ſacred Word I lay'd,
I lay'd it up, and hid it there,
And to its counſel gave my willing eare,
And thence took heart of Sin to be afraid;
Lord Thou art worthy of all praiſe,
Teach me Thy Statutes that I may Thy glory raiſe!

III.

This my deſire has been, and ſtill ſhall be;
Of all Thy Judgements to recount;
The ſumm to which Thy Teſtimonies mount,
Is infinite, and only like to Thee:
Riches, of which the World do's dream,
Are piercing cares, and emptineſs compar'd with Them.

IV.

Of all Thy Præcepts will I meditate,
And have reſpect to all Thy Wayes;
Thy Statutes my delight, and love ſhall raiſe,
And at Thy Oracle I'll ever waite:
Within my heart Thy love ſhall gain,
Such conqueſts, that the Trophies ſhall like Heav'n remain.

Gimel.

Gimel.

III. *Part.*

Retribue Servo tuo, &c.

I.

O, May Thy Servant of Thy love partake;
And what Thou'hast ſworn of old, fulfill!
That He may keep Thy Word, and do Thy Will,
And pay the vowes He heretofore did make!
Yet nearer, Lord, unto Him draw,
And clear his ſight to view the wonders of Thy Law!

II.

I am a ſtranger, and the rule I have
O're Nations, only comes from Thee;
I give them Lawes, but Thou muſt give them me,
From Thy Commandments I aſſiſtance crave;
My Soul is waſted with deſire,
And with the Love Thy Judgements kindled, all a fire.

III.

The proud, who from Thy juſt Commandments err,
Are curs'd becauſe from Thee they go;
Curſe great enough, if it were only ſo,
But all their wayes are girt around with fear:
Reproach, which they for me have lay'd,
Send them, for I Thy Teſtaments my guard have made!

IV.

Kings too, as they in judgement on me ſat,
Derided me for that great Love
I bore Thee, Lord, inviſible above,
But on Thy Statutes I did meditate;
Thy Teſtimonies in my need
Were my beſt Counſellors, and taught me how to plead.

Daleth.

IV. Part

Daleth.

Adhæsit pavimento, &c.

I.

DOwn to the Earth my humbled soul is cast,
Raise me according to Thy Word!
No power but Thine can any help afford,
For where 'tis thrown, it to the Earth cleaves fast;
My wayes I have declar'd to Thee,
Teach me Thy Statutes, and shew Thine to me!

II.

Make me Thy Wayes and Præcepts understand,
So shall I all Thy Works relate,
How Thou in me a new heart didst create,
And help'dst me do, what Thou didst first command;
My Soul for grief do's melt away,
Strengthen me with Thy Word, and bid the stream to stay!

III.

Lying, and every false desire remove,
And freely to me grant Thy law!
Thus my Affections Thou wilt to Thee draw,
And keep them in that Way of Truth I love;
Thy Judgements I before me lay'd,
And what's Thy Pleasure, the just rule of mine have made.

IV.

Close to Thy Testimonies have I cleav'd,
And there to rest resolv'd I am;
O let me never, Lord, be put to shame,
Or when to Thee I fly, not be receiv'd!
Thus when Thy Will is on me done,
The Wayes of Thy Commandments I'll delight to run.

He-

He. V. *Part.*

Legem pone mihi, &c.

I.

TEach me, my God, and ſhew me how I may
Up to Thy Sacred height aſcend!
How all Thy Statutes I may keep to th' end,
Direct me with Thy Spirit, and point the Way;
Let me Thy Lawes but underſtand,
My heart as firmly ſhall obey them, as my hand!

II.

I'th' paths of Thy Commandments make me go!
For there is plac'd my chief delight,
Since 't will conduct me to Thy glorious ſight,
Where conſtant joyes, and laſting pleaſures flow:
And to Thy Teſtaments incline
My heart, which covets nothing more, than to be Thine.

III.

From Vanity, and Folly turn my eyes!
Let them be only fix'd on Thee!
And in Thy wayes ſuch beauteous objects ſee,
That I my race may quicken by the prize!
Perform Thy Word, which Thou haſt paſt,
And let it like Thine Own Love, and my fear ſtand faſt!

IV.

My fear of Thee, for which I'll ever pray,
Though I by it reproach ſhould gain;
Thy Righteous Judgements ſhall its rage reſtrain,
Or turn the Fatall pile ſome other way:
Look how Thy Præcepts I deſire,
O, let the Righteouſneſs, which made it, ſtirr the Fire!

Vau.

VI. *Part.*

Vau.

Ut veniat ſuper me, &c.

I.

LOrd, Let Thy Mercies on my Soul ſhower down!
And as Thy Word my hope has fed,
May Thy Salvation reſt upon my head,
And be the faireſt Jewell in my crown!
So when I ſhall derided be,
That Word I truſt, ſhall with an Anſwer furniſh me!

II.

Then take not, Lord, the Word of Truth away,
But let Thy Promiſe reſt ſecure,
Firm, and unſhaken, like the World endure,
For I have made Thy Judgements all my ſtay!
And when the graving is thus deep,
Thy Lawes, which are ſo plain, I ſhall for ever keep.

III.

Then will I feareleſs walk at liberty,
And for Thy Præcepts Waves enquire,
Follow them hard, and i'th' perſuit expire,
When by their Conduct I am brought to Thee:
Thy Teſtaments I will proclaime,
Send them, for I Thy Teſtaments my guard have made!

IV.

Then in Thy great Commandments I'll delight,
For they have been my deareſt Love:
By keeping them my fear of Thee I'll prove,
And thus before Thee walk, and be upright:
Will of Thy Statutes meditate,
And Them the more I love, the deadlier Sin will hate.

Zain.

Zain. VII. Part.

Memor esto Verbi tui, &c.

I.

REmember, Lord, Thy Word of old to me;
Which hitherto has been my Truſt,
Wherein I hope, though humbled to the duſt,
And in my griefs let it my comfort be!
On that alone my Soul relies,
And fetches thence in all its troubles freſh ſupplies,

II.

A By-word to the Proud, and ſcorn I'm made,
Yet I'll nor break, nor leave Thy Law:
But from Thy Judgements will new arg'ments draw,
To make me more of Thy great hand afraid:
Nor ſhall this interrupt my joyes,
But make them greater, ſince that fear has been my Choice.

III.

For them I'll tremble, who Thy Lawes deſpiſe,
And leave the pleaſant roads of Peace;
Their ſurer condemnation to encreaſe,
Nor thither will be guided by their eyes:
But Lord, Thy Statutes are my ſong,
And make that journy ſhort, which elſe would ſeem too long.

IV.

And when the night do's the whole Earth enfold,
And all but I enjoy their reſt,
At thought of Thee, new day ſprings in my breaſt,
And up I riſe of Thy Law to take hold,
Which may direct my Way to Thee;
For whilſt I keep Thy Precepts, 'tis ſtill day with me.

Part. VIII.

Cheth.

Portio mea Domine, &c.

I.

"LET who 's will take the World for me, I say'd,
" Thou only art my Portion, Lord!
Above all riches let me keep Thy Word,
Who that before all wealth my love have made!
'Tis for Thy Favour that I sue,
And hastning of that Promise, which Thy Word makes due.

II.

On my past wandrings I with horror thought,
And for their stains in secret mourn'd;
But into joy my tears were quickly turn'd,
And by Thy Testaments I home was brought
Then did I grieve my former waste
Of Time, and Thy Commandments to observe made hast.

III.

Thy Wayes scarce entred, bands of theives I met,
And to their rage became a prey;
Yet spoil'd of all I still would keep my way,
Thy Lawes made me account the loss not great:
Thy Judgments it to mind did bring,
And of Thy Mercies I at midnight rose to sing!

IV.

Those, who love Thee, my God, are my delight,
And more my boasting than my Crown;
For to Thy Præcepts we subjection own,
And seek a greater Kingdom in Thy sight:
Thou, who the Earth with good dost fill:
Teach me Thy Statutes, that I may perform Thy Will!

Teth.

Bonitatem feciſti cum, &c.

I.

THou for Thy Servant wondrous things haſt done
And all the effects of love I' have felt;
To my ſins juſt deſert Thou haſt not dealt,
But after Thine own Word to me made known:
Sound Judgement to theſe bleſſings give,
Thoſe juſt Commands to keep, which now, Lord I believe!

II.

In my Proſperity I went aſtray,
And to By-paths was turn'd aſide;
But when Affliction came to be my guide,
I kept Thy Word, and found again Thy Way:
With goodneſs Thou doſt ever flow,
That I may do ſo too, Thy Statutes to me ſhow!

III.

The proud againſt my fame have forg'd baſe lyes,
But I Thy Præcepts will obey;
A plenteous ſtate has made them loſe their way,
As it did me, and all Thy Lawes deſpiſe:
'Gainſt them, and Heav'n they boldly fight,
Whilſt I reclaim'd, have treaſur'd there my beſt delight.

IV.

I am the Man, who have afflictions ſeen,
And happy me, who thus was taught!
Thy Statutes, and from all my wandrings brought!
Mercy to me, not judgements have they been,
Thy Lawes they taught me to eſteem,
And, think, that gold no luſter has, compar'd with Them.

X. *Part.*

Jod.

Manus tuæ fecerunt, &c.

I.

THY hands, O God, firſt made, and faſhion'd me,
And by Thy Power it is I live;
Good Underſtanding to Thy Servant give,
That by Him Thy Commands obſerv'd may be!
That thoſe, who fear Thee may rejoice,
To ſee Thy Word perform'd, and add to mine their voice.

II.

I know, my God, Thy Judgements all are right,
And that my ſelf I muſt condemn,
E're I Unfaithfulneſs can charge on them,
My ſorrows, with my ſins compar'd, are light;
But as Thou thus haſt wounded me,
According to Thy Word, let me Thy Comforts ſee!

III.

Upon me let Thy Grace, and love deſcend,
That I may yet before Thee live!
And to Thy Lawes, my lifes Remainder give!
Whilſt conſtant ſhame, and ſcorn the proud attend.
Me without any cauſe they hate,
But to Thy Præcepts that ſhall ne're my love abate.

IV.

Let thoſe, who have Thy Teſtimonies known,
And all, who truly worſhip Thee,
Hither turn in, and joyn themſelves with me;
To tell abroad, what thou for us haſt done!
Nor let me ever be aſham'd
To keep Thy Statutes, or for love to Thee bee blam'd!

Caph.

Caph.

XI. *Part.*

Defecit in ſalutare tuum anima, &c.

I.

MY Soul, O God, for Thy Salvation faints;
Yet in Thy Word my hope I place;
For that I languiſh, ſhew at length Thy Face,
Nor let me weary Thee with my Complaints!
Or ſay "When ſhall theſe troubles end,
"And God, or give deliverance, or ſome comfort ſend!

II.

My fleſh is ſhrivel'd, and my bones are dry,
Smoak'd by that fire, with which I burn;
Yet from Thy Statutes will I never turn,
But its worſt rage courageouſly defy:
Say, Lord, how long, how many dayes,
Are yet behind, e're Thou Thy ſelf to Judgement raiſe?

III.

The proud for me deep pitts and ſnares have lay'd,
But not according to thy Law;
From Thy Commands, they ſtrange Concluſions draw,
As if to reach me only they were made:
But they all Faithfull are, and right,
Preſerve Thou him, whoſe Juſtice is oppos'd by Might!

IV.

My life through care is almoſt brought to th' grave,
And all as dying on me look;
Yet I Thy Præcepts never yet forſook,
From Thee, and Them a new life let me have!
So in Thy ſight I ſtill ſhall live,
And full Obedience to Thy Teſtimonies give.

Lamed.

Part. XII.

Lamed.

In æternum Domine, &c.

I.

FOR ever, Lord, Thy Word in Heav'n remains,
In that almighty Frame ſet faſt;
'Its Faithfulneſs has reacht all ages paſt,
And, what at firſt it made, the Earth ſuſtaines:
And as it has been ever ſure,
Like the great ſpeaker, it for ever ſhall endure.

II.

All things the Order Thou firſt gav'ſt obey,
And on Thy mighty Will depend;
All are Thy Servants, and on Thee attend,
And ſhall continue firm, as to this day:
Theſe Works of Thine my Soul affright,
But with Thy Law conſid'red, fill me with delight.

III.

That, and Thy Præcepts, will I ne're forget,
For by Them Thou haſt quickned me;
Save me, my God, for I belong to Thee,
And for Thy ſake, on Them my love have ſet!
To Them that I am Thine I ow,
May They be alwayes Mine, that I be alwayes ſo.

IV.

The wicked plot how I may be betray'd,
But I Thy Teſtimonies love;
My Care, and Hope are ſurely fix'd above,
And where nor they, nor Time can hurt them, lay'd:
Ther's no True Happineſs below,
But where the Way to' it lyes Thy Juſt Commandments ſhow

Mem.

Mem. *Part.* XIII.

Quomodo dilexi Legem tuam, &c.

I.

LOrd, how I love Thy Law! 'tis my delight,
My Meditation all day long,
By which I'm wiſer made, and much more ſtrong
Than all thoſe Enemies, with whom I fight;
All Thy Commands, with me abide,
And in my Heart, to keep them ſafe, Thy Lawes I hide.

II.

With me compar'd my Teachers all are dull,
Thy Teſtimonies my beſt love
Have giv'n me of that Wiſdom from above,
Which with Its floods has fill'd my Soul brim full;
Age leſs experience has then I,
Who alwayes have Thy Præcepts, in my heart, or eye.

III.

By theſe to guide my feet I have been brought,
That I Thy Word might alwayes keep,
And from Thy Righteous Judgements never ſlip,
But firm abide in what I firſt was taught:
From them I never did depart,
But like Thy ſelf they freely did Command my heart.

IV.

So ſweet Thy Words are, and ſo full of grace,
And all ſo p'eaſant to my Taſte,
That hony which from flowing Hives makes haſte,
Inſipid to them is, and yields its place;
I through Thy Præcepts knowledge get,
And hate all wayes, that may decline, or ſtray from it.

Num.

XV. Part.

Nun.

Lucerna pedibus, &c.

I.

IN all my Wayes Thy Word directs my feet,
And as a lamp do's give them light;
What I have ſworn, ſince what I ſwore is right,
The juſt performance, with my Vowes ſhall meet:
To keep Thy Judgements I have ſworn,
That I may keep Them, mayſt Thou never from me turn!

II.

With ſharp Afflictions, down to th' Earth I'm caſt,
But let Thy Word my life reſtore!
That in Thy Church I may Thy Power adore,
And of the Rivers of Thy Pleaſure taſte;
Lord by Thy Judgements make me wiſe,
And what Thou me haſt given, accept for ſacrifice!

III.

Thoſe dangers, which have compaſs'd me around,
Where I ſaw only Care, and Fear,
Ready expos'd, my life have made me bear,
Yet through Thy Law I kept it, and my ground:
Snares, and a trap the Wicked lay'd,
But I ſhun'd both, for I my guide Thy Præcepts made.

IV.

Thy Teſtimonies are my Heritage,
And ſhall my double Portion be;
My joy, for They alone conduct to Thee,
And to obſerve Them I'll my heart engage:
My heart I'll to Thy Statutes joyn,
And make Thy glory, which is Their Chief end, be mine.

Samech

Samech. XV. *Part.*

Iniquos odio habui, &c.

I.

VAin thoughts, and all their follies I abhor,
But for Thy Law preſerve my Love;
Thou art my hiding place, and from above
My help ſhall come, ſince I Thy Power implore:
Thou art my ſhield, defend me, Lord,
For I all times, have only truſted in Thy Word!

II.

Avoid Profane, farr hence Profane depart,
For I my God's Commands will keep!
Uphold me, Lord, that I may never ſlip,
And to Thy Word both give my life, and heart!
So farr from ſhame to call Thee Mine,
That I will all my glory count it, To be thine.

III.

If Thou upholdſt me, then ſhall I ſtand faſt,
And to Thy Statutes homage yield;
Whoſe falſe deſpiſers Thou with ſhame haſt fill'd,
And of the cup they others gave, made taſte;
Deceit and guile are in their wayes, (praiſe.
And only him they would throw down, they load with

IV.

But Thou all ſuch ſhalt from the Earth deſtroy,
Whilſt as Refiners purg their droſs,
And by pure metal recompence the loſs,
Thine ſhall be ſuch without the leaſt alloy:
My ſelf that Inquiſition fear,
Yet in my Soul it truly by Thy Judgements bear.

Part. XVI.

Ain.

Feci judicium, &c.

I.

Juſtice, my God, has been my chiefeſt care,
To thoſe who hate me, leave me not!
Let not my ancient ſervice be forgot,
Nor thoſe, who juſtly ſuffred be my fear!
Let not Oppreſſors trouble me,
But ſave Thou Him, who oft has the Oppreſs'd ſet free!

II.

My eyes expecting Thy Salvation fail,
And for Thy Righteous Word I waite;
At laſt Thy Mercy grant, tis ne're too late,
And let my importunity prevaile!
Thy Promiſes to me fullfill,
And to Thy Statutes both my eare incline, and Will!

III.

I am Thy Servant and Thy Handmaids Son,
That I Thy Teſtaments may know,
True Wiſdom, and good Underſtanding ſhow,
And now appear, as thou of old haſt done!
'Tis Time for Thee, Lord, now to riſe,
For thoſe who ſhould obey Thy Law, its rule deſpiſe.

IV.

But I diſvalue gold, with it compar'd,
And Thy Commandments more than gold,
And all its chains me in Obedience hold,
For much above 't Thou know'ſt I Them prefer'd;
Thy Præcepts above All I love,
And this bleſs'd Paſſion by my flight from ſin will prove.

Pe.

Pe. *Part.* XVII.

Mirabilia Teſtimonia, &c.

I.

THY Teſtimonies Lord are wonderfull,
Therefore I make Them all my Care;
The very entrance of Thy Word is fair,
And with its beams inlightens my dark Soul:
If ſuch the Porch, and Entrance be,
What Wonders may we in Thy Sanctuary ſee!

II.

I long'd for Thy Commandments, and the air
Breath'd thence, into my Soul I drew;
Me thoughts it did my Spirit again renew,
And clear'd the ſtoppages, which preſs'd me there:
Look down, and to me be the ſame
As Thou art us'd to be to them who love Thy Name!

III.

According to Thy Word my ſteps direct,
Nor let me be by Sin o'rethrown,
Who juſt Allegiance to Thy Præcepts own,
And from ſure ruine the Oppreſ'd protect!
Let me no more a Captive be
To luſt, ſince Thou haſt broke my Chains, and ſet me free.

IV.

Lord, on Thy Servant make Thy Face to ſhine,
And me Thy Righteous Statutes teach,
That I to others may Thy Goodneſs preach,
And how like me, they too may be made Thine!
For floods of teares run down my eyes,
And for Thy Broken Lawes Seas from thoſe Fountains riſe.

XVIII. Part.

Tſaddi.

Juſtus es Domine, &c.

I.

AS Thou art, ſuch, my God, Thy Judgments are,
Thou Righteous, and They all upright;
Thy Teſtimonies govern leſs by Might, (fair:
Than Juſtice, wherewith Thou haſt made Them
And thoſe, who to Thy Scepter bow,
Which is ſo right, and faithfull, are themſelves made ſo.

II.

My Zeal has burnt me up, and all on fire
I faint to ſee Thy Word forgot;
Thy Word that 's try'd, and from the Furnace hot
In ſacred flames of love makes me expire;
And wonder, who through cold can dy,
Who has ſo hot and pure a fire to warm him by.

III.

Thou know'ſt I'm poor, deſpis'd, and wondrous low,
Yet will I not Thy Præcepts leave,
But even thence hope new vigor to receive,
How poor and low ſo e're I may be now;
Thy Laws and Truth ſo certain be, (free.
That what Thou once has promis'd, from all change ſtands

IV.

This only was my Comfort in my grief,
When anguiſh faſt hold of me took,
That I Thy juſt Commandments ne're forſook,
And they, which were my love brought me relief;
That I may ever with Thee live,
Sound knowledge of Thy Teſtimonies to me give!

Coph

Coph. XIX. *Part.*

Clamavi in toto corde, &c.

I.

WIth my whole heart, in my diſtreſs I cry'd,
Aloud I cry'd, but more for fear
To break Thy Statutes, than my Pains to bear
" O let me never, ſay'd I, be deny'd!
"But riſe my God to reſcue me,
" And I'll Thy Teſtimonies keep, and honour Thee!

II.

The Morning, with my Prayer I did prevent,
For in Thy Word my hope I plac'd;
The Morning, with my cry I bid make haſte,
But e're it came my Vowes I up had ſent:
'Twas then a pleaſure not to ſleep,
For all the while Thy word with me the watch did keep.

III.

Lord for Thy Mercy ſake, to me give eare,
And in Thy Juſtice viſit me!
May, they agreed, my Mighty Saviours be,
And as I Thine, make Thine my Voice to hear!
O be not farr off from my cry,
When thoſe, who hate Thy Law, and Me, are come ſo nigh!

IV.

But chear up, Soul, ſee where Thy God do's ſtand,
Thy God, whoſe juſt Commands are True,
Who with a Word can all Thy Foes ſubdue,
And publiſh His great Victories in all lands!
Whoſe Teſtimonies Thou haſt found,
Eternity alone in its vaſt Space can bound.

Reſh.

Part. XX. Resh.

Vide humilitatem, &c.

I.

CONsider my affliction and my Pain,
And save Me, for I keep Thy law!
Defend my cause, and from my Weakness draw
Such arguments, as may Thy Power maintain!
For Thy Words sake deliver me,
The safety, like redemption from the grave shall be!

II.

Salvation from the proud is farr away,
So much they on themselves depend,
But never to Thy Statutes Voice attend,
Which only are my Prop, and mighty stay;
Thy Mercies great and wondrous be,
Yet, Lord, according to Thy Judgements quicken me!

III.

Many my Foes, against me thousands rise,
Yet I Thy Testaments obey;
And others would perswade to take Thy Way,
Who only are for that my Enemies:
For them I'm sure I truely grieve,
Because they Thy Almighty Word will not believe.

IV.

For my own part like Thee I nothing love,
Thy Præcepts are my chief delight,
That I may alwayes think them so, let light,
And an Eternal day break from above!
Thy Word for ever True has been,
Nor have Thy Righteous Judgements any variance seen.

Schin.

Schin. *Part.* XXI.

Principes perſecuti, &c.

I.

PRinces without cauſe are my Enemies,
But of Thy Word I ſtand in aw;
Lying I hate, but have obſerv'd Thy Law,
And ſo their threats, and malice can deſpiſe:
And if for them I have a fear,
Into my heart I look, and ſee a greater there.

II.

Thy Word, which is at once my fear, and truſt,
Makes me in mighty ſhouts rejoice,
As one that finds great ſpoil, or has His Choice,
For it will make me, Lord, as Thou art, Juſt;
For that ſeven times a day I'll praiſe, (raiſe,
And with Thy righteous Judgements, my ſmall Numbers

III.

Great peace to them, who love Thy Laws, belongs,
And nothing ſhall their reſt offend,
But all their lives they ſhall in pleaſure ſpend,
And thence take lofty Subjects for their ſongs;
In Thee, my God, I, truſt alone,
And thoſe Commands Thou gav'ſt me to obſerve, have done.

IV.

My Soul has all Thy Teſtimonies kept,
And they have been my pureſt love,
I by their conduct did my journies move,
Nor from the Way, which they firſt ſhew'd me, ſtept:
They and Thy Præcepts were my guide,
Nor did I ſtrive my paths from thy bright face to hide.

Tau;

XXII. Part.

Tau.

Appropinquet deprecatio, &c.

I.

LOrd, let my cry at length approach Thine ear,
And Understanding to me give,
To know Thy Word, and by its rule to live, (hear!
And all the prayers, which here I 've have made Thee
Lord, for Thy Word to save me rise,
And then I may be confident Thou hear'st my cries!

II.

Then shall my song of all Thy Power rehearse,
And of the Change Thy Statutes wrought;
How by Thy Word I home to Thee was brought,
And by those steps to Heav'n I'll raise my Verse!
For Thy Commandments righteous are, (Care!
And those, who make them theirs, shall be themselves Thy

III.

May I be so, for they have been my Choice,
And in Thy Præcepts I delight;
Thy Law's my Meditation day and night,
And all times do's my heart employ, or voice,
For Thy Salvation, Lord, I wait,
Make haste and come away, before it be too late!

IV.

Like a lost sheep from Thee I went astray,
Nor to the fold again should come,
But seek me, Lord, and bring Thy Servant home,
For He do's yet Thy great Commands obey!
Around me let Thy Judgements shine,
And thus from danger sav'd, the Praise shall all be Thine!

Psalm

Psalm CXX.

Ad Dominum cum tribularer, &c.

I.

A ſong of Degrees.

IN my diſtreſs unto the Lord I cry'd,
And though my troubles made me fear,
That God His Face would from me hide,
Even then my God was pleas'd to hear,
And then inclin'd His Willing ear,
And anſwer'd me, when I moſt lookt to be deny'd.

II.

Thou heardſt me, and Thy ſelf didſt ſet me free,
My Enemies ſaw their ſwords were vain,
And with their tongues did ſtrike at me,
With lyes my Innocence ſought to ſtain;
Lord, on them turn their lyes again,
And let their tongues, weak as their ſwords, to hurt me be!

III.

But what reward, falſe tongue, doſt Thou deſire,
Or who to give't Thee dares come nigh?
Thou woundeſt, when Thou doſt retire,
As Parthians fight moſt when they fly,
Thy Words then kill, when thou runn'ſt by,
Like Juniper Coles are ſweet, but burn worſe than their fire.

IV.

Unhappy Man, who thus am forc'd to ſtay,
Exil'd from Him I love moſt dear!
From Thee, my God, O Come away!
Let me not be without Thee here!
But where Thou art let me appear!
Any where Lord, ſo Thou wilt but Thy ſelf diſplay.

V.

Than *Meſech* can a place more ſavage be,
Where all to Peace ſworn Enemies are,
And for Her ſake are ſo to me?
Kedar with *Meſech* may compare,
I cry up Peace, They call for Warr;
Yet that were nothing, Lord, could I but there have Thee.

Pſalm

Pſalm CXXI.

Levavi oculos meos in Montes, &c.

A ſong of Degrees.

I.

UNto the Hills I rais'd my drooping eyes,
And look'd if any help were there,
Loaded with tears I made them riſe,
To watch, and give the ſign, when help drew near;
I rais'd them up but all in vain,
I could not keep them ſo,
Their own weight preſs'd them to the Earth again,
On high they would not be, when I was ſunk ſo low!

II.

Up to your tops, O Hills, I'll look no more,
An unexpected help is nigh;
I overlook'd this help before,
Look'd, when I thought not high enough, too high,
For, lo, my God my part do's take,
On my ſide do's appear;
God whoſe great word, both Heav'n and Earth did make,
And what need other help, when the Almighty 's near!

III.

"Thy Foot, He ſaid it, all times fixt ſhall ſtand,
And He ſhall watch about Thee keep;
The Lord ſhall lead Thee by the hand,
And never, though thou ſlumbreſt, fall aſleep:
For *Iſrael* He is ſtill awake,
His eyes ſtill open be;
And He, who of an *Iſrael* care can take,
Fear not, but He can well enough provide for Thee!

IV.

Twixt Him, and Thee no cloud ſhall interpoſe,
But He ſhall be Himſelf Thy ſhade;
To break the Malice of Thy Foes,
The Eternall God, ſhall be Thy refuge made:
The Lord ſhall be Thy ſure defence,
Thy guard both night, and day,
Shall ſweeten every Planets influence,
And to ſerve Thee, make both the Sun, and Moon obey.

V.

God ſhall defend Thee, and Thy life ſhall be
Secur'd from danger by His love;
And all things, which belong to Thee,
The Care, which He has of Thy Soul ſhall prove:
Without, He ſhall direct Thy Way,
Within, ſhall bleſs Thy ſtore;
And all the while from Him Thou 'rt forc'd to ſtay,
Shall what Thou haſt make ſerve Thy turn, or give Thee more!

Pſalm CXXII.

Lætatus ſum in his quæ, &c.

A ſong of Degrees of David.

I.

'TWas the beſt news I wiſh to hear,
My very Soul ſtood raviſht at my ear,
" Let's go, they ſay'd; Come! Let's away!
" Already we have tarried long enough,
" Now let our ſpeed declare Our love;
" Why ſhould we thus from Sion ſtay,
" And only be unhappy by our Own delay?

II.

" Let's go; ſee at the City gates
" How God Himſelf to greet Our coming waits!
" We Come, O God, nor will we reſt,
" Till we the place have in *Jeruſalem* found,
" Till we have trod that Holy ground,
" Which Thou of all the World lov'ſt beſt,
" Which Thou of all the World haſt with Thy Preſence bleſt.

III.

Jeruſalem is ſtrong, and fair,
Glorious above what other Cities are;
The Seat of the Eternal King,
Whoſe lofty Palaces approach the skies,
And to be near their God to 'Heav'n riſe;
Thither the Tribes their Offerings bring,
And from their ſcattred Cities come His Praiſe to ſing.

IV.

There are the Thrones of Judgement ſet,
Her Power is large, and Her Dominion great;

The Thrones of David there ſtand faſt,
The Lord Himſelf in Sion founded them,
Has fixt them in *Jeruſalem*,
Subject to neither change, or Waſt,
But ſuch, as ſhall by Him upheld, for ever laſt.

V.

Triumphant City; Mayſt Thou be
Happy like Him, who firſt eſtabliſht Thee!
May He from Warrs Thy gates ſecure,
And like Thee Thy well-wiſhers ever bleſs,
Give Thee a long, and certain peace,
Make all His bleſſings to Thee ſure,
And may Thy Peace, as conſtant as His Power endure!

VI.

For *Iſraels* ſake Thou haſt my love,
Second to none but His who rules above;
For *Sions* ſake I'll happineſs
On all Thy Palaces, and Borders pray;
Thy Palaces ſhall ne're decay,
Within Thy Borders Warr ſhall ceaſe,
For He, who is Thy Guardian, is the God of Peace.

Pſalm CXXIII.

Ad te Levavi oculos meos, &c.

I.

TO Thee, O Lord, I lift my careful eyes,
To Heav'n, where Thou ſitſt cloath'd with light,
And though I hopeleſs am to reach Thy ſight,
I cannot chooſe but let them thither riſe;
Tow'rds Heav'n they look, and ſeek Thee every where,
And though they ſee Thee not, know Thou art there.

A ſong of Degrees. I V.

II.

As Servants on their Maſters ſign depend,
Know what to do, what to forbear,
From thence, though they no other language hear,
And with quick eyes unto their hands attend:
Wayting on Thee, we more dependance ſhow,
And though Thou art invifible, do ſo.

III.

We wait, and waiting never will give o're,
Till Thou to us Thy Mercy ſhow;
O, on us Now Thy Mercy, Lord beſtow,
And what we long have loſt, again reſtore!
Thy Mercy, Lord; and ſince Thou 'rt Juſt, and ſtrong,
Repeal Our miſeries, and revenge Our wrong!

IV.

Revenge the wrong, which we endure from thoſe,
Who at us ſcoff, becauſe We 're Thine,
Againſt us only for Thy ſake combine,
And are Our envious and malicious foes!
Their ſloth, and eaſe make them Our pains deride,
And all Our grief's the Triumph of their pride.

Pſalm

Psalm CXXIV.

Nisi quia Dominus, &c.

A song of Degrees of David. V.

I.

"HAD not the Lord our Cause maintain'd
" The Lord Himself, may *Israel* say,
" Had not the Lord the Victory for us gain'd,
" Instead of getting, We had lost the day,
" And Captives been to them, who now are made Our prey.

II.

On us they came, and like a flood,
Which would within no banks be held,
They fiercer grew, the more they were withstood,
Increas'd in rage, when we their force repell'd,
And by Our opposition higher only swell'd.

III.

God on the banks in view did stand,
And when the floods did Lowdest rore,
Mov'd o're the floods His All-commanding hand,
They stood awhile and gaz'd, then backwards bore,
And chid their fellow waves, which came too slow before.

IV.

The Lord Himself has made Our Way,
And from their snares has set us free;
The snares are broke, which they for us did lay,
And when they look'd that we should taken be,
God who first loos'd the net, did give us wings to flee.

V.

God is Our refuge, and in vain
Frail Man against Him thinks to stand;
His Word made all things, all things do's sustain,
And He deliverance for us will command,
Has past His Word to do it, and will use his Hand!

Psalm

Psalm CXXV.

Qui confidunt in Domino, &c.

I.

ALL thoſe, who on th' Almighty God rely,
On God, who do's o're all command,
Unmov'd ſhall like Mount *Sion* ſtand,
Shall ſtand as firm, and bear their heads as high;
And what Mount *Sion's* to *Jeruſalem*,
The Rock of Ages ſhall Himſelf be made to Them.

A ſong of Degrees. VI.

II.

Thrice happy City, girt with Mountains round,
On whom, acknowledging Thy ſtate,
The leſſer Hills riſe up, and wait,
By God Himſelf Queen of all Cities crown'd,
Impregnable, and ſteep rocks defend Thy Coaſts, (Hoſts!
But would prove vain, were not their guard The Lord of

III.

He only is Thy Strength, and not thoſe Hills,
Yet as thoſe Hills girt Thee about,
The Lord ſurrounds, and finds His out,
Is alwayes near, ſince every Place He fills;
God ſhall fight for them make their Enemies fly,
Leſt ſeeing them ſtill proſper, They ſhould Him deny.

IV.

Ariſe, O God, and ſhew Thy Mighty hand,
Let not the Righteous be oppreſs'd!
Do good to Them, but for the reſt,
Let them Thy Wrath by bearing underſtand!
On *Iſrael* Peace, and Thy Chief Bleſſings ſhower,
But on their Enemies floods of Fire, and Brimſtone poure

Pſalm CXXVI.

In convertendo Dominus.

A ſong of Degrees. X.

I.

WHen God a Miracle for *Sion* wrought,
And home Her exil'd Captives brought,
(Exiles, whoſe long Captivity
Made them forget they e're were free,
And almoſt wiſh, but as they were to be)
Th' Almighty did the Work ſo faſt,
We thought it but a pleaſant dream,
Yet wiſht that dream might ever laſt,
It did ſo pleaſant to us ſeem;
A Dream, which though we did not homewards go,
Made us believe we did, and hope 'twas ſo.

II.

But when Fruition had Our hopes o'recome,
And we indeed awak'd at home,
A Dream Our ſufferings then ſeem'd more,
Than Our deliverance did before,
A Dream we thought what we in bondage bore;
And cheer'd at Our arrivall there,
Like men rous'd by ſome ſuddain fright,
Who in ſuſpence 'twixt joy, and fear,
Wake and ſpeak of it, when 'tis light,
We whom Our feares ſtruck dumb His praiſes ſpoke,
Who firſt Our chains, and then Our ſilence broke.

III.

The very heathen, as We paſt along,
Joyn'd with us in Our cheerful ſong,
" The Lord has done great things, they ſai'd,
" Great things for us, we anſwer made.
The Lord has done great things, whereof we're glad!

Like

Like us may He the Remnant bring,
Bring back the whole Captivity,
And ſince there's Water in the Spring,
O, may not long the ſtreames be dry!
But, Lord, like Rivers in the parched South,
Make theſe o'reflow, as Thou ſuppli'ſt their drougth!

IV.

He, who his future hopes in grief do's ſow,
And makes them with his tears to grow,
With joy ſhall ſee a fruitfull ſpring,
With joy His harveſt home ſhall bring,
And all his ſheaves with ſhowting carry in:
As when the Carefull Husbandman,
His ſeed into the ground has thrown,
Rejoyces at a ſoaking rain,
To water that, which he has ſown,
Plenty diſtills from Heav'n with every drop,
And a moyſt Seed-Time makes the faireſt crop.

Psalm CXXVII.

Nisi Dominus ædificaverit, &c.

I.

A song of Degrees of Solomon. VIII.

DOwn to the very Centre of the Earth,
Let the foundations sink as low,
As its proud Towers in height do go,
To Heav'n above, and touch Hell underneath,
If God the Mighty Pile do's not sustain,
The weaker buttresses are all in vain:
Either an Earth-quake to the ground
Shall overthrow, and levell all;
Or God Himself the *Babel* shall confound,
And then the difference is but small,
Whether it stand a *Babel*, or a Palace fall,

II.

Bring all the Forces of the Citie out,
Guard every port, and every street,
A double guard upon them set,
And girt the Walls as they girt you about!
Yet after all to Heav'n you open ly,
(Heav'n the best friend, but the worst Enemy)
No guarding against that can save,
But without help from thence is lost,
And those, who would from Heav'n protection have,
Must keep their hearts, more than their Coasts, (Hosts.
Must keep there, what must them preserve, the Lord of

III.

"The Sun's already up, and I must rise,
"How soon the day has chas'd the night!
But when that has expell'd the light,
"How soon 'tis Night! the painfull labourer cries!

With

With care he riſes, and with care lyes down,
Anothers makes the profit, Care his Own:
This though unbid, is his ſure gueſt,
Unſeen into his bed do's ſlide,
And alwayes hinders, or elſe breaks his reſt;
Poor Man, who thinks by this falſe guide,
To find that Eaſe, which God from all but His do's hide!

IV.

God eaſe, and Children to His Own do's give,
Crowns all their Cares with this encreaſe,
Makes their great care their greateſt eaſe,
Children, in whoſe Poſterity they live;
For by theſe ſhafts beyond the grave they fly,
And triumph o're their greateſt Enemy.
The Man, whoſe quiver loaded is
With ſuch as theſe, need fear no ſhame,
Some may reach home, though ſome fall ſhort, or miſs;
Happy Man, who has to guard His Fame,
More than great Kings a life-guard of his blood, and Name!

Psalm CXXVIII.

Beati omnes qui timent, &c.

A song of Degrees IX.

I.

BLeſt is the Man, whoſe fear do's prove
Only his guide in the Right Way,
Whoſe fear makes him the Lord obey,
And is the beſt incentive to his love:
He of the Labour of his hands ſhall eat,
The Lord ſhall alwayes bleſs his ſtore,
His bleſſings alwayes ſhall flow o're,
And God, who makes him good, will make them great.

II.

His Wife, like to a fruitful Vine,
Shall into breadth and cluſters run,
To him ſhall look, as to her Sun,
And ſtill have fruit on which that Sun may ſhine:
Like Olive plants his children round his board,
With ſpreading branches garniſhed,
Shall with their bloſſoms crown his head;
And thus ſhall he be bleſt, who fears the Lord.

III.

The Lord ſhall bleſs Thee, ſhew Thee good,
And all Thy dayes ſhall let Thee ſee
Jeruſalems Proſperity,
And wonder how ſo long unmov'd it ſtood:
Thou into Childrens Children ſhalt increaſe,
Shalt ſee them into Children grow;
And, what will make it Heaven below,
Shalt *Iſrael* all the while behold in Peace!

Pſalm

Pſalm CXXIX.

Sæpe expugnaverunt, &c.

I.

UP from my Youth may *Iſrael* ſay,
From my Youth up I have great troubles ſeen, *A ſong of Degrees* VII.
Trouble, and life did at a time begin,
Bear date from the ſame place, and day,
Together came, together ſtay,
Scarce any joy appears between, (been,
Yet through that God, who helps me, I have Conqueror

II.

My Enemies came, and with their plough
My tender back did cruelly run o're,
My tender back with cruel furrows tore,
They plow'd, but nothing hop'd would grow,
But then God did the furrows ſow,
From my freſh wounds new armes I bore, (before.
And o're them brought the wheel, who plow'd o're me

III.

The Righteous God has ſtrook in two,
And broke thoſe ſnares, which for Our feet they made;
Has all their plots, and miſchiefs open lai'd,
And though they thought He did not know,
Diſcover'd what they thought to do,
Made them of their own ſnares afraid,
May *Sions* foes with their own wrongs thus be repai'd!

IV.

May God upon their glory blow,
And like the graſs, which on ſome aged Wall,
Looks freſh, and gay, and almoſt out of call,
With ſcorn beholds the fields below,

So

So may they flouriſh, wither ſo,
So may they ſtand, ſo may they fall,
Till in one ruine periſh graſs, and mound, and all.

V.

The Reaper cannot fill his hand,
In vain the husband man do's give it reſt,
In vain expects with ſheaves to fill his breaſt,
It thrives not like his other land,
That growes, but this is at a ſtand,
That by each paſſenger is bleſt,
But none for this do's ever put up one requeſt.

VI.

There ſtirrs not as you paſs a prayer,
But all ſtruck ſilent, as they there go by,
Firſt look up, if their prayers will reach ſo high,
And think them better us'd elſe where;
Nor like theſe ſhall you wiſhes hear,
"Th' Almighty grant proſperity,
"And what Our bleſſings want, may His to Thee ſupply!

Pſalm

Pſalm CXXX.

De profundis clamavi, &c.

I.

OUT of the depths unto the Lord I cry'd,
Deep Seas of Miſerie Where I lay,
But o're my ſoul the waves did ride,
And louder roar'd, when I began to pray,
Ah! ſtill their noiſe, and be not, Lord, as deaf as they!

VI. *Penitential Pſalm of Degrees.* XI.

II.

I know I have deſerv'd theſe miſeries,
And greater plagues might juſtly fear;
And if Thou ſhould'ſt to judgement riſe,
Indeed deſpair of ever coming near,
For thoſe great ſins, which harden mine, may ſtop Thy ear.

III.

But, Lord, there is forgiveneſs ſtill with Thee,
Thou wait'ſt Thy Favours to beſtow,
I wait when Thou wilt gracious be,
My hope alone do's from Thy Mercie flow,
And ſince Thou wait'ſt, Lord, to be gracious, Ah, be ſo!

IV.

For as the Watchman, who has ſtood all night,
Upon the guard do's long for day,
Looks when the Sun will make it light,
Juſt ſo attending on the Lord We ſtay,
Till the bright Sun of Righteouſneſs His beames diſplay.

V.

Hope in Thy God; O *Iſrael*, and Thy truſt
All times upon His Mercie place;
He who has promis'd Thee is juſt,
And if with confidence Thou ſeek His Face,
Thy ſins He'l take away, and freely give His Grace.

Another Verſion of the ſame, by *M. M. B.*

I.

PLung'd in the depths of ſin and miſery,
Where I could nothing ſee but Death
Ready to ſtifle my complaining breath,
With which to Thee my God I ſent my Cry,
Hoping at length to reach Thine ear,
And by my often calls get Thee to hear,
Hear me, I ſaid, let not my Cries be vain,
Leſt I no ſtrength ſhould have to Cry again.

II.

Eternall God, ſhould Thy all-ſeeing eye
Severely marke Our often ſtrayes;
Our wandrings i'th' forbidden dangerous wayes,
Of baſeſt ſin, and fond Iniquity,
Who then could in Thy preſence ſtand,
Or bear the weight of Thy enraged hand?
But Thou art mighty in Thy Pardoning love,
O let us fear that we may grateful prove.

III.

Wherefore I'll wait for Thee, my gracious Lord,
Till Thou Thy Favours ſhalt diſpence,
And make me feel their powerful influence,
My Soul for this ſhall hope in Thy ſure word:
For Thee I'll wait with more deſire
Than they, who for the Morning light enquire,
That from their weary watch they may be freed;
Yea more than they, wherefore my God make ſpeed!

IV.

Let *Iſrael* on the Lord repoſe His truſt,
With whom both Mercie is and love,
The conſtant ſtreames that flow from Him above:
Like whom there's none ſo good, yet none ſo juſt:
For though He did a ranſom find,
'Twas ſuch as through't His Juſtice brighter ſhin'd:
From Him Redemption ſhall to *Iſrael* come,
Which to their land and Him ſhall bring them home.

Pſalm

Pſalm CXXXI.

Domine non eſt exaltatum, &c.

A ſong of Degrees of David. XII.

I.

NO, Lord, Thou knowſt I am not ſo,
And yet Thou all my ſoul doſt know;
Alike before Thee open ly
My Innocent heart, and humble eye,
Which have no pride, but from the malice of my Foe.

II.

I do not to the Crown aſpire,
Nor what's my Sovereigns, Lord, deſire;
Such thoughts beyond m' ambition go,
Too high for me, who am ſo low,
And yet my humble Soul, beneath the Crown, looks higher.

III.

To Thee I look, on Thee attend,
Hoping Thou wilt my Right defend,
The Crown is but an empty thing,
And what it has not cannot bring,
Not after that but Thee O God my prayers I ſend!

IV.

For I reſtrain my ſelf in this,
Juſt like a child that new wean'd is,
From 'his Mothers breaſt, who though he cry,
And grieves at firſt thoſe ſtreames are dry,
Forgets it, and ſtreight loaths what he was wont to kiſs.

V.

As I have done may *Iſrael* do,
And wean'd from all things here below,
Unto their God alone attend,
And only on His help depend,
On God, who greater things than Kingdoms can beſtow!

Pſalm CXXXII.

Memento Domine David.

A ſong of Degrees. XIII.

LORD.

I.

REmember *David*, and His vow,
And all the troubles He did undergo,
Whilſt for Thy Ark He ſought a Reſting place:
Abroad He ſuffred, and at home,
But when He thought the worſt was overcome,
This ſtill remain'd, and His great trouble was.

II.

Remember, Lord, the Oath He made,
And how ſolicitous to ſee it pai'd!
" Within my houſe, ſaid He, I'll come no more,
" Nor on ſoft couches wait for ſleep,
" My very Bed ſhall watch againſt it keep,
" Girt round with Pious Cares, and arm'd all o're.

III.

" I'll ſearch till I the place ſhall find,
" Which God Himſelf has for His Reſt deſign'd:
We know it, Lord, and to it each remove,
How firſt at *Shilo* Thou didſt reign,
Then in a grove, and unfrequented plain,
Places ſtill innocent, becauſe once Thy love.

IV.

Look how Thy Courts we reach with praiſe,
And as We bow Our knees, Our voices raiſe!
Ariſe, O God, and Thy great journy take,
Thou, and Thy Ark together riſe,
Before Thee ſcatter all Thine Enemies,
And *Sion*, Thy delight, Thy Reſidence make!

V. Let

V.

Let all Thy Prieſts Their praiſes ſing,
And with loud ſhouts Thy Saints their Offrings bring
Let Thy Annointed in the Roll be one,
And for Thy Servant *Davids* ſake,
To whom Thou freely didſt Thy Promiſe make,
This Happineſs confirm unto His Son!

VI.

In Truth Thou didſt to *David* ſwear,
(Witneſs Thy ſelf) "Thou ſhalt not want an heir,
"But of Thy ſeed I on Thy Throne will ſet;
"And if Thy Children Faithfull be,
"And keep the Laws tranſmitted here to Thee,
"Their Throne like Thine ſhall ſtand, and be as Great.

VII.

"For I have *Sion* made my Reſt,
"The place, which I of all the World love beſt,
"My houſe for ever, where I chooſe to dwell,
"All Her Proviſions I will bleſs,
"And thence Her poor ſhall look for their increaſe,
"And when they ſee it, wonder how it fell.

VIII.

"There ſhall her Prieſts my Praiſes ſing,
"And with Loud Shouts My Saints their Offrings bring;
"The Horn of *David* there I'll make to bud,
"An Horn of Plenty, full, and green,
"Where ſome New bloſſoms ever ſhall be ſeen,
"Whoſe fruit 's as generous, as the root is good.

IX.

"There for my King I'll ſet a light,
"My eye ſhall make it burn, and keep it bright;
"Obſcurity ſhall on His Foes be caſt,
"Cover'd with ſhame they ſhall ly down,
"But on His head I'll put a glorious Crown,
"And I, who put it on, will hold it faſt.

Pſalm

Pſalm CXXXIII.

Ecce quam bonum, & quam, &c.

A ſong of Degrees of David. XIV.

I.

BLeſt day! wherein I live to ſee
The Tribes, like Brethren, all agree,
Like Brethren ſtriving, who ſhall my beſt Subjects be.

II.

God has by them reſtor'd my Crown,
And they ſecur'd what was their Own,
For what on me they pour'd, upon themſelves fell down.

III.

Th' Annointing Oyl, they on me ſpent,
On them in Acts of Favour went,
As if for them, as much as me, the Oyl was meant.

IV.

Like that, which on the High-Prieſt ſhed,
At firſt it only wet His head,
But then o're beard, and cloaths, and all was quickly ſpred.

V.

Or like thoſe miſts, which from the Main
The ſun draws up, to ſend again,
In dews, firſt on the Hills, and then the humble Plain.

VI.

With ſuch th' Almighty loves to dwell,
And Souls agreed His Praiſe can tell,
How on them bleſſings, when on others vengeance fell.

Pſalm

Pſalm CXXXIV.

Ecce nunc benedicite, &c.

A ſong of Degrees. XV.

I.

PRaiſe Him, Ye Servants of th' Eternal King,
Who alwayes in His Temple ſtay,
Till your loud ſongs the cheerful Morning bring,
And having chas'd the Night away,
Call to attend your Sacrifice the riſing day!

II.

And as you praiſe Him, let your thankfull hands
Their part in all the Service bear,
They have their language, which He underſtands,
Though none beſide their voice do's hear,
For them reſerves His eye, and for your lips His Ear!

III.

The Lord from *Sion* on Thy Borders reign
Showers, like that Heav'n which ſends them, free!
Return Thy Bleſſings on Thee back again;
Let them Thine own, and greater be,
That Gods, who Heav'n and Earth did make, & all for Thee!

Pſalm CXXXV.

Laudate nomen Domini, &c.

I.

Hallelujah.

YE Servants of th' Immortal King,
His Maſters of requeſt below,
To whom, when We our juſt Petitions bring,
Immediately to Heav'n they go;
And by your means, who there attend,
I'th' flames which burn the Sacrifice, aſcend,
To His Great Name, which He delights to raiſe,
Though far above your reach, direct your Praiſe!

II.

There's none like Him, ſo full of love,
On whom you can your praiſe beſtow;
And if great Goodneſs can affection move,
Then praiſe His Name for that is ſo!
For *Jacobs* ſeed He gave His voice,
And plac'd His Treaſure, where He made His choice;
So great that none can contradict His will,
But when they moſt reſiſt it, moſt fulfill.

III.

His Pleaſure Heav'n, and Earth obey,
And Laws which He firſt gave them keep;
He chains the Sea, and bounding ſands do's lay,
For mighty fetters on the Deep;
Cauſes thick vapours to aſcend,
And in one cloud moiſt Hail, and fire do's blend;
Out of His Treaſures brings th' unruly wind,
And Captive Tempeſts with ſtrong Cords do's bind.

IV. In

IV.

In *Egypt*, when He did begin,
Thus He their Frift Born would not ſpare;
The Beaſts were puniſht for their Maſters ſin,
Under the Curſe becauſe they were;
His Wonders God before Him ſent,
And thither afterwards in Perſon went;
Egypt, Thou ſaw'ſt His hand i'th mid'ſt of Thee,
When *Pharaoh*, who did bear it, Would not ſee.

V.

He mighty Kingdoms overthrew,
Scattred their Forces, ſlew their Kings,
And Victory, which abroad at Pleaſure flew,
Made ſerve at home without her wings;
Sehon and *Ogg* before Him fell,
In whoſe Poſſeſſions Faithfull *Iſrael* dwell;
That Promiſed Land, which He their Fathers gave,
Who from that gift their ſureſt Title have.

VI.

Eternal God, like Thee Thy Name
Endures to all Eternity,
And as Its Power is conſtantly the ſame,
So ſhall Its juſt Memorial be;
For Thou wilt for Thy People riſe,
Subdue, and Scatter all their Enemies,
That under yoaks they ſhall no more remain,
But to Thy Houſe, and City be reſtor'd again.

VII.

Dumb Idols ſhall not Thee withſtand,
Nor thouſand Godsfond men adore;
For all, though faſhion'd by the Workmans hand,
Remain the Clay they were before;
Dull Clay, which neither ſees, nor hears,
Though Art has given them eyes, and made them ears,

Moſt Eaſy Gods to whom when any cry,
They therefore grant becauſe they can't deny.

VIII.

Without or Speech, or breath, or ſenſe,
Though they of All the Organs have;
In vain is help to be expected thence,
Where 's not enough themſelves to ſave:
Blind Deities, but blinder they,
Who knowing it, to their own Work will pray;
Ne're thinking that it cannot to them turn,
And that one fire will god, and Incenſe burn.

IX.

But Thou, O *Iſrael*, Bleſs Thy Lord!
O Houſe of *Aaron*, bleſs His Name!
And you, who ſerve at th' Altar by His Word,
With coales from thence encreaſe your Flame!
Let joy in every Face appear,
And bleſs the Lord, whom you have made your Fear!
From *Sion* bleſs Him, who reigns King above,
But at *Jeruſalem* is The God of Love!

Pſalm CXXXVI.

Confitemini Domino Quoniam, &c.

I.

O Praiſe The Lord, for He is Good,
And let the World His love adore,
For though His Power may aw them more,
His Love guards thoſe, who are by that withſtood,
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

II.

Praiſe Him, who o're all gods do's reign,
The God of Gods, of Kings the King,
To whom all Thrones this Homage bring,
What He firſt gave them, to reſign again!
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

III.

All that We ſee His hand has done,
Who makes His Mighty Power appear,
With wonder ſtrikes us, and with fear,
For His own ſake He did it, and alone:
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

IV.

He made the Heav'ns, that glorious ſpace,
Which has no bound, and knows no end,
Whoſe greatneſs man can comprehend
As little, as that God, who made the Place;
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

V.

The Flood at firſt hid all the Land,
Till He rais'd it above the Flood,
Where it unmov'd e're ſince has ſtood,
He ſtretcht it out, by reaching out His hand,
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

VI.

The Lamps of Heav'n ow all their light
To Him, who caus'd them firſt to ſhine,
He on them look'd, they like a Mine,
From thence took fire, and ever ſince are bright:
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

VII.

He charg'd the Sun to rule the day,
Gave him His beams and influence,
Laws how he ſhould his Flames diſpence,
And when he rules, then do's he moſt obey;
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

VIII.

The Moon and ſtars at night attend,
And on the guard in turns all wait;
Some go of ſooner, ſome more late,
And to relieve them God do's others ſend;
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

IX.

Praiſe Him, who for their Fathers ſin,
Smote *Cham*'s firſt born, did none paſs o're,
Sent death to look on every dore,
Who frighted at no blood without, went in.

His

His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

X.

Who with ſtrong hand, and out-ſtretch'd Arm,
Deliver'd *Iſrael* from the Yoke;
Who all the *Egyptian* fetters broke,
And made His *Iſraels* March, be their Al-arm.
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

XI.

Who all times did His Promiſe keep,
The Red-Sea for them did divide;
And what the Waves before did hide,
Made them His Wayes ſee truly in the Deep.
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

XII.

The liquid Deep in Walls did ſtand,
Of pureſt Chryſtal, through whoſe glaſs
The Floods behind ſaw *Iſrael* paſs,
And there, as in themſelves, admir'd His hand.
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

XIII.

But when the army was gon o're,
God took His rein from of the Wave,
And *Jacobs* way was *Egypts* grave,
Was Sea again, and waſh'd its ancient ſhore.
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

XIV.

God did Himself direct their Way,
A fiery Pillar was their Moon;
Night follow'd close, when they were gon,
And from their Foes hid where their journies lay.
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

XV.

He potent Kings did overthrow,
Their Forces scattred, scorn'd their rage,
Himself did for His Flock engage,
And made them conquer, when He bid them go.
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure,

XVI.

Sehon, who did their Way deny,
Found all His Troops to be but vain;
When God their Battles did maintain,
Instead of stopping them, himself did fly.
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

XVII.

Ogg heard his fall, but would come out,
Thinking a double Victory,
Would raise his glory to the sky;
But God, who *Sehon* slew, against him fought.
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

XVIII.

God to the Conquest wav'd His hand,
Descending in the Sacred Flame,
Weak *Israel* by His Power, o'recame,
And they, who ask'd but passage, shar'd the Land.

His

His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

XIX.

Praiſe Him, who in Our low eſtate
Did many Victories for us gain,
Unſeen Our weakneſs did ſuſtain,
Redeem' d us, when we thought is was too late!
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

XX.

Who for all Creatures do's provide,
Of His Own fulneſs gives them food,
Feeds both the Wicked, and the Good,
Who from His Treaſures alwayes are ſupply'd!
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

XXI.

Who to frail Man the Earth has given,
And made Him King, and God below,
Where all things to His Scepter bow,
But is Himſelf Mans King, and God of Heav'n!
His Mercies have been ever ſure,
And to Eternity endure.

Pſalm CXXXVII.

Super flumina Babylonis, &c.

I.

AS on the banks of *Chebar* we ſtate down,
Lamenting *Sions* Miſeries,
At *Sions* Miſeries we forgot our own,
And wiſht for her ſuch Rivers in our eyes:
We envy'd there the rolling tide,
That at Our feet did gently ſlide, (glide
That at our feet more ſtreames, than from our eyes did

II.

The Willows to our plaints bow'd down their ear,
And did in hollow murmurs grone;
The Willows bow'd as though they long'd to hear
Again thoſe griefs, which they before had known:
They bow'd, and on their heads we hung
Our Harps untun'd, Our Harps unſtrung,
Sorrow their ſtrings unloos'd, but faſter ty'd Our tongue.

III.

'Twas then we ſuffred double miſery,
When to us Our rude ſpoilers came,
And to deride our ſad Captivity,
Imbittred it with Captive *Sions* Name:
Our ſelves we only griev'd before,
But when Their ſcorns juſt *Sion* bore,
At Her great ſuffrings, of our own we thought no more.

IV.

" One of your ſongs let's hear, they proudly cry'd,
" And one of *Sions* Anthems play,
" Your griefs and penſive cares now throw aſide,
" *Sion* is here, ſince we brought you away!

As

As if we, at their baſe Commands,
Could ſing, forgetfull of our bands, (hands,
Could play, when they who ſtop'd our mouths, had ty'd our

V.

No! No! in forreign Lands if we do thus,
For *Sion* thus forget to grieve,
Let Her God too forget to pity us,
And theſe found tongues cloſe to their palats cleave!
Her Praiſes firſt our mouths did fill,
From Her Our hands firſt learn't their skill,
No wonder then, if *Sion* mourns, that they lie ſtill!

VI.

Remember *Edom*, Lord, who in the day
Jeruſ'lem was a Captive made,
Joyn'd with Her Enemies, and ſhar'd the prey,
And made us more than *Babylon* afraid!
"Raſe it, they cri'd, down with the Wall,
"To the foundations Levell all,
"She that to *Babylon* will not ſtoop, 'tis fit She fall!

VII.

Hold *Babylon* — where will thy rage extend?
God has enough to *Sion* done,
Hold, and prepare Thee *Babylon* for Thy end,
What mayſt Thou fear, if thus He ſerves His Own?
Mayſt Thou in Thine Our miſeries ſee,
And all the wrongs we bore from Thee,
And know, that leſs than what Thou haſt deſerv'd, they be!

VIII.

May Thy own Mercies on Thy head return,
Thoſe Mercies which are Cruelties,
Mayſt Thou in flames of Thy own kindling burn,
And ſend in vain to Heav'n Thy fruitleſs cries!
And Happy He, who on the ſtones,
On Flints ſhall daſh Thy little ones,
And have than flints leſs bowels for their dying grones!

Pſalm CXXXVIII.

Confitebor tibi Domine in toto corde, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

LOrd, I will bleſs Thee, and my cheerful voice
Before the gods ſhall tell my joies:
Thoſe glorious Powers, to whom Thou doſt impart
Thy Name, and Office here below,
Shall ſee me pay the praiſe I ow,
And as I had Thy ear, return my Heart.

II.

Then to Thy Sacred Hill my eyes I'll raiſe,
And fetch new ſubjects for my Praiſe:
My Song ſhall count of what Thou didſt for me,
Of Mercy, and of Truth I'll ſing;
And when I have wearied out that ſtring,
Thy Faithfulneſs another ground ſhall be.

III.

Thou haſt exalted it, and why not I?
For when to Thee I Loud did cry,
To Thee, my God, and mourn'd in my diſtreſs,
My dolefull groanes Thy heart did move,
Thou didſt refreſh me from above,
And anſwer gav'ſt of Thine Own Faithfulneſs.

IV.

The heathen Kings, when they Thy Wonders hear,
Shall both rejoice and ſerve with fear;
By My example in Thy Wayes ſhall ſing,
Aſcribe to Thee what is Thine Own,
Caſt at Thy Feet their Scepters down,
And do their homage to Thee, as their King.

V. God

V.

God over all, whose Throne is set on high,
Above the Circle of the sky,
The humble, and their proud Oppressors knowes;
The difference only lies in this,
Though well known to Him either is,
When He delivers those, He these o'rethrows.

VI.

No! I'll ne're fear, though trouble me surround,
Most fixt when I shall feel no ground:
Thou wilt revive me, and with Thy Right hand,
Thy poor afflicted Creature save,
My Enemies wrath an end shall have,
And on his ruin I shall firmer stand.

VII.

The Lord will perfect what He has begun,
And finish what is yet undone;
Thou, whose Compassions all Thy Works transcend,
Care of the Issue also take,
Nor me Thy handy-Work forsake,
But with eternal Triumphs crown the end!

Pſalm CXXXIX.

Domine probaſti me, &c.

A Pſalm of David.

I.

IN vain, O God, my folly, and my pride
Make me in vain perſume to be,
By all my ſhifts, conceal'd from Thee,
When from my ſelf, my ſelf I cannot hide;
Thy day ſtill breaks into my night,
Still gives me of my ſelf the ſight,
For Thee to ſee me by, ſhall it not be more bright?

II.

Thou 'haſt ſearch'd me, Lord, and all my life haſt known,
Know'ſt every Action of my life,
When with my ſelf or Thee at ſtrife,
Thou know'ſt my riſing up, and lying down:
My thoughts, and heart, to Thee are clear,
Thou art their Judge, and alwayes near,
Do'ſt ſee, and ſentence both, before I know what's there.

III.

Where e're I go, in what place e're I ſtay,
Whether I wake, whether I ſleep,
Thy Spirit by me watch do's keep,
Is my Companion in the cloſeſt way;
If I but whiſper, that ſtands by,
And though unſeen by Mortall eye,
Takes from my Lips the word, and to Thine ear do's fly.

IV.

There's no avoiding Thee, behind, before,
On all ſides Thou haſt girt me round;
My God, Thy Wiſdom's too profound,
Too deep to fathom, higher than I can ſoar;

Thy

Thy hand firſt made, and faſhion'd me,
Thy Will commands me now to be,
Being or life I cannot have, unleſs in Thee.

V.

Then whither ſhall I from Thy Preſence fly?
If up to Heav'n my Way I take,
Thou Heav'n Thy Reſidence doſt make,
And to get further off I come more nigh;
If down to Hell, the Devils there,
Tell me Thou 'rt preſent by their fear,
They tell me what I merit, by the pains they bear.

VI.

Quick as my thought, could I remove me hence,
And in the furtheſt Eaſt remain,
Below the Sea ſome covert gain,
Thy Sun would ſhew me as he riſes thence:
If I ſay darkneſs, and the night,
Which ſhut out all, ſhall barr Thy ſight,
That Darkneſs, which is ſo to me, to Thee is light.

VII.

Thou art within me too, cloſe as my heart,
Within my heart, unknown to me,
For when that firſt was made by Thee,
Thy breath, Lord, was my beſt, and chief'ſt part:
Thou threw'ſt Thy ſelf in, and in vain,
To fly from Thee, my ſelf I pain,
For ever ſince Thou doſt within my heart remain.

VIII.

I know I am Thy Maſter-piece, and all
I in the greater World admire,
Find in my ſelf, and ſomething higher,
Am Heav'n in Perſpective, and Earth in ſmall:
By Thee was wonderfully made,
Nor is Thine Image ſo decay'd,
But when I view my ſelf, I am of Thee afraid.

IX.

Nothing of me, not my leaſt part's unknown,
Then, when I firſt was wrought below,
Thy eyes, and hands diſpos'd me ſo,
My Members in Thy book were entred down;
Entred before all time they were,
When none of them did yet appear,
And what Thou then deſign'dſt them, now in time they are.

X.

This as I think of, and what Thou haſt done.
The wondrous pledges of Thy love,
By whom I live, in whom I move,
My heart is ſtruck as ſilent, as my tongue;
They paſs the Sands upon the Shore,
And had I told their Number o're, (before.
Thoſe would more numerous ſeem, than they appear'd

XI.

But as Thou 'rt gracious, Thou art alſo juſt,
And wilt the Wicked Man o'rethrow,
Teaching him by Thy Power to know,
How great that God is, which he would not truſt:
Down with them, Lord, deſtroy them all,
Let their own Curſes on them fall,
Who on Thy Name, but in their Oaths, did never call!

XII.

Do not I hate them, Lord, thoſe who hate Thee,
And are not they my Enemies,
Who in their rage againſt Thee riſe?
Thou know'ſt I hate them, and they 're ſo to me:
Search me, and try me, ſound my heart,
Its moſt retir'd, and deepeſt part,
And lead me to that life, whoſe Way and Guide Thou art!

Pſalm

Pſalm CXL.

Eripe me Domine ab, &c.

I.

LOrd, from the evil man my life defend,
Nor let his Treaſons, or his violence,
His open force, or cloſe pretence,
Work ill to him, who do's on Thee depend!
His thoughts Thou know'ſt are ever ſet on Warr,
And now to give me battle ralli'd are.

A Pſalm of David.

II.

Inſtead of ſword he ſharpens a falſe tongue,
More venemous than that, which ſerpents bear;
The poyſon from an Adders ſpear,
Wounds not ſo mortally, nor kills ſo long:
O, by Thy Power may I his plots withſtand,
For if his tongue's thus cruel, what's his hand?

III.

The ginns are lai'd, and all the toiles are ſet,
They are reſolv'd my Footſteps to o'rethrow;
And where they gueſs I needs muſt go,
In the mid-way the proud have ſpread their net;
"Moſt Holy Lord, Thou art my God, I ſaid,
"And now's Thy time to help, ſince I have pray'd!

IV.

When thouſand dangers had begirt me round,
And all my Foes were ready in the field,
Thou wer't my helmet, and my ſhield,
And ſav'dſt that head, which Thou before hadſt crown'd:
May the deſires of all the Wicked fail,
Leſt when I ſlip, they think their hand prevail!

V. Let

V.

Let them not by my ruin higher riſe,
And judge by the ſucceſs their cauſe is good!
But ſtain their ſwords with their own blood,
And be aveng'd on Thy falſe Enemies!
Let burning coals fall on them in Thine Ire,
And let their own lips help to blow the Fire!

VI.

Then throw them down into the Flame, nor more,
Unleſs it be to Judgement, may they riſe!
And after bear freſh miſeries,
Sharper than all, which they endur'd before!
Let vengeance hunt the violent man to' his grave,
And ſo much earth may he for 'his portion have!

VII.

I know the Lord will to the poor do right,
And plead Himſelf, as well as judge their cauſe,
Trying them by ſuch equal laws,
That their clear'd Innocence ſhall look more bright!
So that the Righteous on their God ſhall ſtay,
And in His ſight enjoy Eternal Day.

Psalm CXLI.

Domine clamavi ad te, &c.

I.

MY God, when in distress I cry,
And on my long-wing'd sighes unto Thee fly,
Make haste to meet me, Come away,
Ah, do no longer from me stay,
But by Thy Presence shew, Thou hearst me, when I pray!

A Psalm of David.

II.

Let my requests like incense rise,
Not to o're-cloud, but to perfume the skies!
And when the day resigns to night,
Let it again receive new light,
And by my Sacrifices Flames become more bright!

III.

Before my mouth, Lord, set a guard,
And let its double gates be alwayes barr'd!
Keep my heart too, and be its guide,
That to no ill it turn aside,
And lest I for them long, sins flattring pleasures hide!

IV.

The just mans check I can endure,
His stroke wounds not, but do's advance the cure;
Let him smite me, 't shall be instead
Of Ointment, to refresh my head,
Ointment which cheares the living, and preserves the Dead!

V.

For him I'll pray, as he for me,
His blowes were balm, and so my Words shall be;

When his curs'd judges overthrown
From their great heights ſhall be caſt down,
And in the plagues they bear ſee all the wrongs they 've done.

VI.

Our ſcattred bones no buriall have,
Nor know the kind Corruption of the Grave;
Like th' armes of ſome great tree they ly,
Which while its head was rais'd on high,
Stood the woods glory, now the ſcorn of all paſs by.

VII.

But ſtill my eyes are up to Thee,
Thou art my Truſt, and ſhal't my refuge be;
Let not my Soul of ſuccour fail,
And though the Wicked me aſſail,
Let not his open force, or hidden plots prevail!

VIII.

Break all the ſnares, which he has made,
Or let them only for himſelf be lai'd!
Down in his own pits Let him fall,
In vain for help, or ſuccour call,
Whilſt I, for whom he made them, have no hurt at all!

Psalm CXLII.

Voce mea ad Dominum, &c.

I.

MY heart juſt broke, and only ſtrength enough
Left to diſcharge my debt of grief, and love,
Aloud I to th' Almighty cri'd;
My Lips perform'd the chiefeſt part,
For I before had ſent my heart,
And where this firſt was gon, thither I thoſe did guide.

A Prayer of David When He was in the Cave.

II.

Before my God I empti'd out my prayer,
And dropt for every word I ſpake a tear;
My griefs I did before Him lay,
And when I knew not what to do,
Which way I went, or where to go,
He knew my Actions then, and did direct my Way.

III.

Better than I, He knew what plots were lai'd,
And all the ſnares, which for my feet they made;
On my right hand I look'd, but there
No man my juſt deſires would own,
On me they look'd as one unknown,
So far from lending me an hand, they ſtop'd their ear.

IV.

Then to the Lord, to Thee again I prai'd,
And in the dolour of my ſpirit ſaid;
" Thou my Salvation art below,
" Even here Thou doſt my cauſe defend,
" Even here Thy aids my prayers tranſcend, (know.
" And, Lord, though none elſe will, Thou doſt my trouble

V.

" Hear me, my God, and from my Enemies hand,
" Deliv'rance, which Thou only giv'ſt, command!
" Thou ſee'ſt they are too ſtrong for me,
" How daily they encreaſe in power,
" But I Thy wonted helps implore,
" For yet, my God, they cannot be too ſtrong for Thee.

VI.

" From priſon bring me, that I may declare,
" How ready for Thine Own Thy Mercies are!
God will deliver me, and I,
Who now unjuſtly ſuffer wrong,
Shall make His praiſes be my ſong,
And all the Juſt ſhall triumph in my Victory.

Pſalm

Pſalm CXLIII.

Domine exaudi orationem meam, &c.

VII *Penitential Pſalm of* David.

I.

GReat Saviour, to my mournfull Prayer give ear,
And of Thy Mercy pittie me!
O Thou, who ſee'ſt my troubles hear,
And as they need, ſo let Thy anſwer be!
I know Thou canſt do this, and more,
For Thou haſt done it heretofore!

II.

Behold my troubles, Lord, but not my Sins!
For if Thou once ſhouldſt be ſevere,
What heart quakes not, when God begins,
To judge, and ſets up His Tribunal there?
What Fleſh can in His ſight be juſt,
Or to His breath expoſe its duſt?

III.

See how the Enemy my Soul perſues,
And how no ſafety can be found,
Whilſt he his daily wrongs renewes,
Unleſs I, with the dead, dwell under ground,
Unleſs a wretched life to ſave,
I enter quick into the grave.

IV.

This grieves my heart, nor would it longer hold,
But that on Thee I meditate,
Remembring what Thou didſt of old,
How Nothing was too hard, no time too late:
I think of what Thy hand has done,
And take Thy Arm to lean upon.

V. The

V.

The thirſty earth, with drought conſum'd, and heat,
Do's not more gape, and long for rain,
Than I whoſe thirſt is full as great,
Am reſtleſs grown till I ſee Thee again;
Hear me my God, hear ſpeedily!
The Earth Thou hear'ſt and why not me?

VI.

No longer turn Thy glorious Face away!
Or if I muſt in darkneſs ſit,
Let it be ſuch, as brings the day,
And not eternall, like that in the pit!
At night, my God, give me Thine ear,
And in the morning let me hear!

VII.

Let me Thy Mercies hear, for, Lord, on Thee
Alone for Mercie I rely;
Thy way be pleas'd to ſhew to me,
And give me wings that I to Heav'n may fly!
There I ſecure ſhall be at reſt,
Nor of my Truſt be diſpoſſeſt.

VIII.

Teach me to do Thy Will, for Thou art Mine;
And lead me to Thy Sacred land!
Ah, quicken me, for I am Thine,
And by Thy ſtrength alone muſt firmly ſtand:
And would Thy Spirit but guide my Way,
I ſhould not care, Lord, where it lay.

IX.

Now for Thy Mercies ſake, my troubles end,
For only Thou know'ſt what I bear!
Let on my Foes Thy wrath deſcend,
And Thine eye be like theirs, too fierce to ſpare!
Let them Thy Indignation know,
But to Thy Servant favour ſhow!

Pſalm

Psalm CXLIV.

Benedictus Dominus Deus, &c.

I.

SUpream Commander of the Sacred bands,
Strength of my heart, Instructer of my hands,
Who first didst for me all the Rules of War lay down,
And made'st that Victory mine, which truly was Thine own,
My shield, my Tower, and ever Good,
The Rock, where I secure from danger stood,
Who up on high my head didst raise,
And at my feet didst for me Mighty Kings subdue,
Made'st my Own people serve anew,
Thou, who hast all these Wonders done, take all the praise!

A Psalm of David.

II.

Lord, what is Man, that Thou should'st mindfull be
Of one, who do's so seldom think of Thee?
Or what am I Thou on me set'st so great a price,
But little in my Own, and less in others eyes?
Frail Man, whose dayes away do fly,
And like Himself are spent in Vanity;
Man, whom one scarce can give a Name,
So light the Subt'lest vapour, which the Sun exhales,
A Dream, or Shaddow turns the scales,
Man, who yet impudently to the World layes claime!

III.

Lord, bow Thy Heav'n, & in bright Flames come down,
The smoaking Hills with dreadful thunder crown!
There take Thy standing, and on my Proud Enemies throw
Destroying lightnings, and make seen Thy bloody bow!
Extend Thy Arm, my Saviour be,
And from the Mighty floods deliver me!
From Strangers, who that love pretend,
Which I dare never trust, their mouths so proudly speak;
Whose right hands faith they plighted break;
And swords, which they have drawn, into their bowels send!

Versiculus.

IV. Then

IV.

Then will I to Thy glorious Name ſing praiſe,
And in my Song recount of all Thy Wayes:
More tuneſull Meaſures will invent; new ſtrings put on,
And raiſe my Harp with the great Subject to Thy Throne:
For God Salvation gives to Kings,
And *David* out of all His troubles brings;
From ſtrangers, who that love pretend,
Which He dares never truſt, their mouths ſo proudly ſpeak,
Verſiculus. Whoſe right hands faith they plighted break; (ſend.
And ſwords which they have drawn, into their hearts ſhall

V.

He makes Our ſons like Fruitful plants to grow,
And their increaſe to Him alone we owe;
Our daughters to be Corner ſtones, poliſht, and fair,
Which different Houſes joyn, and their ſupporters are:
From Him alone comes all Our ſtore,
And that Our preſſes with new Wine run o're;
That Our full Barnes no want have known,
Our ſtacks no emptineſs, but with thoſe ſheaves are crown'd,
With which He firſt did load the ground,
And now them ſo, that with the mighty weight they groan.

VI.

He to ten thouſands multiplies Our ſheep,
More than our folds can pin, or paſtures keep;
Our Oxen fat, and ſtrong, not it as labour know,
But freely yield their necks to th' Service of the Plow;
Down at Our Gates no Enemie ſits,
There's no Al'arm, or mourning in our ſtreets;
Thrice happy lands which thus can ſay,
And undiſturb'd can thus enjoy the fruits of Peace,
(If there be any lands like theſe)
Yet thoſe, whoſe God's the Lord are happier far than They.

Pſalm

Psalm CXLV.

Exaltabo te Deus meus Rex, &c.

MY God, My King, I will ſing praiſe to Thee,
Till like Thy Name, my ſongs Eternal be!
Every day, Lord will I ſing praiſe to Thee,
Till like Thy Name, my ſongs Eternall be!

Great is the Lord, and worthy of all Praiſe,
And as Himſelf, Unſearchable His Wayes!
One age to count His Works will ne're ſuffice,
Their number to ſo great a ſum do's riſe;
The next ſhall take it, and the next from them,
And in their ſongs improve the lofty Theam.
Sing of the Honour of His Majeſty,
How farr He is exalted, and How high;
Speak of His Reverend Acts, His greatneſs ſhow,
Above how full of Love, of dread below;
Of all His Goodneſs, and what He has done,
Both for His Peoples Glory and His Own.

The Lord is gracious, do's with Love o'reflow,
Plenteous in Mercy, and to anger ſlow;
Kind as a Father, o're whoſe Works there ſhine
Glories of Mercy, mixt with rayes Divine.

All Thy Workes praiſe Thee, and Thy power proclame.
Thy Kingdoms beauties, and Thy Holy Name.
Thy Saints ſhall bleſs Thee, and Thy Acts make known,
And to Poſterity continue down,
How to Eternity Thy Rule extends,
And that Thy Empire, Lord, knowes neither bounds nor ends.

The Lord upholds all thoſe, who fall, do's raiſe
The Poor on high, that they may ſee His Wayes.
On Him the eyes of all His Creatures wait,
To Him they look, and He provides them meat;
Opens His Hand, do's their deſires fulfill,
And as He anſwers theirs, performes His Will.
So Juſt is He, ſo Righteous in His wayes,
That were We ſilent, ſtones would ſpeak His Praiſe;
And to 'His afflicted Peoples Prayers ſo near
That their requeſts e're finiſht, granted are;
And when to Him for help they ſend their cryes,
His Truth prevents them oftner than denies.
For the deſires of ſuch, who Him do fear,
Shall be fulfil'd and He their groans will hear;
Will crown their Love, and with His Own right hand
Deſtroy their Foes, and on their ruins make them ſtand!

Let the whole World, O God, ſing praiſe to Thee,
And like Mine, may their ſongs Eternall be!

Pſalm CXLVI.

Lauda anima mea Dominum, &c.

I.

Halleluiah.

ARiſe my Soul, and Thy great ſubject take,
The Worlds Creators praiſes ſing!
That Ground Thy Numbers will more flowing make,
And fill with ſpirit the heavieſt ſtring;
He is my ſong, and He my Verſe ſhall raiſe,
And only with my life, ſhall end my Praiſe.

II.

Truſt not in Princes, for their ſtrength is vain,
In Kings place not your confidence!
The greateſt King cannot himſelf maintain,
But lives himſelf at Gods expence;
Is Earth, and when He but His breath recalls,
Into that Earth, whence he was taken, falls.

III.

Death layes him level with his vileſt Slave,
No more his Acts remembred are;
Though his Atchievements follow to the Grave,
And deck his Herſe, they leave him there:
With his laſt breath to air his Counſels go,
And his high thoughts ly with his Carkaſs low.

IV.

But happy he, who has his truſt in ſtore,
And do's on *Jacobs* God depend!
He need no forreign ſuccour to implore,
But up to Heav'n his wiſhes ſend,

And of his certain aids he ne're ſhall miſs,
For the true God his mighty keeper is.

V.

He Heav'n and all the glories of it made,
Thoſe beauteous fires we ſee above;
Where greatneſs makes His Enemies afraid,
But in His Saints, enflames their love;
Who on the floods commands the Earth to ſtand,
And holds them in the hollow of His hand.

VI.

To Him for Juſtice the Oppres'd do cry,
Who all their groans and plaints do's hear;
And to His great Tribunall when they fly,
He on their Judges turnes their feares:
With His good things the hungry Soul do's fill,
And makes deaf chaines hear, and obey His Will.

VII.

He made the eye, and gave it all its light,
Lifts from the duſt the poor mans head;
Renews each morning, both their life, and ſight,
Whom ſleep had numbred with the dead:
His Common Providence is over all,
But His Choice bleſſings on the Righteous fall!

VIII.

The unreguarded ſtranger is his care,
And He for th' Orphan do's provide;
Himſelf comes down, and heares the Widows prayer,
When her deaf Friends are turn'd aſide:
Th' inexorable Wicked man o'rethrowes,
And makes him feel the weight of his own blowes.

IX. Such

IX.

Such is Thy King, O Sion, whoſe Command
Being, and life gives every thing;
Exempt from his Dominion is no land,
Thy God, O Sion, is Thy King;
His Powerfull influence do's around extend,
And as His Rule, Thy Praiſe ſhould know no end!

Hallelujah.

Pſalm CXLVII.

Laudate Dominum quoniam, &c.

I.

Halleluiah. YOU, who th' Almighty God adore,
To His great Name ſing praiſe!
His Power you cannot honour more,
Nor more advance your laics!
This is the Service, which to Him you owe,
And this of all he beſt accepts below.

II.

Jeruſalem, the Great, the Fair,
'Tis God who made Her ſo;
Her People, though they ſcattred are,
He like Her ſtones do's know:
And both will gather, both in 'His hand will take,
His City One, th' Other His Temple make.

III.

The troubled heart, with care depreſt,
He up on high do's raiſe;
Refreſhes weary Souls with reſt,
And ſinners ſhews His Wayes:
And like a Friend, who all their miſeries feels,
Binds up the broken, and the wounded heales.

IV.

Thoſe rich Enamels of the ſky,
The Stars, which ſhine above,
Have ſeveral Names He knowes them by,
And at His Will they move:

To

To Him they look, and looking, only thence
Have all their luſter, Formes, and Influence.

V.

Great is our God, of great renown,
Whoſe Wiſdome 's infinite;
To th' Earth He caſts the Wicked down,
And raiſes the upright:
Sing Praiſes to His Name, with thanks rejoice,
And make the Conſort perfect with your Voice!

VI.

The Heav'ns with clouds He covers o're,
And all their beauty hides;
Yet thence the Earth has its beſt ſtore,
Rain which He there provides:
Whence Plenty comes, but leſs from what is ſown,
Than from the Faithful ſeaſons He pours down.

VII.

Mountains, thoſe Pillars of the Air,
On which Heav'ns Fabrique lies,
Whoſe verdant Chapiters are fair,
And in mixt Orders riſe,
With Frutages He covers, and with ſhowers
Allaies their heat, and crowns them all with flowers,

VIII.

To Him all Creatures look, and live,
All at His Table eat;
He to bruit-beaſts their food do's give,
And to young Ravens meat:
An horſe to Him, and all his ſtrength, is vain,
And in his ſight as poor as this is Man.

IX.

In neither can He Pleaſure take,
But do's in th' Juſt delight;
And they who Him their refuge make,
Shall flouriſh in His ſight;
Then to Thy God, *Jeruſalem*, ſing praiſe,
Sion, exalt Him, who Thee firſt did raiſe!

X.

'Tis He who do's Thy Walls defend,
And all Thy Gates make ſtrong;
Who do's Thy Colonies extend,
And keeps Thee alwaies young:
Who with a numerous offspring do's Thee bleſs,
And gives Thy Land the Happy fruits of Peace.

XI.

And this, becauſe it is His Will,
Whoſe Pleaſure all obey;
Both Heav'n and Earth His Word fulfill,
And at it haſte away:
On the cold Rocks He His Froſt-Mantle throwes,
And cloaths the naked Hills with woolly ſnows.

XII.

When on the ſtreams He layes His Chain,
And Captive Floods do's bind,
What Power can ſet them free again,
Till He ſend out His Wind?
But when on them He cauſes it to blow,
The melted glaſs in ſtreams begins to flow,

XIII Theſe

XIII.

These Works of His by all are seen,
But *Jacob* has His Word;
No Land beside so blest has been,
Or favour'd by the Lord:
For He to *Israel* has His Judgements shown,
When His displeasure all Lands else have known.

Hallelujah.

Pſalm CXLVIII.

Laudate Dominum de Cœlis.

I.

Hallelujah. YOu bleſſed Souls, who ſtand before
Th' Eternal King, and ſo long ſee
His glory that you changed bee
Into that glory you adore,
Praiſe your great Founder, and above
Admire His Power, and bleſs His Love!

II.

You, who when *Lucifer* did fall,
Kept your firſt ſtanding, and remain
Commanders of that mighty Train,
Of which the Lord is Generall:
Angels, extoll th' Almighty King,
And Songs of Triumph to Him ſing.

III.

Praiſe Him from whom Thy light do's flow,
Thou, whom as God the World adore,
Renounce that honour, and no more
Uſurp a ſervice Thou doſt ow!
Praiſe Him, O Sun, when Thou 'rt moſt bright,
Whoſe beams to darkneſs turn Thy light.

IV.

Thou too, who with a borrow'd ray,
When all the Lamps of Heav'n hang out,
In the Nights ſilence walk'ſt about,
And with Thy torch reſtor'ſt the day:
Fair Moon and Starrs exalt Gods Name,
And in your dance His Power proclaim.

V. Ye

V.

Ye Heavens, whom none can comprehend,
Infinite Waters, where the sky
As if beyond it ſelf 'twould fly
Exceeds all thought, yet findes no end,
Praiſe Him, who farther do's out-go
Your height, than you what ere's below.

VI.

He ſpake the Word, and you were made,
His firſt Decree has bound you faſt,
Appointed you how long to laſt,
Th' Almighty Word your wandrings ſtay'd;
Praiſe Him whoſe Word ſo much can do,
And as it made, deſtroy you too!

VII.

Let from the Earth His Praiſes riſe,
All Creatures, whom He plac't below,
Let them their gratefull praiſes ſhow,
And in that ſervice reach the skies!
Dragons and Whales i'th' conſort move
A tunefull Baſs to th' Quire above!

VIII.

Sea praiſe Him, when Thy billows roar!
And muſtring up the force of th' Main,
The once drown'd World aſſault again,
And ſeek i'th' Heav'ns alone a ſhoar:
Praiſe Him, who when He moves His hand,
Both ſtills, and chains Thy waves with ſand.

IX.

All Meteors praiſe the Name of God,
Vapors, and Winds that nothing ſpare,
But of His Wrath the Armies are,
Lightning's His Scepter and His Rod;

Ice praiſe Him, who makes Thee a rein
To curb ſwift ſtreams, and back the Main.

X.

Mountains at His great Name riſe up,
Who ſo ordain'd by His command,
All in your ranks and orders ſtand,
Like Pilts Heav'ns Arch to underprop:
Praiſe Him who your rais'd heads did crown,
And low as Hell, not throw you down!

XI.

Cedars, who one loft higher go,
And Natures Vanes to Mountains are,
Knowing no other motion there,
Than what the amorous *Zephyrs* blow:
Plants and Fruit-trees, the pride o'th' Field,
In generous ſtores your praiſes yield.

XII.

Beaſt and all Cattell, creeping things,
Inſects unminded, the great care
Of Him by whom you formed were,
And Birds who with your downy wings,
Cut the ſoft air, your Preſents bring,
And in wild notes His Praiſes ſing!

XIII.

Kings, to whom God His Name do's give,
And as Vice-gods has ſet on high,
True Portraicts of the Deity,
Praiſe Him in whom your ſelves do live,
And who, though Homage is your due,
Firſt made the Right, then gave it you.

XIV.

Praiſe Him all People, every ſtate
And Sex, and Age, Virgins, and Youth
With all the beauteous trains of both,
Or long ſince born, or born of late;

Praiſe

Praiſe Him old Men, and ſince agen
Age ſpeaks you Children, ſhew y'are Men.

XV.

Let the whole World His Praiſe reſtore,
And lift above the Firmament,
That Name He counts ſo excellent,
And what none fully know, adore:
For from the Deep it all things fills,
Up to the Everlaſting Hills.

XVI.

Iſrael praiſe Him, *Iſrael* for whom
He made all theſe, and greater things,
The Land ſubdu'd, and Potent Kings,
Bringing them thouſand Vict'ries home,
Such wonders wrought, and more than this,
Whom He redeem'd, and ſo made His.

Halleluiah.

Pſalm CXLIX.

Cantate Domino Canticum, &c.

I.

Halleluiah. NEw Songs of Praiſe to Great *Jehovah* ſing,
And in His Temple let His Name reſound;
This ſmall return his Saints may bring,
For all thoſe favours wherewith they are crown'd;
Let *Iſrael* in His Makers Love rejoyce,
And *Sion* crown again Her Sovereign with Her Voyce.

II.

In the High Dance His great Name let them praiſe,
And that it may approach His Throne above,
The ſervice with ſhrill Trumpets raiſe,
And ſend up Theirs, as He ſhowers down His Love:
They are His Pleaſure, and His chiefeſt Prize,
And though in others mean, yet beauteous in His eyes.

III.

Let the Saints praiſe Him, who their Glory is;
And on their beds, when they no Comfort ſee,
Then let them ſing, for they are His,
And of ſalvation confident may bee!
Hee'll raiſe them up, and by His Powerfull Word,
Put in their mouths His Praiſe, and in their hands a Sword.

IV.

Thus ſhall they fight, and conquer, throw down all,
Who dare oppoſe, and to reſiſt them ſtand;
The Heathen ſhall before them fall,
And in that ruin feel His vengefull Hand:
Their Captive Kings they ſhall in fetters bind,
And make their ſtouteſt Princes walk in Chains behind.

V. That

V.

That Wrath which was denounc'd, to execute,
And all the long ſince written Doom fulfill,
When their fierce Enemies all ſtruck mute,
Shall yield their Lives to th' Pleaſure of their Will;
Such Glorious Freedom follows Their Reſtraints,
And this great Honour, after ſuffering, have the Saints.

Hallelujah.

Pſalm

Psalm CL.

Laudate Dominum, &c.

I.

Hallelujah. THe Holy God in His Sanctuary praiſe!
There where He loves Himſelf to ſhow;
And having ſung His Praiſe below,
From thence to Heaven, that, and your voyce together raiſe.

II.

In Heav'n He makes His Mighty Power be ſeen,
Praiſe Him, who makes it there appear!
For if that Greatneſs awe us here,
What would it do, came not ſo vaſt a ſpace between?

III.

Together ſtrive, who ſhall exalt Him moſt,
What Inſtruments the fitteſt are,
Whether of Love, whether of Warr,
Shrill Trumpets, or ſoft Harps to praiſe the Lord of Hoſts.

IV.

Trumpets, and Harps ſhall in one Conſort move,
The Cornet, and the Amorous Lute,
The Cymbal, and the Warlike Flute,
For He who is the Lord of Hoſt, is God of Love.

V.

Let the whole Earth their praiſes to Him bring;
Whate're has being, life, or breath;
Angels above, and Men beneath,
And all, whom He has Voyces given, His Praiſes ſing!

S. Woodford. At *Albrook Hants*, 7 Martii, 166½. *Hallelujah.*

FINIS.

A TABLE OF THE PSALMS.

Pſalm.		Page
	A.	
120	*AD Dominum cum tribula-*	
28	*Ad te Domine clamabo*	
25	*Ad te Domine levavi*	
123	*Ad te levavi oculos meos*	
29	*Afferte Domino Filii Dei*	
78	*Attendite populo*	
49	*Audite hæc omnes gentes*	
	B.	
119	*Beati immaculati*	
128	*Beati omnes qui*	
32	*Beati quorum remiſſæ*	
41	*Beatus qui intelligit*	
1	*Beatus vir qui non*	
	IN my diſtreſs unto the Lord	373
	To thee O Lord my Rock	69
	To thee O God my	62
	To thee O Lord I lift	376
	You whom your birth for	71
	Iſrael Gods own inheritance	216
	Attend O World and bid	129
	Thrice happy men, who	351
	Bleſt is the man whoſe	386
	He whoſe iniquities are	79
	Bleſt is that man who	108
	Thrice happy man who	1

The Table.

Psalm.		Page
112	*Beatus vir qui timet*	That man is truly bleſt 334
34	*Benedicam Dominum*	Lord I will bleſs Thee 84
104	*Benedic anima mea*	Ariſe my ſoul and to the 303
103	*Benedic anima mea*	Ariſe my ſoul and to the 300
144	*Benedictus Dominus*	Supream Commander of the 419
85	*Benedixiſti Domine terram*	At length O God thy People 236
92	*Bonum eſt confiteri Domino*	What Saints in Heaven and 278
	C	
149	*Cantate Domino*	New ſongs of Praiſe 433
96	*Cantate Domino canticum*	New ſongs of Praiſe 285
98	*Cantate Domino*	New ſongs of Praiſe 289
19	*Cæli enarrant gloriam*	That boundleſs ſpace 47
75	*Confitebimur tibi Deus*	Lord we will praiſe thee 209
9	*Confitebor tibi Domine*	Lord I will praiſe thee 17
111	*Confitebor tibi Domine*	With my whole heart I'le 332
138	*Confitebor tibi Domine*	Lord I will bleſs thee 406
105	*Confitemini Domino &*	Give thanks unto our God 310
106	*Confitemini Domino quoniam*	Sing to the Lord for 314
107	*Confitemini Domino*	All you who on th' Almighty 319
118	*Confitemini Domino*	To Gods Almighty Name 346
136	*Confitemini Domino*	O praiſe the Lord for He 399
16	*Conſerva me Domine*	Preſerve me Lord for 34
4	*Cum invocarem exaudivit*	Thou who haſt heard me 6
	D	
130	*De profundis clamavi*	Out of the depths unto 389
44	*Deus auribus noſtris*	Great God we oft have 115
50	*Deus Deorum Dominus*	'Tis paſt and by irrevocable 132
63	*Deus Deus meus ad te*	Early my God before 167
22	*Deus Deus meus quare*	My God, My God why art 54
70	*Deus in adjutorium*	My God, why dos my 189
54	*Deus in nomine tuo*	O Thou, who Iſraels Saviour 148
72	*Deus judicium tuum*	Great God thy judgements 196
109	*Deus laudem meam ne*	Guard of my life and God 327
67	*Deus miſereatur noſtri*	Save us O God and 178
46	*Deus noſter refugium*	To Armys ſome for 122

The Table.

Psalm.		Page.
83	*Deus quis similis erit tibi*	Enough my God Thou hast 231
60	*Deus repulisti nos*	Lord thou hast smote us 162
82	*Deus stetit in Synagoga*	You judges of the World 229
79	*Deus venerunt gentes*	Lord see the miseries which 222
94	*Deus ultionum Dominus*	Judge of the Universe 281
116	*Dilexi quoniam exaudivit*	I love thee Lord 342
18	*Diligam te Domine*	Lord I will love thee 39
39	*Dixi custodiam vias*	Let him go on for me 101
110	*Dixit Dominus Domino*	The Lord said to my Lord 330
36	*Dixi injustus ut delinquat*	Base hypocrite, thinkst 89
14	*Dixit insipiens in corde*	There is no God the 30
53	*Dixit insipiens*	There is no God the Fool 146
141	*Domine clamavi adte*	My God when in distress 413
7	*Domine Deus meus in te*	Almighty God to thee for 12
88	*Domine Deus salutis meæ*	Great God whence my 243
8	*Domine Dominus noster*	Sole Monarch of the World 15
102	*Domine exaudi orationem*	My dearest God let my 296
143	*Domine exaudi orationem*	Great Saviour to my 417
21	*Domine in virtute tua*	Great God who wonders for 51
6	*Domine ne in furore tuo*	Lord in thy wrath rebuke 10
38	*Domine ne in furore tuo*	Lord in thy wrath 98
131	*Domine non est exaltatum*	No Lord thou knowest 391
139	*Domine probasti me*	In vain O God my 408
3	*Domine quid multiplic:*	Lord how are they increast 5
15	*Domine quis habitabit*	My God who shall Thy Holy 32
90	*Domine refugium factus*	Lord we have been Thy 251
24	*Domini est terra &*	The Earth and all the Earth 60
27	*Dominus illuminatio mea*	When in the silence of the 66
23	*Dominus regit me &*	The Mighty God, who all 58
93	*Dominus regnavit decorem*	Submit your Crowns O Kings 280
97	*Dominus regnavit exultet*	The Lord dos reign let the 287
99	*Dominus regnavit iraſcantur.*	The Lord dos reign let the 291
	E.	
134	*Ecce num benedicite*	Praise him ye Servants 395
133	*Ecce quam bonum*	Blest day wherein I live 394

The Table.

Psalm.		Page.
59 *Eripe me de inimicis*	Preserve me Lord and by	160
140 *Eripe me Domine*	Lord from the evil	411
45 *Eructavit Cor meum*	A thousand fancies from	118
145 *Exaltabo te Deus*	My God, my King I will	421
30 *Exaltabo te Domine*	My God I will to Thee	73
20 *Exaudiat te Dominus*	So may thy God be	49
61 *Exaudi Deus deprecationem*	Hear me my Saviour	164
55 *Exaudi Deus orationem*	Lord to my Prayer	150
64 *Exaudi Deus orationem*	Lord to my voice incline	170
17 *Exaudi Domine justitiam*	Great God of all the	36
40 *Expectans expectavi*	In my great trouble	104
81 *Exultate Deo adjutori*	To God our strength let	227
33 *Exultate justi in Domino*	Rejoyce ye Righteous and to	81
68 *Exurgat Deus & dissip.*	Great leader of the	179
F.		
87 *Fundamenta ejus in*	'Twas God himself the	241
I.		
86 *Inclina Domine aurem*	O Thou who dost the	238
126 *In convertendo Dominus*	When God a Miracle for	382
11 *In Domino confido*	I know my trust on whom	23
114 *In exitu Israel de*	When Israel had thrown	338
31 *In te Domine speravi*	Thou art my hope O God	76
71 *In te Domine speravi*	Thou art my hope O God	193
66 *Jubilate Deo omnis terra*	Rejoyce O World and to	175
100 *Jubilate Deo omnis terra*	You who throughout the	293
35 *Judica Domine nocentes*	Great God and judge to	86
26 *Judica me Domine quoniam*	Judge me O God for I	64
43 *Judica me Deus &*	Thou who art judge of all	114
L.		
122 *Lætatus sum in his quæ*	'Twas the best news I	377
146 *Lauda Anima mea*	Arise my Soul and Thy	423
148 *Laudate Dominum de*	You blessed Souls who	429
150 *Laudate Dominum in*	The Holy God in His	435
117 *Laudate Dominum omnes*	All you who to the Lord	345
147 *La[illegible] Dominum quoniam*	You, who th' Almighty	426

[illegible] Laud[illegible]

The Table.

Pſalm.		Page
135	*Laudate nomen Domini*	Ye ſervants of the Eternal 396
113	*Laudate pueri Dominum*	Praiſe Him ye ſervants 336
121	*Levavi oculos meos in*	Unto the Hills I rais'd 375
	M.	
48	*Magnus Dominus*	Great is our God and 127
132	*Memento Domine David*	Remember David and 392
57	*Miſerere mei Deus miſerere*	O Thou on whom my Soul 155
56	*Miſerere mei Deus quoniam*	Mercy my God on me 153
51	*Miſerere mei Deus ſecundum*	Thou who art full of 138
101	*Miſericordiam & juſtitiam*	I will of judgement and 294
89	*Miſericordias Domini in*	In flowing Numbers I 246
	N.	
127	*Niſi Dominus ædificet*	Down to the very Centre 384
124	*Niſi quia Dominus*	Had not the Lord Our 380
37	*Noli emulari in malignum*	Fret not Thy ſelf to ſee 92
62	*Nonne Deo ſubjecta erit*	On God alone my Soul 165
115	*Non nobis Domine non*	Not unto us Lord not to 340
76	*Notus in Judæa Dominus*	The true the only God 211
	O.	
47	*Omnes gentes plaudite*	Rejoyce O world and you 125
	P.	
108	*Paratum Cor meum*	It is reſolved nor will I 325
	Q.	
73	*Quam bonus Iſrael Deus*	It is enough nor will I 201
84	*Quam dilecta tabernacula*	Triumphant General of 233
2	*Quare fremuerunt*	What makes this ſtir 3
42	*Quemadmodum deſiderat*	Look, as the Hart by 111
125	*Qui confidunt in Domino*	All thoſe who on the 381
52	*Quid gloriaris in malitia*	In humane Beaſt 141
91	*Qui habitat in adjutorio*	He who dos with the Alm. 255
80	*Qui regis Iſrael intende*	Great Shepheard of 224
	S.	
129	*Sæpe expugnaverunt*	Up from my youth may 387
69	*Salvum me fac Deus*	Save me O God for 185
12	*Salvum me fac Domine*	Ariſe O God and ſave 25

The Table.

Pſalm.		Page.
58	*Si vere utique juſtitiam*	Are you as by your place 158
137	*Super flumina Babylonis*	As on the banks of 404
	T.	
65	*Te Decet hymnus Deus*	Praiſes for thee in 172
	V.	
95	*Venite exultemus*	Come let us ſing unto 283
5	*Verba mea auribus*	Lord to my earneſt prayers 8
77	*Voce mea ad Dominum*	In my great trouble to 213
142	*Voce mea ad Dominum*	My heart juſt broke and 415
13	*Uſquequo Domine*	How long my God wilt Thou 27
74	*Ut quid Deus repuliſti*	Shall we for ever then be 206
10	*Ut quid Domine receſſiſti*	My God why doſt thou 20

FINIS.